The Outlook

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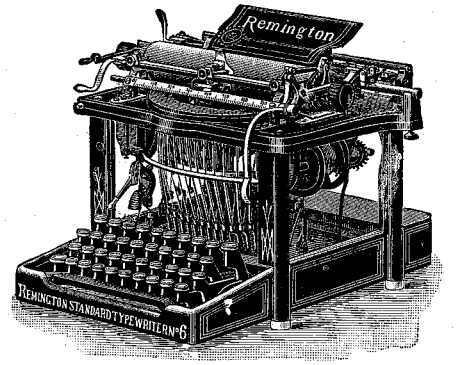

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

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The War in South Africa The Boers have now advanced southward from the Transvaal frontier to a point south of Ladysmith, where they are endeavoring to interrupt the railway communication between that place and Colenso. Fighting has attended this endeavor, but, further than the announcement that fifteen hundred mules have been captured by the Boers, details have not been published. The most important engagements last week were fought on Monday at Glencoe and Dundee, and on Thursday at Rietfontein. If the British won at Glencoe, they were compelled to abandon the place. At Dundee the affair resulted in such a retreat that the British lost all their kits, owing to the want of sufficient transportation facilities. The wearisome march through pouring rains to Ladysmith lasted from Monday to Thursday. On that day occurred the engagement at Rietfontein, a few miles northwest of Ladysmith. Various reports have been given of the losses, which appear to have been at least a hundred on each side. All the unwounded Boer prisoners taken in this and other engagements have been sent to Durban to prevent attempts at rescue. While Boer losses in all of the battles are still unknown, British losses are heavier than at first reported. At Elandslaagte, for instance, the Imperial Light Horse Brigade lost one man in nineteen, the Manchester Regiment one man in twelve, and the Gordon Highlanders one man in five. The rumored capture of a troop of the Eighteenth Hussars by the Boers is now confirmed in a despatch from Pretoria announcing the troop's arrival there. A notably courteous interchange of telegrams has taken place. The British officers and men in the Glencoe hospital have telegraphed to the Transvaal Government an expression of thanks at the kindness shown to them by the Boer officers and men. On the Boer side, General Joubert thus announces the death of the British General Symons, who was severely wounded at Dundee, and, together with the other wounded British officers and men, was left behind in the precipitate flight:

> General Symons, who was unfortunately badly wounded, died and was buried yesterday. I trust that the great God will speedily bring to a close the unfortunate state of affairs brought about by unscrupulous speculators and capitalists who went to the Transvaal to obtain wealth, and in order to further their own interests misled others and brought about shameful warfare in South Africa, in which so many valuable lives have been and are being sacrificed, such as General Symons's and others. I express my sympathy with Lady Symons in the loss of her husband.

On Sunday of this week the British at Ladysmith, numbering about twelve thousand, attacked the neighboring heights, where the Boers, numbering about eighteen thousand, had planted their guns. These guns have a longer range than that of the British field artillery. The fighting on Sunday and Monday resulted in heavy losses on both sides.

❀

The Bechuanaland Border Turning to the westward Boer advance, while the besieging forces at Kimberley have been increased to eight thousand men, Mr. Rhodes reports that the British there have provisions enough to last nine months, and that the diamond-mines are still being worked. Armored trains have been sent out from Kimberley, Mafeking, and Mochudi, a hundred miles further to the north. The results have been a few killed and wounded on the British side, but the Boer losses are reported as large. It may be noted, however, that almost all our information comes from British sources. Last week Mafeking was bombarded by the Boers;

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with what result is not yet known. The Boers are in possession of the water supply. As Vryburg and other towns are now held by the Boers, President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, has issued a pronunciamento annexing Bechuanaland. This has been met by a counter proclamation from Sir Alfred Milner and Premier Schreiner of Cape Colony. The sum total of the three weeks' war is a practical defeat for the British forces in Natal and Bechuanaland. The Boers are now in possession of northern Natal and of most of the Cape-to-Cairo Railway in Bechuanaland. Granting that war was necessary—and we do not grant it—President Kruger's seemingly senseless ultimatum was, from a purely military and strategic standpoint, justified. Instead of being overwhelmed by one mighty, resistless enemy, the Boers have so far met detached bodies and have ultimately defeated them.

❀

British War Preparations Last week, after the impressive vote of 336 to 28 in voting fifty million dollars as a first installment towards the expenses of the present war, Parliament was prorogued. The Queen's speech contained this clause: "I trust that the divine blessing may rest upon your efforts and those of my gallant army to restore *peace and good government to that portion of my empire*, and to vindicate the honor of this country." The italics are our own. It would thus seem that the British Government regards the Transvaal as already annexed. The effect of the Government's vigorous policy was seen in Friday's Parliamentary by-election in a London suburb. Though the Liberal candidate was so good a man as Mr. Harold Spender, one of the editors of the London "Chronicle," and though he received the active support of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. John Morley, the result was the lowest Liberal poll on record. There is apparent unanimity among the various units composing the British Empire in supporting that Empire's present policy. The only pronounced disaffection seems to be in Quebec. The Canadian contingent for the Transvaal sailed on Tuesday of this week, the French-Canadians furnishing but one-tenth of the volunteers. The Quebec "Vérité" claims that "this sending of a contingent to fight England's battles in Africa is the entrance of the thin edge of the wedge. It is the recognition of a dangerous principle. By their action the Government has recognized the false principle that Canada is obliged to assist the Empire in its wars, which do not interest us. This principle is full of menace to us; it may bring us to civil war." Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Premier, announces that arrangements have been made for a million dollars' life insurance to be placed on the contingent. The relatives or heirs of each man who dies while absent, no matter from what cause, will receive a thousand dollars. The insurance is for one year. Similar contingents have been offered by Australia, New Zealand, and Jamaica, and accepted in the cases of Australia and New Zealand. The world-importance of the ties which bind the British colonies together has been effectively demonstrated in the control by Great Britain of the African cables. This has permitted switching off the rest of the world from communication with South Africa.

❀

Continental Opinion Last week some subsidence of the previous week's angry European opinion of British policy was noticeable. This is due in large measure to the impressive evidences of British military and naval power, to the precision with which a vast body of reservists was sent from Southampton on its journey of six thousand miles without much disturbing the service of any steamship line; to the departure from Cape Clear for an unknown destination of a squadron consisting of no less than eight battle-ships and five cruisers; to the orders issued to naval reserves to be in readiness to rejoin their ships at twenty-four hours' notice, and to the cruisers of the reserve class to be ready to sail in the same time-limit. A second important cause in changing Continental opinion is the attitude of the German Emperor, who is keeping his official press and such semi-official papers as the "Kölnische Zeitung" in sympathy with Great Britain, thus defying the anti-British sentiments of the rest. As Germany's interests in South

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Africa are more directly concerned in this crisis than are those of any other foreign power save Portugal, the Kaiser's opinion has great weight. France has no ground for intervention, but she is redoubling her clever and unresting diplomacy to secure Morocco. Russia has no ground for intervention, but that will not prevent a redoubling of her efforts, also, to secure control in Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan.

❀

Germany in Asia Minor The victory of the Germans over the English in the matter of the Euphrates Valley Railway has given prodigious satisfaction to the subjects of William II., and without doubt to that progressive young monarch himself. In point of fact the Emperor is carrying out the policy approved by Bismarck, who, three decades ago, foresaw that the Fatherland would not be large enough to support the rapidly increasing population. In Bismarck's opinion, German colonization had become a necessity. The first feeble attempts on the west and east coasts of Africa were and continue to be pitiful. In spite of the painful correctness of German bureaucracy, in spite of the immense amounts of money and time given to the projects, less than a thousand German white immigrants have settled in those colonies. In China the Germans have been far more fortunate, as was to be expected; and in case William II. could ever realize his iridescent dream of transforming a Portuguese into a German Brazil, he might be more successful still. It is, however, not to be supposed that such a dream will ever be realized, although it is true that the great and fertile province of Sao Paulo is nearly entirely populated by Germans. The world is the gainer, however, as well as Germany, by the signal success which has attended the Kaiser's projects in Asia Minor. The trade of Smyrna and other ports, long in Greek and Austrian hands, having largely passed to those of the northern Teutons, the industrial and commercial development of the interior is now in order. From the rich plains of Asia Minor the Germans may produce (as some colonizing power should long ago have done) enough corn and cotton to supply half Europe. The mineral wealth of Asia Minor is also large, but undeveloped. The Euphrates Valley Railway will be the chief means in both agricultural and mineral development. It will proceed from one of the Mediterranean harbors to a harbor on the Persian Gulf, a project which has been under discussion for sixty years. It will be a short cut to India, and thus England will assist Germany.

❀

General de Gallifet An interesting book might be written about the recent assertion of civil power in France. The first marked step in that direction was the compelling of a new Dreyfus court martial; a second step was seen in the removal from their positions of a score of generals, colonels, majors, and captains, who had been preaching a veiled sedition. A third step is now noted in the army reform undertaken by the same War Minister who had the courage to throttle anti-republican threatenings. Until a year ago the Supreme Council of War and the Superior Commission of Classification had been merely advisory bodies. Their power, however, had so fattened on civil subserviency that they finally dictated terms to the War Office itself. Primarily the War Office is an adjunct of the civil authority, but the members of the Council and of the Commission, taking advantage of their creature, M. de Freycinet, then War Minister, unjustly usurped the power of appointing colonels and generals. While M. de Freycinet was probably not ill pleased to rid himself of responsibility, in face of a possibly masterful opposition, he deliberately abandoned that subordination of military to civil authority which should be at the root of all proper government. General de Gallifet, the present War Minister, is the creature of no army oligarchy. Military martinet and Royalist though he has been, he is none the less loyal to civil supremacy and to the present Government, which he has sworn to defend. He has, therefore, restored to his Ministry the power of promotion, and he has also so arranged matters, through a promulgation by President Loubet, that no such change as that made by M. de Freycinet shall henceforth be possible without the consent of the Minister's colleagues in the Cabinet. Henceforth army disaffection will not be able, as it has been

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during the past year, to ignore Cabinet action. It is curious that military supremacy should have been assured by a civil Minister of War, and now civil supremacy by a military Minister of War. This, if the most important, is but one of General de Gallifet's reforms. Another compels those ready to pass into the army from the military schools to serve a year as private soldiers; at present they know nothing of fatigue duty from their own experience. Another reform rejuvenates the higher army grades by more rapid promotion and by earlier compulsory retirement. The War Minister's independence is also shown in his appointments of skilled officers who, because they dared to tell the whole truth at the Dreyfus trial, were proscribed by their comrades. For instance, Major Hartmann, the eminent artillerist, is made Sub-Director of the Government Artillery School at Puteaux, and Captain Freystaetter receives a command which should soon lead to his promotion. When General de Gallifet took office, he found the army the master of France; when he leaves office, the army will have become the servant, and the people the master.

❀

In Luzon Last week General Young's column moved northward from San Isidro toward Santa Rosa, as part of Lawton's general advance. The Filipinos, after brief fights with slight loss on our side, retreated. General Young will establish a permanent station a few miles north of San Isidro, at Cabanatuan. Aguinaldo, it is reported, has abandoned Tarlac, for the past few months his capital and headquarters. It is understood that the first object of the autumn campaign will be to occupy and put in order the railroad line for its full length; the insurgents tear up the track and bury the rails as they retreat. A detailed calculation made by the Chicago "Tribune's" correspondent in September shows that our forces then held about 117 square miles out of the 42,000 square miles in Luzon. General Otis has again refused to receive commissioners from the insurgents to discuss peace conditions and the release of Spanish prisoners. In Negros General Otis reports two attacks on bands of bandits by our troops, with complete success. The correspondent referred to above says that these so-called robber bands in Negros and Cebu are digging trenches, occupying towns, and, in fact, are fighting exactly like the Luzon insurgents, adding that the bands in Cebu number 2,000. In view of highly colored statements about the desecration of churches by our troops, it is gratifying to have a distinct denial of these reports from the chaplain under Admiral Dewey, and an assurance of Archbishop Chapelle, which may account for the reports, that such looting and desecration as have taken place were by the insurgents and Chinese, not by our soldiers.

❀

The "Treaty" with the Sultan of Sulu In this connection it is proper to report the semi-official denials which have been made in the daily press of the reported treaty with the Sultan of Sulu. The popular impression to which these reports have given rise is indicated by the following query from a correspondent of The Outlook:

> I would like to know how The Outlook views the making of the treaty which gives to a Mohammedan Sultan an absolute despotism over about two hundred thousand people, recognizes the legality of slavery and polygamy, permits him to exclude Christian missionaries from among his people, pays him $500 a month, and receives nothing whatever in return except his acknowledgment of our sovereignty.

The facts are unofficially reported in the daily papers as we are going to press, and the reports have an appearance of being authentic if not semi-official. According to these reports an arrangement has been provisionally entered into between General Bates and the Sultan of Sulu, the southernmost group in the archipelago, whose population certainly does not exceed seventy-five thousand. This arrangement recognizes the sovereignty of the United States, provides for the maintenance of peace and order there by the Sultan, and binds him to co-operate with the United States in the suppression of piracy; it does not provide for the exclusion of Christian missionaries, nor give any sanction to either polygamy or slavery, although according to reports it recognizes slavery so far as to provide that any person held in slavery may purchase his free-

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dom for $20. It is essential to an understanding of the whole transaction to remember that it is not a treaty and has no semblance to one and has not yet even had the official sanction of the President.

❀

Arbitration with Russia The fact that Russia has agreed to submit to arbitration the claims arising out of the seizure of American sealing vessels in the Behring Sea is welcome news, not so much because of the amount involved—the sum asked as damages by the United States is only $150,000—but rather as an indication of the growing tendency among the great nations to adopt the only reasonable and sensible plan of settling disputed questions of the kind. It will be remembered that three American sealing vessels were seized by the Russian authorities off the coast of Siberia, and the amount claimed is chiefly on account of the unlawful imprisonment of the officers and crews, and their supposed suffering while under arrest. The ships were taken by Russian men-of-war within seven miles off the Siberian coast, and the Russian Government is put in the position of claiming that its jurisdiction extends seven miles from the coast-line, while most if not all nations have given direct or implied adherence to the international law dogma that three miles, or a marine league, is the extent of the jurisdiction of a country. The curious point has been put forward in favor of the Russian contention that the distance of a marine league was originally fixed upon because it represented the distance to which a cannon-shot could be thrown. The Russians argue that as now, under the increased range of modern guns, a shot can be thrown very much farther, therefore the distance over which national jurisdiction extends should be correspondingly increased. Such a theory, of course, has the disadvantage of exposing the rule to constant change as the range of modern artillery increases. Indeed, there is no reason now why seven miles should be chosen as the distance rather than nine. Our diplomatic representatives express great pleasure at the final decision of Russia to submit this matter to arbitration. It has been the only question in dispute between the two countries, and its peaceable and friendly settlement will tend to complete absolutely the friendliness of the two nations.

❀

General Henry Few officers of high rank derived such personal credit from the recent war with Spain as did Brigadier-General Guy V. Henry, who died in this city last week. This was not so much because of military operations in the field as because of General Henry's firm, sensible, and reasonable management of affairs in Porto Rico, of which island he was appointed Governor-General in December, 1898. His administration from that time until March was carried on under great difficulties and under some peculiar complications, but it is the universal testimony of the press and of those familiar with the progress of affairs in Porto Rico that General Henry is to be credited in a large degree with having established in that island the initiation of American ideas, and with having made possible the future continuous progress of Porto Rico as an integral part of the United States. General Henry's military career extends back to the beginning of the Civil War. In 1862 he was promoted for gallant and distinguished services, and later on in Florida he did brilliant work. In the Indian wars from 1873–76 he was at the front of the fighting, was severely wounded more than once, and suffered almost incredible hardships. In the Cuban war he held the rank of Major-General of Volunteers. General Henry was the author of several practical military books.

❀

The Alaskan Boundary Quickly following his proposal for a *modus vivendi*, now accepted by the Governments involved, last week Sir Louis Davies, Canadian Minister of Marine, delivered to Mr. Choate, our Ambassador in London, a proposition for a permanent settlement of the Alaskan boundary. The terms of the proposition call for a settling of the boundary line by an arbitration similar to that imposed by the United States and Great Britain in the case of Venezuela. Particular attention is called to those provisions making fifty years' occupancy by either side conclusive evidence

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of title. Occupancy of less than that period is to be taken as equity allows under international law. As a condition "absolutely precedent to arbitration, Skaguay and Dyea would be conceded to the United States without further claim if Canada received Pyramid Harbor." In other words, Canada would give up a large part of the territory which she has recently claimed, in return for a seaport, but stipulates that she must be in possession of the latter before agreeing to arbitrate the boundary. It is rumored that this proposition is the result of influence from the Imperial Government, which wishes to get a port of entry free from control by the United States, with the professed reason that mutual commercial advantages would result, but also, perhaps, having as an ulterior motive the establishment of a strong naval station. On our side it has been pointed out that, even with Pyramid Harbor as a purely commercial station, Canada would have an important storehouse and shipping depot, whence she could undersell us. As a matter of right, Canada has no more claim to Pyramid Harbor than to any other port. We might, however, be willing, as evidence of friendly feeling, to lease a port on the Lynn Canal to the Canadians, thus giving them the right of free entry for their goods. For Canada to make such a lease, moreover, would certainly be ample recognition of our right to the territory so affected. We may add that, while in the case of Venezuela arbitration was concerned with a long period of history and with conflicting treaties, in the present case arbitration rests on one modern, explicit treaty. The only question is as to the application of that treaty. While in the Venezuelan case the decision had to be made on principles of equity, in the other it involves only legal terms. The particular issue is whether the word "coast" in the treaty means, as we have held, the tide-water mainland shore, or, as Canada has latterly held, the seaward shore of the outermost islands. If the latter claim be just, then Canada should have not only Pyramid Harbor, but the other harbors and all the mainland south of Lynn Canal. The "absolute" requisite, therefore, that Canada must have Pyramid Harbor involves the concession of the essential point upon which our claim is based.

Colombia

In South America, as one revolution passes from the historic stage, another is almost sure to come to the front. Last week we recorded the success of the Venezuelan revolutionists and the flight of President Andrade, who is now on his way to New York. This week the revolution which has been, so to speak, simmering in the Republic of Colombia has shown signs of volcanic-like activity—that is to say, danger-signs in the way of small eruptions are presaging more extensive explosions. The insurgents have blown up with dynamite several bridges on the line of the Cartagena and Magdalena Railroad, and have seized steamers plying on the Magdalena River, the chief commercial river of Colombia; other demonstrations have been made here and there. The railway has been repaired, and, so far as is known at this writing, the insurrection has not yet attained formidable proportions. The chief difficulty in Colombia is the financial confusion. The Government has issued great quantities of paper money and continues to issue it, while the foreign bonds are in dispute. A leader in the Liberal party is quoted as saying: "We would not take the Government of Colombia in its present financial condition if it were handed to us on a silver platter." The revolutionary demonstrations have been chiefly in the southern part of the Republic, and at Panama there seems to be a little disturbance. American residents and merchants who are United States citizens are urging that one of our war-ships be sent to Panama.

❀

New York City's Debt Limit

Comptroller Coler, of New York, has issued a timely warning to the voters that the city's construction of the rapid-transit system may be prevented if the pending constitutional amendment increasing its debt limit should be defeated. At present every city that does not extend over an entire county may carry a city debt equal to ten per cent. of the assessed value of its realty, and its share of a county debt to the same amount. When, however, a city has the same limits as a county, it may carry no county debt whatever. This exceptional restriction upon New York City's debt limit was further aggravated by

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the consolidation act, which saddled upon the city the county debts as well as the municipal debts in all the outlying districts. The proposed amendment merely permits these old county debts to be carried separately, and it forbids the counties to incur new debts. It is therefore conservative in the highest degree, and although it permits the metropolis to increase its debt by $30,000,000, the total debt authorized in the metropolis will be less than twelve per cent. of the assessed value of the realty, while in all other cities a debt of twenty per cent. may be incurred through city and county action. The new amendment was recommended by the Charter Commission, and has been indorsed by both parties in two successive Legislatures. It is to be hoped that no adverse votes will be cast through fear that it unduly extends the debt limits of the city.

❀

The Political Situation

As election day approaches, political interest centers more and more in Nebraska and Ohio. In Nebraska the campaign is being conducted with unprecedented energy on both sides. Mr. Bryan himself seems to be the principal issue—the Fusionists urging above everything else that a vote against Holcomb is a vote against Bryan. The Republicans are laying more stress upon State issues, and their candidate for the Supreme Court, Judge Rees, seems to have unusual strength with the voters. The registration in the cities under the new law requiring those who would vote at party primaries to state their party preferences indicates marked Republican gains. The Fusionists base their predictions of victory upon the size and enthusiasm of the crowds that have greeted Mr. Bryan all through the rural districts. Almost the only National issue discussed has been the President's policy in the Philippines. In Ohio Senator Hanna has put himself to the front in the Republican campaign, not only as manager, but as public speaker. He has boldly defended trusts, and has been constantly extreme in his denunciation of the Filipinos and the Democratic sympathizers with their cause. While his prominence has been a further irritation to the Bushnell-Kurtz faction of Republicans, great crowds are reported to have been greeting him with the most marked enthusiasm. The only hostile audience reported was one of Cleveland workingmen, who cheered first for Bryan and then for Jones, indicating that a great number of Bryan supporters would this year vote for the independent candidate. As the campaign progresses the independent movement is treated far more seriously by both the old parties. The Republicans are antagonizing the movement, while the Democrats are attempting to conciliate its supporters; but which policy is likely to prove more successful cannot be predicted. The chief causes of Republican embarrassment, aside from the lukewarmness of the Bushnell faction, are the fusion of the Democratic and anti-Cox Republicans on the legislative ticket in Cincinnati, and the circular sent to Federal office-holders asking for campaign contributions. The National Civil Service Commission has now taken hold of this circular, and publishes the opinion of ex-Senator Edmunds that the civil service law was violated in its issue. The law, says Mr. Edmunds, forbids requests for contributions within Federal offices, whether made by letter or personal solicitation, and therefore the Ohio committee failed in its effort to find a legal way to evade the law.

❀

An Important Anti-Trust Decision

The decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois against the Glucose Sugar Refining Company shows that combinations of competing factories may often be prevented as easily as combinations of competing banks. The Glucose Company was organized under the corporation laws of New Jersey, and seems to have done nothing in Illinois not authorized by the New Jersey statutes. But the Illinois laws of course govern transactions within that State, and the Illinois laws, as the Court holds, forbid one corporation to sell its property to a competitor if the transaction has the effect of regulating prices, limiting competition, or controlling production. As Illinois forms a large part of the "corn belt," in which alone glucose can be successfully manufactured, and as the decision declares null and void the transfer by sale of any Illinois factory to the National combination, the blow administered to the trust is

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of far-reaching importance. It is true that a somewhat similar decision was once rendered in Ohio against the Standard Oil Trust, but in this case no serious effects were anticipated, as the practical control of the oil business by a handful of men made their united action almost unavoidable. If a few men owned the country's banking business, even our National banking law could not prevent the banks from forming a practical trust. The glucose business more nearly resembles that of the banks, as relatively small corporations may be organized in a large number of places to carry it on. The decision of the Illinois court that these corporations may not sell out to other corporations—any more than one National bank may sell out to another—if the effect of the sale is to limit competition, seems to preclude the establishment of a monopoly for some time to come. The magnitude of the victory for anti-trust legislation is so great that friends as well as foes hesitate in estimating its effects until they learn whether it is to be followed by other decisions requiring the release of the property of similar trusts to the corporations and firms originally controlling them.

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Public Oversight of Railroad Rates

Fifteen years ago, when the Inter-State Commerce Act was under discussion, the railroad managers of the country generally insisted that the public had no more right to supervise the business of railroads than the business of merchants and manufacturers, who enjoyed no public franchises and whose charges were everywhere limited by keen competition. This position has now been so completely abandoned that last week President Ingalls, of "the Big Four" and the Chesapeake and Ohio, and President Cowen, of the Baltimore and Ohio, created no serious stir in railroad circles when they urged before the Industrial Commission the enforced publication of all freight rates, and expressed their own willingness that the Inter-State Commerce Commission should regulate rates without having its acts passed upon by the courts. They added, however, that the railroads should be authorized to make pooling contracts—which are now illegal—fixing the rates at which they carry business to competitive points. They urge that if such contracts be legalized, so that the courts will enforce them, the Commission can be relied upon to protect the public against excessive charges, and that the railroads themselves will no longer discriminate in favor of large shippers in order to get business. Of course both of these claims will be disputed by many of those who urged the passage of the Inter-State Commerce Act, because of the fear that the Inter-State Commission, like some of the State Commissions, will reflect railroad sentiments, and that pooling agreements will so raise charges as to increase the incentive to secret concessions to large shippers. But, however this may be, the theoretical change in the attitude of the railroad managers is almost revolutionary, and the willingness of such leaders as Mr. Ingalls and Mr. Cowen to accept the same inspection of the books of railroad companies as the books of National banks are now subjected to is of the highest importance. All the speakers at the recent anti-trust conference agreed in recognizing complete publicity of corporate accounts as the best safeguard against fraud to investors and against extortion to the general public. It also promises to relieve honorably conducted corporations from dishonorable competition and from certain forms of blackmail, such as the demands for passes from public officials and others possessing public influence. President Cowen stated last week that the railroads are as anxious as the general public to get rid of this pass evil. Complete publicity seems to furnish the only practicable remedy.

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The Universalist Convention

The biennial session of the Universalist General Convention at Boston, October 20–25, inclusive, was one of more than usual importance. One is impressed first with the fact that the individualistic spirit which has characterized the Universalists almost as strongly as the Unitarians is getting harnessed for co-operative effort. It was stated that more than half of the pastors have a ready subscribed to the covenant formed at the preceding convention in Chicago. It is worth quoting in full for its admirable spirit:

We, the ordained ministers of the Universalist Church, profoundly desiring to give

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full proof of our ministry by making the utmost of our united strength in the upbuilding of the divine kingdom on earth, and in order to promote a deeper unity of purpose among ourselves through the cultivation of a spirit of loyalty and subordination in the practical administration of the Church, hereby mutually covenant with each other and solemnly pledge to our beloved Church that we will, at all times, hold ourselves in due subjection to the authorities and policies of the Universalist Church, to that end subordinating when needful our personal preferences, and that we will earnestly endeavor to sustain the appointed authorities of the Church, and to carry into effect the policies adopted by the conventions.

Never before has the Universalist ministry been so closely united as now, and the prospect is hopeful that something like unanimity in this covenant is to be secured. Another point gained at this Convention was the initiation of what is l kely to be at least a closer co-operation between the Universalist and Unitarian bodies. It has been found especially desirable in small communities, to prevent the friction and waste ensuing when those who have so much in common are kept apart by denominational jealousy or rivalry. Unitarians have long desired some plan of union, but their overtures have not been warmly received. Some influential Universalists have strongly antagonized them on theological grounds. Moreover, the Universalist churches, being twice as numerous as the Unitarian, have on that account also been less earnest for a junction of forces. At Boston, however, for the first time, each body met the other fairly half-way. The delegation appointed by the recent Unitarian Conference was cordially welcomed, and their overture was agreed to, that a committee of five from each body should consider plans for closer co-operation and report at the next meeting of each. This was opposed by Dr. Sweetser, of Philadelphia, in a speech of severe criticism upon Unitarians, but it was carried by the strong majority of 101 to 25.

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Universalist Principles

Since the centennial of the Universalist churches in 1870, admission to their fellowship has been conditioned on assent to the declaration formulated at Winchester, N.H., in 1803. This occasioned demand for its revision, and after long discussion a recast of it was agreed on two years ago at Chicago. This was ratified at Boston by a vote of 132 to 10, and is now the standard of teaching in the Universalist churches. The two formularies are sufficiently brief for quotation in full, and their comparison is certainly interesting:

THE WINCHESTER PROFESSION

ARTICLE I. We believe that the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments contain a revelation of the character of God, and of the duty, interest, and final destination of mankind.

ARTICLE II. We believe that there is one God, whose nature is Love, revealed in one Lord Jesus Christ, by one Holy Spirit of Grace, who will finally restore the whole family of mankind to holiness and happiness.

ARTICLE III. We believe that holiness and true happiness are inseparably connected, and that believers ought to be careful to maintain order and practice good works; for these things are good and profitable unto men.

THE CHICAGO DECLARATION

The condition of fellowship shall be as follows:

I. The acceptance of the essential principles of the Universalist Faith, to wit: 1. The Universal Fatherhood of God. 2. The spiritual authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ. 3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God. 4. The certainty of just retribution for sin. 5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

II. The acknowledgment of the authority of the General Convention and assent to its laws.

The Winchester Profession is commended as containing these principles, but neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided always that the principles above stated be professed.

The most obvious thing here is that the Trinitarian feature of the older form is not found in the new. But with this goes a stronger, clearer call to missionary activity than we have heard in the same quarter. The Rev. C. E. Rice declared: "Our future as a church depends largely on our foreign missions. The universality of our claims as a church involves something more than a local propaganda." The Holy Spirit was recognized in the prayers of the Convention, if not in its formulary, and the warmth of religious feeling was unmistakable, in the spirit of loyalty to Jesus and unity with all children of God. "The work of the Universalist Church," said the President of the Convention, Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson, of Chicago, "is to preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, to win men to God and righteousness." One sees a signifi-

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cant contrast between the obloquy and persecution visited upon the Rev. John Murray, when he introduced Universalism at Gloucester, Mass., a century ago, and the fraternal greetings given at Boston in the interdenominational meeting. Dr. Abbott's address on that occasion, "Why I am Not a Universalist," will appear in full in our next issue. The Convention expects to raise a large "Twentieth Century Fund" for denominational purposes, and to hold its next session at Buffalo.

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Episcopal Missionary Council

Last week at St. Louis twenty-five bishops and two hundred priests of the Protestant Episcopal Church assembled to attend the annual Missionary Council of that communion. The sermon was preached by Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, and the address of welcome delivered by Bishop Tuttle, of St. Louis. The presiding officer was Bishop Doane, of Albany. After the presentation and discussion of various papers, the House of Bishops held a meeting for the purpose of considering the question of appointing a bishop to Japan, and also to decide about prelates for Porto Rico and Hawaii. At present there is a bishop at Honolulu, but he belongs to the Anglican Church. Since the islands have become a part of the United States, the churches must also be under American jurisdiction. The most important discussion seems to have been that concerning the Philippines, Bishop Doane strongly supporting the Administration policy and making an eloquent plea for missionary equipment in the islands. Sergeant Peyton, who has just returned from Manila, where he was an engineer in the army, was closely questioned as to affairs there, he having been instructed by Bishop Doane to investigate the spiritual condition of the Philippines. Sergeant Peyton claimed that he had been misquoted in the daily papers and that he had never ascribed corruption and immorality to our army; on the other hand, some of the best men he had ever met were serving with the United States forces there. He spoke in glowing terms of the possibilities in the archipelago, urging that immediate steps be taken toward evangelization. At present the greatest need is for Bibles. In discussing the report on the missionary work done among the colored people, Bishop Cheshire, of North Carolina, claimed that the colored people were growing worse instead of better. It was not expected, he said, that people set free because of a supposed political necessity should not retrograde under the weight of responsibility which they were not prepared to assume.

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The Brotherhood of St. Andrew

The fourteenth annual Convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew was held last week at Columbus, Ohio. Bishop Johnston, of Western Texas, in the opening address, pitched the tone for the entire meeting when he said: "The necessary thing in this world for a man is not success in business, not happiness at home, not realized ambition; all these things are good, but their great good is to give us opportunities to help God get his will done on earth." From the annual report of the Council we are sorry to learn that there has been a net decrease in the number of chapters. On the other hand, in the Junior Department (composed of boys from ten to fifteen years old) over seventy chapters have been organized during the year. Last April Brotherhood work was begun at Manila, and has since been vigorously carried on, a number of chapters having been organized in the army. Much more work is needed, especially among the twenty new regiments which have no chaplains. The men are exposed to terrible temptations. There are only five chaplains at work in our army. As to the Filipinos, the report from Manila is that there is much gambling among them, but no drunkenness. Professor Wyckoff, of Princeton, pointed out the success of Roman Catholics with the wage-earning classes. While gathering material for his book, "The Workers," he experienced a keen and peculiar pleasure on entering Roman churches in the garb of a wage-earner and finding there the rich and poor on equal footing. He believed that the Protestant churches were losing their hold on the wage-earning classes. In a no less noteworthy address Dean Stubbs, of Ely, sensibly urged that the principles of the Augustinian Fathers, which have all too long dominated

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the Protestant Episcopal Church, be laid aside, and that the Church adopt in their stead the doctrines of the early Greek Fathers. He then proffered a creed, some of the tenets of which were:

That we believe in God, in Jesus Christ, in the doctrine of the Incarnation; that Christ, by His Incarnation, exalted human nature and consecrated human relations; that Christ founded not only a philosophy and a religion, but a Church as well, and a society, an ideal kingdom, and a storehouse of redemption; that the object of the Church is to reorganize and reconstitute society, as well as to effect the salvation and deliverance of the individual; that Jesus Christ revealed a divine order of things; that in the New Testament the eternal principles of the divine plan and laws of heaven are revealed in part; that the Will of God is a motor of civilization; that eternal revelation is ceaselessly descending from heaven; that revelation is found in the facts of every-day life, and that each day is a page of an eternal Bible or Scripture, and that we cannot, dare not, say brother on earth unless we may say Father in Heaven.

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The Disciple "Jubilee" Convention

The greatest Convention in the history of the Disciples of Christ has just completed its session at Cincinnati. The city was thronged with such a religious convocation as never before crowded her halls and churches. A tragic event marked one of the early meetings at which ex-Governor Drake, of Iowa, was presiding. The last of the speakers at this meeting was Mr. A. M. Atkinson, of Wabash, Indiana, who, after having made an effective appeal for a deeper interest in spiritual things, suddenly dropped his voice, put one hand to his heart, and said, "I must stop. I shall not speak to you many times more. Be warned. Quit you like men." He sank into his chair. Restoratives were administered to him, but in a few moments, without a struggle, life had departed. It was indeed a solemn moment when General Drake announced the meeting adjourned and called for prayer. Few admonitions to live for things that are eternal could have been more dramatic and more productive of far-reaching results. The great communion service was a particularly impressive occasion. Dr. Clark, the President of the Christian Endeavor Society, who had already addressed the Convention, pronounced it the largest communion service he had ever attended. The reports read at the meetings of the Convention show commendable gains from all quarters and in all departments of the Church. The Disciples have nearly twelve hundred thousand communicants; the number of their churches is over ten thousand. The value of their church property exceeds eighteen million dollars. The gains in number of communicants indicate that the number of Disciples is growing twice as fast as is the population of the country. The missionary societies have made the most perceptible gains of any part of Disciple work. It is in this regard that the Convention has its jubilee name. The fiftieth report of its American Christian Missionary Society shows success in securing one hundred thousand dollars for this jubilee year, an increase of no less than fifty-nine thousand dollars over last year. The Foreign Christian Missionary Society secured over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. As to attendance, the Cincinnati Joint Traffic Association office reported an enrollment of fourteen thousand. No Disciple Convention has ever been characterized by larger numbers of attendants or greater enthusiasm. That enthusiasm is abundantly justified.

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President Wheeler's Opening Address

Dr. Wheeler recently received from two thousand students at the University of California a characteristic Western welcome. The very simple exercises were held on the slope of the upper campus in the broad light of an October morning, and were entirely free from any academic accessories, save the buildings and the associations of the place. A temporary stand had been erected, around which the students formed in semicircles; behind them large delegations of undergraduates from affiliated colleges took their places, while visitors and faculty brought the entire attendance of spectators to nearly three thousand. Dr. Wheeler was received by the students with unbounded enthusiasm, and, after an introduction by Professor Bernard Moses, who told him that the young men before him were "California's most excellent product," made an informal but characteristic address, in which he sounded distinctly a note very strongly struck by President

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Faunce in his recent inaugural at Brown University. He declared that what made the university was not buildings, mechanisms, reports, and organizations, but human beings, and that his object would be to forward the interests of a university of students. He emphasized the fact that he came as the personal friend of the students, with an intense desire to know them individually and to be of individual service to them.

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The Real University

His interpretation of education was entirely informal, but there was so much sound wisdom in it that it deserves to be quoted at length:

A university is not a place where you come as empty buckets to the well to be filled with water or anything else. People are going to pump things into you, to be sure, but you are going to pour most of it out again. I believe, from my own experience, that, after all, we have to take upon ourselves the consolation that that does us the most good which we forget most entirely. Those things which hover on the superficies of the mind are oftener a stumbling-block than a help. It is what goes over into spinal marrow, into real life, that makes us; and what we are going to get out of our university life is not bits of knowledge, is not maxims and rules for getting this or that, for learning this or that, for attaining this or that; but, after all, it is this one thing which we talk so much about and understand so imperfectly—it is character. The men you tie to are men of character. As I grow older I come less and less to respect men of brilliancy, and to tie to men for their character. And what men are going to get out of their university life is not what is pumped into the pail, but what goes over into life. And it comes not only from the lecture-room, but from association with the best minds we find here in the student body—association with the whole life and character of the university. This university is a *living thing*; the real university is alive. Blood pulses through its veins. The spiritual life of the men who have gone before is in it. It is not a thing of building nor of statutes nor of courses; it is a thing of life. And what you will get out of this university that is worth your while, that will stand by you, is what you will get out of association with it as a living thing. Therefore, I say, we are not a mechanism for providing people with equipment; we are alive, we have a heart. And to that family life, I charge you students of the University of California, be loyal. It is worth your while. It is your duty. Be loyal to the University. Be loyal to all its parts. Say that you love it. Those who take the misunderstandings and the quarrels of the inside to ventilate them in the outside world are traitors to us. We are a family. You cannot make a university out of minds and brains. In a university, or elsewhere in the world, heart is more than head and love is more than reason. Hold you fast to that love for this University. Stand strong, shoulder to shoulder, when you do its work. Let every man, according to his ability, do what the University asks of him, and let every man do in support of the other man's work what he can.

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The Revision of School Laws

Governor Roosevelt appointed last week a Commission to revise the educational laws of the State of New York. That the present division of authority between the Board of Regents and the Department of Public Instruction is cumbersome, disadvantageous, and expensive, all agree. The Board of Regents control the high schools and all higher institutions of learning; the Department of Public Instruction, all the common schools of the State, including the kindergartens, except in cities exempted from such control by special legislation. Both State authorities examine and issue certificates to teachers, both maintain library departments, both supervise schools. However these two educational departments may disagree as to method, both agree that the educational interests of the State imperatively demand the unification of the entire State system of education from kindergarten to college. The chief cause of dissension is how the Superintendent of Public Instruction shall be appointed. The Board of Regents and the leading educational authorities of the State believe that the Board of Regents should appoint the Superintendent. The members of this Board serve for fifteen years without pay. Under the present law the Superintendent is appointed by the Legislature, to serve for three years. This keeps the office under political control. The men appointed by the Governor to serve on this Commission have served the State before in an official and non-partisan capacity. Their decision will command the respect even of those who disagree with it. The Governor has so repeatedly declared himself opposed to the slightest taint of politics in the administration of the schools, and in favor of the unification of the educational system of the State, that his influence can be counted upon to bring about the much-needed revision of the school laws, even if the

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extremists in either direction fail of carrying their point. The report of the Commission is to be made in January.

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The Local Committee System Arraigned

In the first annual report of the City Superintendent of Schools to the Central Board of Education of New York, the system for the appointment and promotion of teachers in the Borough of Brooklyn is arraigned. Many of the schools are, and have been for many months, without the requisite number of teachers. The reason for this has been a subject of dispute. The result is friction between the authorities that has interfered with the progress of education. Under the provisions of the Charter, the local committee system prevails in Brooklyn. The affairs of each school are under the control of three men. The report of the City Superintendent of Schools states well-known facts: that personal influence too often prevails in the appointment, retention, transfer, and promotion of teachers and principals; that the experts employed by the city are prevented from using their judgment in securing the best interests of the schools because of the power given to the local committee. In the nature of things, business men and professional men trained in other lines cannot give to teachers and classes expert supervision such as would justify the exercise of such authority. So thoroughly engrafted is the belief that under the local committee system of appointment the recognition of good work cannot be secured without political influence that candidates on the eligible list refuse to go to the Borough of Brooklyn. The trustee system, which prevailed in the old city of New York, but was abolished after a fight of several years in the Legislature of the State, was no greater menace to the educational system at that time than is the local committee system now dominant in the Borough of Brooklyn.

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John Codman Ropes

By the death of Mr. John Codman Ropes, of Boston, historical study and literature in this country sustains a genuine loss, for his admirable history of the Civil War is probably left in an unfinished condition. Born in St. Petersburg, Russia, where his father was in business, in 1836; graduated from Harvard College in 1857, and from the Harvard Law School in 1861, Mr. Ropes found himself, by reason of physical infirmity, unable to share the fortunes of the Union army in the Civil War, but gave himself, nevertheless, to the public service with tireless enthusiasm and energy, finding expression for his ardor in the most thoughtful care for the wounded and for the suffering families of soldiers at the front. He made an exhaustive and detailed study of the military side of the great struggle from beginning to end. As a student of a contemporary event, in touch constantly with the original sources of history, he fitted himself for the work which he was later to do. It can be said, probably without exaggeration, that no man in the country understood the conduct of the war from the military side more thoroughly than Mr. Ropes. Although by profession and practice a lawyer, he became a historian by the bent of his nature and the wealth of his material. To the Campaigns of the Civil War Series he contributed "The Army under Pope." His interest in Napoleon became very keen, and he made an exhaustive study of the military career of that great soldier. The fruits of this study are found in "The First Napoleon," "The Campaign of Waterloo," and "The Atlas of Waterloo," all military studies of a very high order of intelligence, accuracy, and detailed knowledge. Having passed through the Napoleonic field, Mr. Ropes returned to his earlier studies, the military history of the Civil War, and published two volumes of "The Story of the Civil War," bringing the narrative down to the campaign of 1862. The value of the work was recognized at once, and even in its incomplete condition it will hold a permanent place among American histories. Mr. Ropes was a man of a very interesting personality, with a keen enjoyment of his friends, and especially of young people, and the power of attaching men to him very closely.

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Irving as Robespierre

No dramatic event of the season will excite more interest or will give the stage more dignity than the reappearance of Sir

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Henry Irving in his new play "Robespierre." This play by M. Sardou is a series of brilliant episodes rather than a carefully constructed drama; but its effectiveness in stage presentation is very great, and it becomes a series of striking semi-historical pictures put upon the stage with the utmost completeness, and interpreted with the subtlety of Irving's genius. The side of Robespierre which appears in this play will be novel to the great majority of those who see the play, but it is not without historical foundation. The part in many ways is admirably suited to Irving's peculiar genius, and there are several passages in it in which the actor rises to his highest level. The staging, as it was given in Sir Henry's own theater, the Lyceum, in London, was superb, and the play will undoubtedly be reproduced in this country on a kindred scale of completeness and beauty. The veteran actor has received almost every honor which the English public can give him, and has done more than any other man of his time to revive the best traditions of the stage, and to associate it again with the wholesome and dignified arts of expression. He has been eagerly heard at universities and honored by academic degrees. He has been the personal friend of the most eminent men of letters of his time. The Queen, who has been conspicuously conservative in her recognition of the stage, has not only knighted him, but has received him in the most cordial way. His success has been honestly won by conscientious devotion to his profession, by a broad artistic sense of its requirements, and by the hardest kind of hard work.

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Combating Cruelty

The American Humane Association, which is a federation of two hundred and twenty-five local societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals and children, held its twenty-third annual meeting last week in Columbus, Ohio. Its President is Mr. John G. Shortall, of Chicago, and its Secretary the Rev. Francis H. Rowley, of Fall River, Mass. These conferences of the compassionate are not attended with much noise, but they are helping to cultivate humane sentiments, and in quiet ways they have already achieved a vast improvement in the condition of the little children of unnatural parents, and of our humbler fellow-creatures. The improved methods in the transportation of live stock are largely due to these agencies, and harsh treatment of horses by their drivers is seldom witnessed on the streets of the cities where such societies exist. One hundred societies reporting at Columbus have rescued during the last year from evil or vicious surroundings no less than 31,642 children, and have relieved from suffering 118,200 animals. These figures must represent a great alleviation of misery and much valuable moral education. The organizations reporting take pains to keep the statutes and ordinances for the prevention of cruelty before the public, and their agents are active in prosecuting those who violate these laws. Much has also been done through the public schools to cultivate humane sentiments in the minds of the children, and it is reasonable to hope that in the next generation the helpless will not lack for champions and protectors. In the patient and self-denying work of this Association civilization is registering a great moral gain.

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American Exports to South Africa

Under any circumstances a review of the progress of American trade with South Africa would be interesting; it is especially so now that the existing war is turning men's thoughts towards the Transvaal. The managers of the Kimberley diamond-mines, the largest diamond-mines in the world, say that they use American-made machinery almost exclusively, first, because it is less expensive, and, second, because it accomplishes the work better. Not only the Kimberley mines, but almost every one of the hundreds of gold-mines in the Transvaal, are fitted out with American machinery, either wholly or in part. In the next place, we have been furnishing most of the material for the South African railways, steam and electric. A contract has just been secured, for instance, for forty thousand tons of steel rails for the Cape Colony system. The line from Lourenço Marques, at Delagoa Bay, to the Transvaal frontier was built entirely by Americans. They also furnished the rails, wires, and cars for the Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and Pretoria street railways. The electric-

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lighting machinery in many a South African locality has come from America. Our coal, too, is now being introduced, and, strange as it may seem when one remembers that there are forests in South Africa, our timber has long been an article of commerce. American wares of all kinds are in demand, but especially agricultural implements, mowers, reapers, plows, spades, forks, rakes, and hoes. Last of all, since the rinderpest destroyed almost all of the native cattle, our live stock has been introduced with signal success. American trade in general with South Africa has quadrupled within the past four years.

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Dr. Schurman's View

Dr. Jacob A. Schurman, President of Cornell University, gives on another page his view of the situation in the Philippines and his recommendation as to our future course. This view, though it comes from the President of the Philippine Commission, must not be taken as official, nor as anticipating the report of the Commission. It is a purely personal expression of his views made at our special request. But as a personal expression of a well-considered judgment it is the more significant because it comes from one who went to the Philippines an opponent of annexation in any form, and who, by his study of the conditions actually existing there, has been convinced that duty to the Filipinos themselves requires the maintenance, for the present, of our sovereignty over the archipelago.

Referring our readers to the paper itself, which needs no introduction or indorsement from us, we wish particularly to emphasize one fact and one opinion which it contains.

The fact is that the armed forces in the field against us represent only one tribe of a million and a half, while two millions and a half of Visayans, equally intelligent and efficient, are either neutral or friendly, and another four millions or more are at least not hostile. This one fact disposes of the claim that the Tagalogs are fighting for self-government and we are fighting against it. The armies in the field, which dominate the Tagalogs, many of whom are friendly to the United States, represent a military oligarchy and are fighting for the right to govern more than six millions whom they do not represent. War conducted by one tribe for the right to govern other tribes is not a war for independence. War to prevent one tribe from assuming government over other tribes outnumbering them five to one is not a war of conquest.

Dr. Schurman's opinion is equally worthy of attention and emphasis.

There are four possible methods of dealing with the Philippines: (1) "To pull out some dark night and escape from the great problem as suddenly and as dramatically as we went in" (Dr. Jordan, President of Stanford University); (2) to recognize the independence of the Filipinos, that is, of the Tagalog government over the rest of the Filipinos, and "protect them against interference from other foreign powers" (Carl Schurz); (3) to put down the insurrection and refuse to treat with Aguinaldo, to receive his commissioners, to consider his demands, or to make him any pledges (General Otis); (4) to guarantee to the Filipinos, of whatever tribe, all the rights and prerogatives which are enjoyed by American citizens in the Territories of the United States, who do not share in the Presidential elections nor elect Senators or Representatives, but, under Federal sovereignty, have the general control of their local affairs, and with this guarantee demand and compel loyal acceptance of the supreme power and authority of the United States Government. This is our interpretation of the plan of the Administration as expressed by its official acts and utterances. Perhaps to these should be added (5) the same pledges as in the preceding plan, with the added promise of *future* independence when, in our judgment, the people of the islands are fitted for it.

We do not argue the case here; we simply reaffirm our conviction that, for the reasons stated by Dr. Schurman, the fourth policy is both just and right. What we think Congress ought to do, and do promptly, is: (1) Provide whatever men and means the Administration asks in order to establish the authority of the United States in the Philippines. The example of the Liberals in Great Britain is in this respect a better example for the opposition to follow than the example of the Irish. (2) Pass, equally promptly, a joint

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resolution pledging to the Filipinos, in explicit terms, what the President, through the Commission, has already promised them (see Outlook for April 15, p. 890)—the amplest liberty of self-government reconcilable with the just, stable, effective, and economical administration and compatible with the sovereign rights and obligations of the United States; the expenditure of all taxes raised in the Philippines for the benefit of the Philippines and their inhabitants; the establishment of a pure, speedy, and effective administration of justice; and the establishment of elementary schools for the education of all the people. Whatever might have been wise a year ago, in our judgment it would be wise now to leave the question of independence for the future. We have no doubt that the future will neither force independence on the Cubans if they do not desire it, nor deny it to the Filipinos if they do desire it.

We believe that such an appropriation for war, if war is necessary, accompanied by such a pledge if peace is accepted, adopted by Congress promptly and unanimously, and followed by the appointment of a military Governor not having to contend against the prejudice which General Otis can probably never overcome, would bring an immediate end to the war. Every day of delay means cost of lives both American and Malay.

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Ethics of Temperance Reform

The temperance question involves three questions—one scientific, one political, one ethical. The scientific question is, What are the physiological effects of alcohol in the human body? The political question is, What are the relative rights and duties of the individual and the community in the matter of food and drink? The ethical question is, What ought the individual to do, what ought his attitude to be, toward the use of alcohol in daily life? We have criticised the so-called temperance text-books because we think they teach error on the first question. We are opposed to the Prohibition movement because we think it is erroneous in its reply to the second question. We propose here briefly to state our conclusions respecting the third question, without giving in detail the arguments by which these conclusions are supported.

1. Drunkenness is always a sin. The drunkard is not a poor victim, but a sinner. He is no more a victim of his appetite than the murderer is of his passion or the gambler of his greed. To condone drunkenness and coddle the drunkard and at the same time condemn the temperate use of wine is like condoning the murderer and condemning the boxer in the gymnasium, or condoning the gambler and condemning the quiet game of parlor whist. Drunkenness is always a sin; whether drinking is a sin or not depends upon circumstances.

2. The saloon is generally both unhygienic and immoral. The beer-garden may not be so in Germany, but the saloon is so in America. It is unhygienic because it promotes drinking between meals and on an empty stomach, and it is the substantially unanimous testimony of all physiologists that taking alcohol apart from meals and on an empty stomach is, under ordinary circumstances, dangerously unhygienic. It is immoral because it tends to excessive as well as to unwholesome drinking, and because it furnishes social companionships which never elevate and generally degrade. If the saloons could be abolished and the use of alcohol be confined to the table as a beverage and to the sick-room as a medicine, the social and political evils against which legislation should be directed would be practically ended. The temperance question would then become a purely personal question.

3. This purely personal question is, Should the individual drink alcoholic liquors as a beverage in such moderation as will prevent him from being an injury to others? This is a question which each individual must decide for himself. If he is of sane mind and full age, it is an impertinence for any other person to attempt to decide it for him, as much so as it would be for any one else to decide whether he may drink tea or coffee or eat meat. He may surrender this liberty either because he thinks its use will be hazardous to himself or hazardous to others, but he cannot surrender what he

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does not possess. He is not at liberty to be drunken; it is right to condemn him if he is drunken. He is at liberty to drink; it is not right to condemn him merely because he drinks. The motto, Judge not, that ye be not judged, applies.

4. But another motto also applies: All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient. Considering what the American climate is, what the American temperament, what the American social customs, we believe that habitual abstinence is more expedient than habitual use. It is true that there are times when alcohol is an indispensable food; true also that to some persons, especially in later life, it is often a valuable food; but, subject to these exceptions, habitual abstinence is a safer rule than habitual use; and it is far wiser for the individual to let a cautious doctor determine for him whether he constitutes one of the exceptions than to assume that he is such an exception and act on the assumption. It is true that to some persons of an unsocial and unmercurial temperament the danger from the moderate use of beer or light wine at meals is not great; but to others it is great; and to all it is a danger of a terrible catastrophe, one of the most terrible in which a man can involve himself. Does one ask himself, Shall I drink wine? the answer is, When in doubt, abstain. It is always wise to keep on the safe side in every doubtful case, unless the unsafe side is that of plain duty or great advantage. In respect to alcoholic liquors the safe side is habitual abstinence, and for most men there is neither a plain duty nor a great advantage on the side of habitual use.

To sum up the ethics of the temperance question in a few sentences, our advice is:

Judge for yourself and not for your neighbor. Avoid the saloon. Neither treat nor be treated. Eschew wine at receptions, public dinners, and other social occasions where social conditions promote excess. Never drink between meals. And do not drink at meals, even in careful moderation, unless the counsel of a cautious physician, confirmed by experience, makes it clear that the moderate use of alcohol is a necessary condition of the best health; do not use it under the careless impression that it is a harmless luxury.

Dr. McGiffert's Position

It is semi-officially reported that Professor McGiffert, of Union Theological Seminary, has declined to withdraw from the Presbyterian ministry, and that the committee appointed to confer with him will so report at the next meeting of the New York Presbytery. The Outlook is very glad to record this decision, because it believes that those who are loyal both to the Presbyterian Church and to religious liberty ought not to abandon the battle for religious liberty within the Presbyterian Church. Dr. McGiffert insists, as we understand him, that his teaching is not inconsistent with the standards of that Church; that under those standards there is provided all the liberty of teaching which he claims for himself and for the young men who are under his instruction. For him to abandon this claim, until it is proved erroneous by constitutional methods, would be to abandon the younger men in the ministry whom he represents and for whom he is standing. The Presbyterian Church has a Constitution, and it provides a method for determining whether any individual minister is acting within his constitutional liberties or not. As this method involves a heresy trial, and heresy trials are not popular, another and, as it seems to us, extra-constitutional, if not unconstitutional, method was hit upon at the last meeting of the General Assembly for getting rid of the question which Dr. McGiffert's teachings have raised. Resolutions were passed purporting to be an interpretation of the standard, but really constituting another standard, among them the declaration that the statements of the Holy Scriptures are absolutely free from error when interpreted in their natural and intended sense. Then Dr. McGiffert was asked either to acknowledge the accuracy of this new standard or else to withdraw. This is not the constitutional method provided for in the Church for amending its Constitution. It is as if Congress, by joint resolution, should undertake to furnish an official interpretation to the Constitution of the United States, and then ask any Senator or Representative who did not agree to that interpretation to withdraw from Congress on the assumption that he was not in agreement with the Constitution

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of the United States which he had sworn to support. There is a legitimate way of ascertaining whether or not Dr. McGiffert's teachings are in accordance with the Presbyterian standards, and Dr. McGiffert wisely refuses to acquiesce in the rough-and-ready method resorted to in this case. Peace is always desirable; but liberty is worth more than peace obtained at the cost of liberty.

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From the New College Presidents

The autumn has been notable for academic occasions of unusual interest. Five leading American colleges have received as many new Presidents. Amherst, Brown, Yale, Wellesley, and the University of California have opened new chapters in their history as individual institutions and in the history of education on this continent. It has not often happened that the heads of five important colleges have spoken within so short a time touching various aspects of American education; and the addresses of the new Presidents have been read with interest by all who care for the American college and the youth who are being educated in it. Those who have feared that our colleges were getting out of touch with the life of the country in its peculiar problems and needs must have been greatly comforted by the tone of all the inaugurals, for in every case the college President has spoken, not as if he belonged to a class or stood for a peculiar kind of culture, but as if he were an American citizen charged in a peculiar sense with high responsibilities toward the country. Dr. Harris laid the greatest emphasis on the obligation of the man of letters in a democratic society, and the definite and distinctive duties which fall to his lot in his public relations. Miss Hazard emphasized the practical and immediate work of women in homes as being of transcendent moment in consideration of the question of higher education for women. "What shall it profit us," said Dr. Hadley, "if we gain the whole world and lose our own soul; if we develop the intellectual and material side of our education and lose the traditional spirit of democracy, loyalty, and Christian truth?" "A university," said Dr. Wheeler in his opening address to the students at Oakland, reported in brief in another column, "is not a matter of mechanism, buildings, endowments, and records; it is an organization of living men and women." This note, struck by every incoming college President, shows how intimately higher education in this country is related to the life behind it, and makes it clear that the American college is not less democratic than in the days when its endowments were small, its faculties limited, its buildings ugly, its equipment inferior, and its students poor. Those who know the American college student at first hand in different parts of the country are persuaded that the old-time spirit of sacrifice for education is as keen as in the days of the fathers, and that young men are undergoing as heroic labors to liberate themselves from ignorance as in those earlier times which are often recorded as the more heroic times.

The new Presidents of Amherst and Brown are both clergymen, not because it was thought essential to elect a clergyman to the positions which they hold, but because that profession furnished two men who seemed best qualified to take the guidance of the two colleges. Yale, for the first time in its history, has chosen a layman. The University of California has chosen an eminent professional scholar. The time when the ministry was the only learned profession, in a general sense, has definitely passed away; the new times have not only brought in new men, but they have brought in a far greater variety of men competent to lead in the world of education, and to deal strongly from the intellectual side with the problems of the hour. Three decades ago the colleges existed mainly to supply what were known as the learned professions. To-day the colleges are putting more men into business than into the ministry, medicine, or the law, and the time is at hand when the need of thorough training for men of practical affairs will be as clearly recognized as has been the need for superior training among men in the professions. The colleges have not only not lowered their standards of scholarship, they have distinctly advanced them; but it is going to be understood

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that the real educational test is not the kind of knowledge a man has acquired, but the quality of mind which his training has developed. The minister has lost his exclusive hold upon the management of great institutions of learning, not because those institutions are antagonistic to his position or his work, or have lost their interest in his position and his work, but because the field from which selection can be made is far wider, and the institutions are ministering to the needs of a far larger field.

Dr. Hadley's recognition of athletics as holding a place, and a very considerable place, in college education marks another step in the evolution of the American college; a step which is distinctly in advance. It is true, athletics are often abused, and the dangers upon which Dr. Hadley dwelt are real; but the active, out-of-door life of the American student of to-day is making a different race in this country. Its influence is not only physical, it is also intellectual; it is not only laying the basis for a more vigorous and enduring life, but it is enriching that life. A sound body is not only the prerequisite for a sound mind, but it gives also an immense capacity for receiving and retaining the most wholesome and fruitful educational influences and suggestions. It has often been said that the chief influence of the English universities is not intellectual, but moral, and that they train character even more definitely than they train intellect; and the value of their training is seen in the immense practical power and staying force of the English race the world over. Very much of this quality of steadiness of will, power to subordinate everything to a definite purpose, with a rare combination of coolness and courage, comes from the out-of-door life of the English youth. At Oxford and Cambridge men live out-of-doors six months in the year; their work is largely done out-of-doors. During the last two decades the American people have been getting out of their houses into the sunlight and the fields, and both for young men and young women this has been an immense gain. There have been excesses and abuses, as there always are; there have been some losses, as there must always be; but the gain far outweighs them. The American college was never nearer to the country than to-day, never more useful to it, and never gave greater promise of future service.

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Women's Wages

The need of business training for women is made very evident when the majority of them attempt to make a business contract. Recently a letter to The Outlook asked for assistance in finding a governess for four children from four to twelve years of age. This governess was to have entire charge of the children during both lesson and play hours. She must be a college graduate "who had been taught to teach;" have a knowledge of botany, astronomy, ornithology, for use in recreation hours; she must supervise the study hours of the older ones as well as be a companion for the little ones. Modern languages were requisite. The compensation offered was three hundred dollars per annum, "a comfortable home, and the opportunity to teach agreeable children." The requirements prove the intelligence of the writer as to the best educational standards of the present day, while failing to recognize the logical sequence of advance in compensation to teachers of the highest professional training.

Every private school of high rank in the country is searching for just such a graduate, and willing to pay from six to twelve hundred dollars a year for her services. She will have her afternoons and evenings and Saturdays and Sundays free, and her long summer vacation, plus the companionship of her peers with interests in common to create a professional and social life. Every city of the first rank has positions waiting for this same graduate at a salary beginning at six hundred dollars and over, and the door of opportunity for promotion in profession and salary standing open. Three hundred dollars a year is about the wages paid to many cooks, who are relieved of all other work. In addition, they too are offered a comfortable home.

It would be a liberal education to women who are in a position to hire labor if they would read and ponder over the wage question as presented in "Domestic Service," by Lucy Maynard Salmon, published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

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PRESIDENT SCHURMAN ON THE PHILIPPINE SITUATION

The Immediate Duty of the United States

AN AUTHORIZED INTERVIEW[1]

What was your attitude on the Philippine question when the President appointed you to the Commission?

I was opposed to the United States taking the Philippine Islands. My belief was that they should have been left with Spain; that our own National traditions, as well as expediency in this particular case, made it desirable that we should not have territory in the Orient (except, of course, coaling and naval stations). I had so expressed myself in public speech and in writing in the summer of 1898. And perhaps I am not divulging any confidence when I say that when the President of the United States did me the great honor to invite me to go to the Philippines, I told him, in the first place, that I feared it was not possible for me to get away from my duties as President of Cornell University, but that, even if it were feasible, I was scarcely the man to take such a position, as I had opposed our acceptance of the archipelago from Spain. To this the President replied that in general neither the people nor the Government of the United States had desired to take the Philippines, but were compelled to do so in order to prevent serious international complications. In the light of this information I agreed to accept the position, providing the Trustees of Cornell University gave me leave of absence for the rest of the university year.

What were the conditions as you found them in the Philippines?

First of all let me state that I was very ignorant regarding the Philippines. I suppose that is the normal condition of a great majority of the people of the United States at the present time. I arrived in Manila on the 4th of March As I look back, what surprises me most is the fact of the complete absorption of my mind in Philippine affairs, to the exclusion of all other interests. My brain, while I was in the Philippine Islands seemed a sort of sponge soaking up Philippine material and nothing else; university affairs, personal affairs, and home affairs in general failed to engage my attention. I was full of the Philippines.

If now you ask me what most impressed me on my arrival in the Philippine Islands, or in connection with my first experiences, I should say it was the relatively advanced condition in which I found the Filipinos as compared with what I had pictured them at home. In Manila, and in all the considerable towns of the archipelago, you find a highly educated class. In the learned professions of law and medicine, and in business, you find men who have graduated at the University of Manila (for Manila has a university and colleges), and many of these graduates have afterwards studied in Europe, more particularly in Spain, France, and Germany. I recall, for example, physicians who had spent several years in German or French universities and spoke those languages with ease and fluency. Of this class in general it may be said that they would compare favorably with men in similar professions in any of the cities of the world. But it must be added that the number of

[1] Editorial comment on this interview will be found elsewhere in this number of The Outlook.—THE EDITORS.

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this class is small in comparison with the total population. I repeat that you find these educated men all over the archipelago, and though their number is small, they will be, it seems to me, of exceeding great importance in the future government of the country.

The masses of the people, on the other hand, are ignorant—densely ignorant—and they have the superstitions, the credulity, and the amazing gullibility that go with such ignorance. In fact, a principal difficulty which we find in dealing with the Filipinos is the inability of the masses of the people to appreciate the actual facts—their lack of the sense of reality and actuality—and their readiness to believe anything whatever, no matter how absurd or atrocious, which is told them regarding ourselves. A man, if he be one of their own people and one whom they trust, can make them believe anything. For instance, when I went to Cebu in June I was told this story by a high official who knew the facts of the case. A lady there had just been informed by her servant that she intended to give up her place and retire into the interior. The mistress, greatly surprised, asked the reason of the change, and the servant, who happened to have a child, replied: "The American soldiers are coming here" (the American troops were then on the way to the island of Cebu), "and you know they live on babies, and I want to escape with my child into the interior where they cannot reach me." This story is (to us) incredible. Yet it indicates the gullibility of the great mass of the Filipino people.

The second reason for Filipino misunderstanding of the Americans is their previous experience with the white race. As you know, the Filipinos are Malays. Apart from a very small number of Englishmen, Germans, and other Europeans, they have had no experience with the white race except through Spain, and for three hundred years the Spaniards have practiced oppression, extortion, and outrages of the worst kind upon them. The United States now inherits this Spanish legacy; and, from the nature of the case, the Filipinos, judging us by the only standard they know, conclude, inevitably conclude, that we propose to treat them as Spain did. Furthermore, they have retailed to them by their intelligent leaders just enough of United States history to misunderstand us. They say, "You Americans enslaved the negroes and exterminated the Indians, and now you have come out to the Orient to exploit the Filipinos." Naturally enough, they express their readiness to die rather than submit. No one can understand the Philippine situation without taking account of this racial antipathy, which, you see, grows naturally out of the Filipino experience with the Spaniards.

What proportion of the population did you find hostile to the United States?

I found the Tagalogs, numbering a million and a half people, forcibly resisting the authority of the United States, and the rest of the inhabitants of the archipelago, numbering some six and a half millions, at peace with us, and, if not our friends, at least passive and neutral. You hear a great deal about the Tagalogs, who are the only tribe engaged in fighting us, but the Tagalogs are not the most numerous tribe in the archipelago. There are two and a half millions of Visayans, and even in the island of Luzon, where the Tagalogs occupy the provinces about Manila, there are tribes to the north and south, all speaking different languages, whose population varies from a quarter of a million each to six hundred thousand each.

What can you say concerning the military operations, past, present, and future?

You know of the great series of victories won by our American soldiers in the successive advances from Manila to Malabon, to Malolos, to Calumpit, and San Fernando. The moral effect of these victories it is simply impossible to exaggerate; for, the President of the United States having instructed the Commanding General to avoid hostilities, American soldiers had for months endured insults and outrages at the hands of Filipino soldiers who occupied the lines near by, thus giving the latter the impression, astonishing as it may seem to you, that, instead of being forbearing and conciliatory, our soldiers were simply cowards; and there is no doubt whatever that when hostilities broke out on the 4th of February, the Filipino soldiers fully expected to drive the American soldiers down into the bay of Manila and celebrate their triumph by looting the city. The result of the campaign was to

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convince even the most prejud ced Filipino that there was nothing a Filipino soldier could do which an American soldier could not do, and do better, while the American soldier accomplished feats which to the Filipino seemed impossible. The crossing of the Calumpit River filled Luna, the Commanding General of the Filipino army, with amazement and dismay; he had supposed it impassable.

But, while from the side of moral effect our victories were of incalculable value, I think it possible to exaggerate their intrinsic importance from a military point of view. I cannot, of course, speak as a military critic, for I am a civilian, but I have heard it said by officers on the spot (many of them of the highest standing), and the unanimity of their views leads me to think that there must be some truth in their opinion, that our wisest policy would be to strike at the Filipino army and annihilate it, and hold whatever territory we once take.

What about the difficulties of the present situation?

The situation is undoubtedly grave. It may be that we shall not in the future take so many cities, but make Aguinaldo's army our objective point; and, indeed, it would seem that our military desideratum is what Lord Nelson described, writing to Pitt just before the Battle of Trafalgar in regard to British affairs: "What we want," said Nelson, "is not brilliant victories, but annihilation of the enemy's forces." With the large number of troops which have recently been sent to the Philippines, this ideal should not be impossible of speedy realization. The mere taking of cities, or even the capture of prisoners, may have no very great result. Men are cheap in the Philippine Islands; and the prisoners taken have to be fed, and, if wounded, cared for in our hospitals; and for every Filipino who is injured, shot, or taken prisoner, there are at least two others ready to seize the rifle which he drops. The best test of a victory in the Philippine Islands is the number of rifles taken or the quantity of ammunition captured. These things cost money and are difficult to secure. Men, as I have said, are cheap. The supreme test of victory would be the annihilation of Aguinaldo's army as a fighting machine.

Does the problem admit of any other than a military solution?

Nothing is so impressive to the Oriental mind as power. Dewey is the hero he is in the Orient because of the swift, irresistible, and fatal blow which he dealt in a few hours in Manila Bay. Without force I think it impossible to settle our Philippine problem. As an eminent Filipino once said to me, "Our people need to be approached with a rattan in one hand and a lump of sugar in the other." I believe the United States Government must have a large and irresistible army in the Philippine Islands—an army capable of doing any amount of work which any contingency might devolve upon it; and I should hope that Congress would vote the President, and vote him unanimously—for any division of opinion might be misunderstood by the Filipinos—all the men, ships, and money which he asks for. Far be it from me to suggest any reduction in our forces; we need all we have, and more too; and you will observe that Admiral Dewey, who has already stated to the press that he and I saw absolutely eye to eye in all Philippine matters, recommended to the President, on his return to this country, an increase in our forces.

But, as I have already explained, we are dealing with two different classes of persons in the Philippine Islands—the Tagalogs, who are fighting us, and the rest of the population, four times as numerous as the Tagalogs, who are not fighting us. Besides the problem of quelling the insurrection, we have the problem of conciliating these peaceful tribes. They must not be allowed to join the Tagalogs and make common cause with them; rather, they must be won over to the active support of the American cause. Now, how is this to be done? I answer that we must take account of their political ideals, and, so far as possible, satisfy them. Bear in mind that the insurrection of the Filipinos against Spain was due to her failure to make provision for the political aspirations of the Filipino people. They wanted rights; she denied them. They asked for political franchises; she ignored them. No Filipino was ever appointed to an office. They suspect, as I have already said, that we, the new representatives of the white race in the Philippines, will treat them exactly as Spain has done. In order to

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win them over it is necessary that we should have an authoritative declaration on the part of the United States of the form of government and of the rights, privileges, and immunities which the Filipinos are to receive from us. I trust that the President and Congress will soon agree on such a grant, and the sooner it is enacted the better. In my opinion, nothing could so much contribute to an adjustment of our Philippine troubles as such a piece of legislation. At the present time no one can tell the Filipinos authoritatively what their political relations hereafter shall be. Nay, more, the Treaty of Paris left the political status and the civil rights of the Filipinos to be determined by the Congress of the United States, and since the ratification of that treaty the Filipinos have been in this regard floating between heaven and hell. Aguinaldo's commissioners were informed that a liberal form of government would be granted to the Philippine peoples, with a large share of home rule; that there should be a Governor-General appointed by the President of the United States, a Cabinet consisting of Americans or Filipinos appointed by the Governor-General, and Judges of the higher Courts, either American or Filipino, appointed by the President of the United States. But the shrewd Filipinos immediately made the point that under the Constitution of the United States only Congress could determine their political status; that whatever powers the President exercised were the war powers of the Constitution, which ceased with the establishment of peace.

In a word, my advice is, increase your military force to the utmost extent that may, under any circumstances, be necessary, and with those forces annihilate, or be ready to annihilate, the Tagalog insurgents who are now resisting the authority of the United States; but, at the same time, tell the inhabitants of the Philippine archipelago, four-fifths of whom are at peace with you, what political status and civil rights you propose to confer upon them. Such a declaration may make the further exercise of power unnecessary. In any event, it will tend to satisfy all the races except the Tagalogs, who are now actually engaged in war, and it cannot fail to have great influence among men of intelligence and property who are now committed to Aguinaldo's cause. It seems to me that our writers and speakers fail to keep in view the two classes of persons with whom we have to deal in the Philippine Islands. A policy of mere force alone is not enough for the peaceful inhabitants of the archipelago—by far the larger portion of all: we must synchronize force and conciliation. My policy is, a grant of rights, authorized by Congress, in one hand, and unlimited thunder and lightning in the other.

How definite and far-reaching should be our promises to the Filipinos as to their future self-government or independence?

I did not believe in the annexation of the Philippine Islands. But they are ours. Either by destiny or the hand of Providence, in any event by the issues of war, the Philippine Islands have passed under American sovereignty and we are responsible for them, and this responsibility it is impossible for us to escape. We owe it to the nations of the world, who expect us to protect their citizens in the Philippine Islands, and to maintain peace and order among the Filipinos themselves. We owe it to the great majority of the Philippine people, who are not hostile to us, and especially to those prominent Filipinos who have declared themselves openly and are actively working for the American cause. We owe it to our own National sense of honor and of right. Treaties cannot be made and unmade at will; and the Treaty of Paris puts upon us an obligation which, whether we like it or not, we have to carry; it is simply impossible for us to lay it down. Any talk of drawing out of the Philippine Islands, in view of the enormous and weighty obligations we have incurred, seems to me altogether dishonorable. Strongly as I was opposed to the taking of the Philippine Islands from Spain, I clearly see that we cannot abandon them now. How long it may be necessary for us to remain in the archipelago I know not; whether a century, a generation, or longer, no mortal can foretell. This I know: that sovereignty carries with it responsibility for government, and the ends of government are peace, order, justice, and the protection of life and property, and, when these are assured, liberty and self-government. How long it will take us to educate the Filipinos in self-government no one

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can tell. But our immediate task is the undertaking of this educational work —to train the Filipinos to govern themselves. And while I cannot speak of a form of government (for that is a matter which the President has relegated to a Commission to report upon), I can at least express the opinion that the form of government should be as liberal as the circumstances and the conditions of the people permit, giving them in the main home rule in their municipalities and provinces, and American supervision and control by means of a general government at Manila. We are in the Philippines, and we must do our duty. The ideal to guide us in our work is a self-governing Filipino nation, and toward the realization of that ideal we shall, I doubt not, progressively advance.

At Crisis

By Frances Whitmarsh

Almighty God, our strength and shield,
We bend the hand, we bow the knee,
Before the awful glimpse revealed
Of what our future yet may be.
Lord God, the God of nations, guide!
Be thou our strength, whate'er betide.

Afar, across the tropic sea,
Within our grasp an empire lies;
Though all unsunned by liberty,
Its gold-gleams daze our startled eyes;
The wish for power, gain, glory—all
New-roused within—our souls apall.

Sore tempted, we in travail groan,
The elder nations watch and wait;
Oh! leave us not this hour alone—
This hour that may decide our fate.
Lord God, the God of nations, guide!
Be thou our strength, whate'er betide.

Let thoughts and deeds more solemn grow,
And eyes begin to question eyes;
Teach thou bewildered minds to know
Wherein the course of wisdom lies.
Lord God, the God of nations, guide!
Be thou our strength, whate'er betide.

Let vaunt and boast and triumph cease,
The war-won glories fade away;
Now come the harder strifes of peace—
It is the time for men to pray.
Lord God, the God of nations, guide!
Be thou our strength, whate'er betide.

—*Boston Transcript.*

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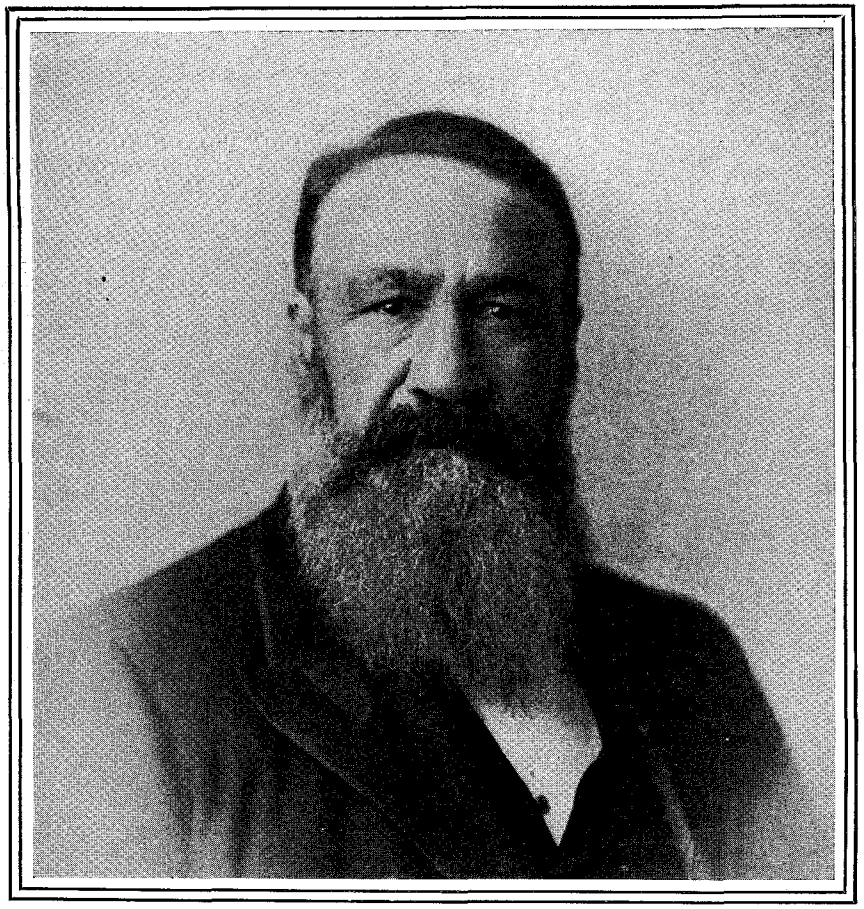

COMMANDANT-GENERAL PIETER JOUBERT

The Two Commanders in the Transvaal War

I.—Pieter Joubert

General Joubert's baptismal names are Petrus Jacobus. The Latin Petrus has long since become the Dutch Pieter, and its diminutive, Piet. The name Joubert correctly indicates a Huguenot, not Dutch, ancestry.

General Joubert is the Commander-in-Chief of the Boer army. Under him are commandants who have charge of the military affairs of the seventeen districts into which the Transvaal is divided. Each of these districts again is divided, and each of the divisions is in charge of a field-cornet. While the Transvaal standing army numbers not more than two hundred men, the real army consists of every man in the country between the ages of sixteen and sixty. These volunteers were mobilized as quickly—namely, within forty-eight hours—as the fulfillment of the same act would occupy in any country. General Joubert has been in control of all the Transvaal army preparations, including the National Military School at Pretoria. This institution comprises several American militarists as instructors, while the plans for the country's defense have been the work of Germans. Ever since the Jameson Raid the import of arms and ammunition has been incessant, and the defenses of the two principal towns, Pretoria and Johannesburg, have been strengthened. The Boers claim that Pretoria is now in a condition to withstand a long siege. Its guns point out, but Johannesburg's significantly

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LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER

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point in. Great sums have also been expended on the mountain passes into Natal, the Boers rightly reckoning that British commanders might find it easier to transfer forces from the port of Durban than from Cape Town, more than three times as far away. In the face of all this preparation on the Transvaal's part, Great Britain has been compelled to expend for military purposes in South Africa two and a half million dollars every year.

General Joubert was one of the triumvirate (Pretorius, Kruger, Joubert) who conducted the affairs of government during the war of independence (1880–1), and during that war, as since, was commander of the Transvaal forces. He gained a victory in every one of the five battles fought against the British. Since the establishment of Boer independence he has been Vice-President of the Republic, and in the presidential elections has been Mr. Kruger's most redoubtable adversary.

General Joubert has been as remarkable as a civil leader as he has been in a military capacity. While President Kruger has been at the head of the Conservatives, he has led the Liberal forces. General Joubert believes that the Outlanders should have been permitted to vote both for Presidential candidates and for those of the Volksraad's First Chamber. The Second Chamber possesses no real legislative authority.

II.—Sir Redvers Buller

The full title of the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces is the Right Honorable Lieutenant-General Sir Redvers Henry Buller, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., K.C.B., V.C. Of all these, he is the proudest of the last dignity. V.C. means Victoria Cross. Sir Redvers won it in the Zulu war, when he coolly pulled his men out of the greatest peril.

General Buller is exactly sixty years old. He is a Devonshire man by birth. Forty-one years ago he entered the Sixtieth Rifles, and gradually rose in rank until, in 1891, he became Lieutenant-General. The intervening time saw his gallant service in the Chinese campaign of 1860, in the Red River Expedition ten years later, in the Ashanti war of 1874, in the Kaffir war of 1878, and in the succeeding Zulu, Boer, and Egyptian campaigns. Sir Redvers is thus no stranger to Africa.

After Majuba Hill, Sir Redvers refused to sign the preliminary terms of peace with the Boers. As he persisted in the refusing, the British Government finally prevailed upon Sir Evelyn Wood to sign the document. Sir Evelyn has been thought by some a likely candidate for the chief commandership in the present campaign, but his near-sightedness in the field undoubtedly operated against his usefulness. Reference has been made to Sir Redvers Buller's part in the Egyptian war of 1885–6. The experience gained in that war was supposed to be sufficient to entitle him to the supreme command when the British forces became ready to take Omdurman a year ago. General Kitchener was to lead the campaign against the Khalifa only in its early stages. He was to build a railway from Wadi-Halfa, he was to take Dongola, and he was to draw up the plans for further advance. Then the real march upon Omdurman was, so it is said, to have been undertaken by General Buller, Lord Kitchener's senior in rank as in years. In this, however, the British War Office underrated the genius of the commander already in the field. So perfect was the union of British and Egyptian troops, and so skillful the advance made by Lord Kitchener, that even the prejudiced authorities were won over, and permitted the young officer who had done so much to reap the proper fruit of his precise military movements.

In 1885–6 Sir Redvers Buller was Deputy Adjutant-General, in 1887 Under-Secretary of Ireland, and in 1890 Adjutant-General. He thus combines much administrative training with his long experience as leader of expeditionary forces.

Sir Redvers has now the chief command of the greatest force which Great Britain has sent out since Crimean days, a command not only his just due from a military standpoint, but one also, it is believed, which will atone for hopes once held out to him in North Africa. In South Africa he also has one melancholy distinction—that of commanding the first force sent by Great Britain against a white foe since Sebastopol.

Personally, Sir Redvers Buller is blunt and brusque, but very businesslike. The British South African campaign will need all of the clear-headed leadership that is generally attributed to him.

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AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL on *SAMUEL JOHNSON*

IT is told of a fashionable portrait-painter that once, when transferring to canvas (as best he could) the stately features of Mrs. Siddons, he laid down his brush and exclaimed to his sitter in mock despair and with an expletive so familiar that there is no need, Mr. Compositor, to trouble you to set it up, "Why—Madam, there is no end to your nose!"

The same exclamation rises to our lips, though on this occasion the accents are not those of despair but of delight, as we complacently regard a comely, compact, well-printed, and aptly illustrated volume of some 270 pages all taken up and solely concerned with Dr. Johnson. Nor is any of this spaciousness occupied with panegyric or with mere protestations of unalterable affection—far from this; the book is devoted to detailed examinations of the character, the acquirements, the achievements, the goings out and the comings in of this the most delightful of men. Why, Sir (or Madam), there is no end to Dr. Johnson, nor will there ever be.

You never can be certain what will interest Mankind. I observe in to-day's "Times" a letter from Cardinal Vaughan in which that eminent man somewhat bitterly contrasts the fury excited in England and in America by the treatment of Captain Dreyfus with the stony indifference there displayed to the treatment by the French Republic of holy men and women of the Catholic faith, who, as the Cardinal

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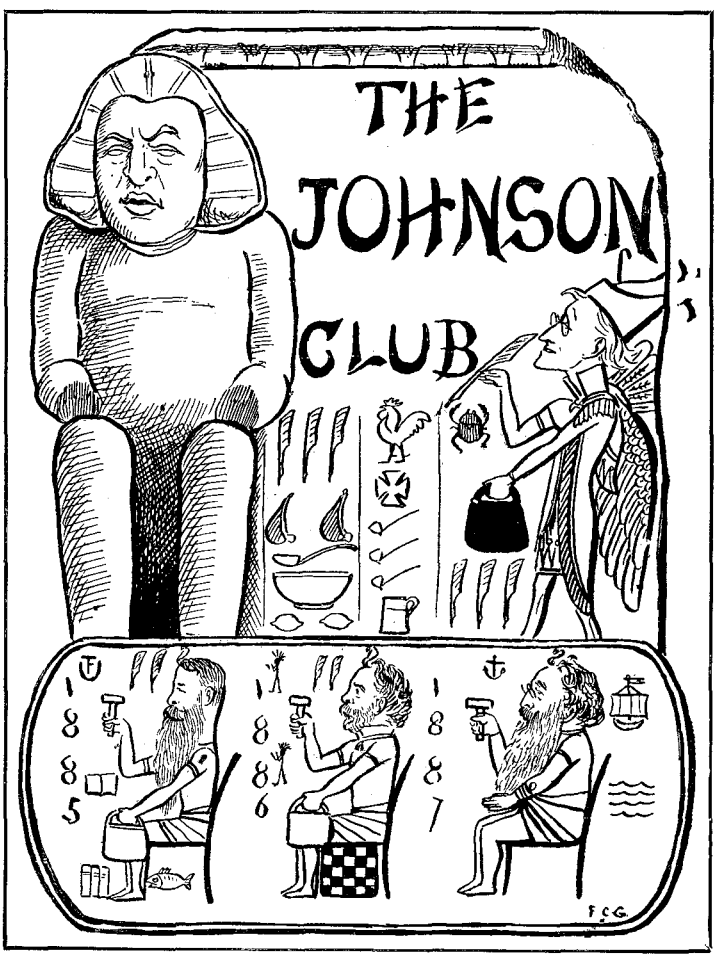
puts it, lived together in association and spent their own money on good works. The sufferings of these good folk did not interest either the British or the American public; the sufferings of Dreyfus did.

Excellently well did that consummate artist, the immortal creator of Toby Shandy, when he wished to bring home to his readers the horrors of captivity, personify them in the image of an imprisoned starling. "I can't get out," said the starling. Here, then, we see one of the great aids to interest—Personification. Dreyfus personified Injustice, the unfair treatment of a soldier by his comrades; and the world shuddered.

Great men, stormy forces, come and go, whether thundering Napoleons or brusque Bismarcks; philosophers wax and wane; theories are born and die; the restless minds of one generation explain themselves in the formulas of Mill, the next generation prefer the indefinite grandeur of Hegel; the science of to-day is absorbed beyond personal recognition by the science of to-morrow; nothing remains in its original form as it fell from the lips or was molded by the hands, except these two—the Manifestations of Human Nature and the Forms of Supreme Art. The Homer of Mr. Gladstone was the Homer of Pericles; still "stands the statue that enchants the world;" the choir of Beauvais that haunts the memory to-day is the same choir that has haunted the memories of all who have, during the last five centuries, lifted up their eyes to behold its glory. In these examples we see the advantage Art possesses over Human Nature, which, as it stands manifested and revealed in individual character, is hard to catch, still harder to garner. Who can do it? Who is to paint the mind or sketch the manners of a man? Rarely indeed is it done; but when it is, the great world never fails to take the picture to its heart.

This is why the interest in Dr. Johnson is never ending. It is because we think we know him as we know no other man.

There are, I believe, some petulant philosophers who grudge the doctor his great place, his vast estate in the affections of his countrymen. "Confound the fellow!" they exclaim, "we don't grudge him his pension, but a hundred years and more have gone by since the last quarter of that was paid, and yet he goes on receiving great and ever greater revenues of praise.



Drawn by F. Carruthers Gould, Brother of the Johnson Club.

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THE COCK TAVERN DOORWAY

On the north side of Fleet Street. Now pulled down.

What theory did he ventilate? What cause did he espouse? In what style did he pour himself out?" Silence, poor petulant grumblers! Well do I know the secret of your dissatisfaction with Samuel Johnson. Dr. Johnson was in truth far too full of Human Nature and of the wisdom that Human Nature inculcates to please a certain class of philosophers who must be taken very seriously or not at all. Philosophers hate being pooh-poohed as much as a rheumatic man hates being wetted to the skin. Our Doctor was a great pooh-pooher, as indeed befitted so famous an exponent of Human Nature, which has ever reserved one of her broadest smiles for pretentious theorists.

The book already mentioned is one that it would not be becoming for me to review, as it is the work of my brethren of the Johnson Club, whose Prior for one proud year I was. Indeed, among the "various hands" who have produced it, I dimly recognize my own. But a word or two about its contents may be pardoned; at all events, I cannot be cast in damages for uttering them.

One of the most distinguished members of the Club, which has never sought after distinguished men, bearing in mind, as it has always done, the saying of the Sage, "It is wonderful with how little superiority of mind men can make an eminent figure in public life," is J. Gennadius, for some years the representative of Greece at the Court of St. James's. His paper on "Dr. Johnson as a Grecian" will be read with pleasure by all who know Greek, by all who have tried to know Greek, and by the rest of mankind who mean to begin learning it when they have reached the Catonian age. How much Greek any particular man knows is apt to be a mystery, unless, indeed, the man in question settles the question by frankly admitting that he knows none. The fact is, you may sidle through life without it ever being discovered whether you know Greek or not. There are Bishops on our episcopal bench who only know enough Greek to read a Greek Testament by the light of King James's version. There are Judges of our High Court who have no Greek. Has there ever been a Prime Minister who could not, if put to it, construe a line of Homer? If there never has been, some day there will be. But, indeed, how much Greek must you know before you can be said to know Greek? Did Pope know Greek? There are, and always have been, a few men who admittedly know or knew Greek. Porson knew Greek, so did Parr, so did Dr. Charles Burney, so did the long Lincolnshire Squire, Benet Langton. To name living Grecians would be an invidious and even a dangerous task. How much Greek did Dr. Johnson know? With this question Mr. Gennadius grapples.

Dr. Johnson was very modest about his Greek; he knew he did not know enough. But he resented the vulgar error, which had currency in his own time, that he knew none. Mr. Gennadius cites from Mrs. Piozzi the anecdote which relates how, when the King of Denmark was in England in 1768, one of his noblemen was brought to see the Doctor at Streatham, and, having heard that he was not famous for Greek, attacked him on the weak side, politely adding that he chose that subject to favor himself. Dr. Johnson, however, displayed so copious a knowledge of authors, books, and every branch of learning in that language that the gentleman appeared astonished. When he was gone Johnson said: "Now, for all this triumph I may thank Thrale's Xenophon here; as I think, excepting that *one*, I have not looked into a Greek book for ten years. But see what haste my dear friends were all in," continued he, "to tell this poor innocent foreigner that I knew nothing of Greek! Oh no! he knows nothing of Greek," with a loud burst of laughter.

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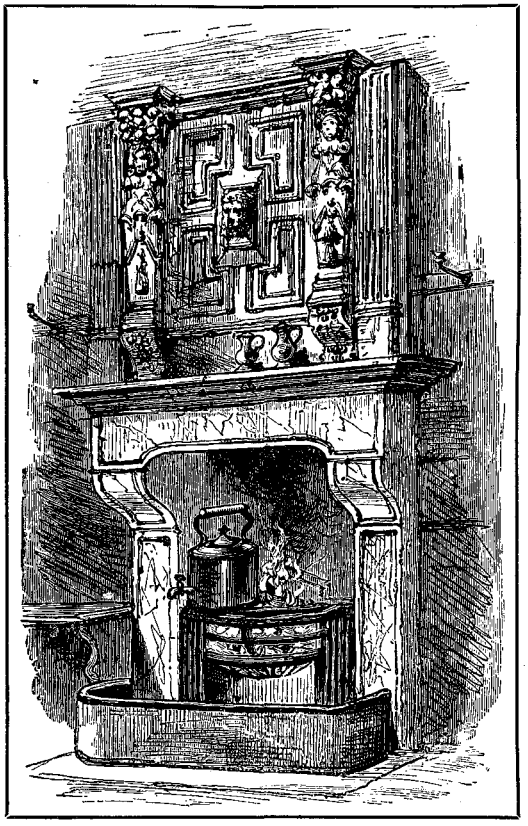
It is only fair to add that in the latter years of his life Johnson read a great deal of Greek, but at all times his magnificent memory enabled him to make a prodigious show. Mr. Gennadius, quoting from Prior's Life of Edmund Malone (a delightful book), reminded the Club how Dr. James picked up on a stall a book of Greek hymns and brought it to Johnson, who ran his eyes over the pages and returned it. A year or two afterwards he dined at Sir Joshua Reynolds's with Dr. Musgrave, the editor of Euripides. Musgrave made a great parade of his Greek learning, and among other less-known writings mentioned these hymns, which he thought none of the company were acquainted with, and extolled them highly. Johnson said the first of them was very fine, and immediately repeated it. It consisted of ten or twelve lines.



IN THE OLD COCK TAVERN

Here the Club was founded in 1884. The fittings of the room have been removed to the new tavern over the way.

Mr. Gennadius, who is a bibliophile of the first water, has identified the volume picked up by Dr. James and the hymn quoted by Johnson. I refer the learned interested in this subject to his paper.

Dr. Johnson loved to call himself a scholar, and such indeed he was, in the best sense of the word. His mind was stored with ancient learning as well as equipped with modern instances. How affecting is the example the exquisite taste of Mr. Gennadius has selected for the conclusion of his paper: "And when, lounging on the Scottish shore, he was hurriedly invited to embark, for the wind was fair and Skipper Simpson's boat ready to sail, with composure and solemnity he repeated that grand passage in Epictetus (Enchiridion, Ch. VII.) in which we are warned that, as man has the voyage of death before him, whatever may be his employment, he should be ready at the Master's call, and an old man should never be far from the shore, lest he should not be able to get himself ready."

If ever man glorified letters and beatified learning, it was Johnson.

The American reader will learn with pleasure how Dr. Birkbeck Hill (a famous name for all time to come in the great Johnsonian Legend) sat reading the old proof-sheets of the very first edition of Boswell in the pleasant village of Barnstaple on Cape Cod. Human nature can conquer everything, and so it has come about that the finest collection of Johnsonian and Boswellian curiosities that exists anywhere is in the town of Buffalo, on the shores of Lake Erie, under the Stars and Stripes. Thither must the true Johnsonian direct his steps would he know what there is to be known and see what there is to be seen in the way of original texts, letters, portraits, and engravings. What charming irony is there in this! With what a peal of good-natured laughter would the author of "Taxation No Tyranny" hear of the collection of that "enlightened and liberal citizen of Buffalo, Mr. R. B. Adam"!

Some justification for Johnson's ferocious but semi-humorous saying, "So far as I can see, sir, most foreigners are fools,"

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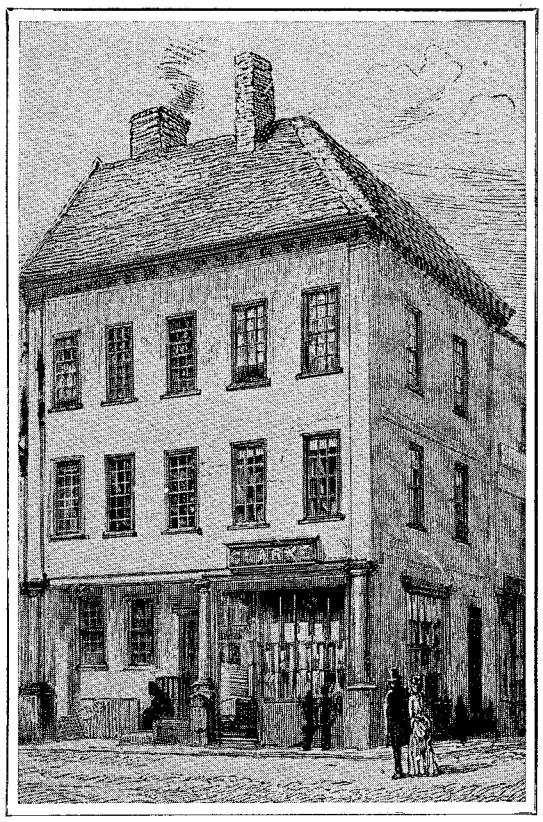
has been sought for in the statement often made that Boswell's Life has never been translated into a single foreign language. The research of Dr. Hill has discovered, and he records his discovery in a note to his paper on the Boswell Centenary, that so long ago as 1851–2 a complete condensation of Boswell was published in Russian by a distinguished critic, Drujinire. Russia is not exactly the medium one would have chosen for Johnson—but things are what they are.

He who reads Mr. A. W. Hutton's paper on Dr. Johnson's Library will learn how it came about that the Doctor was possessed of "Mudge on the Small-pox." Who after doing so will see in box or on stall a copy of this doubtless superseded work without paying its ransom and giving it shelter until the day comes when his library shall share the fate of Johnson's? I shall not be happy until I possess a copy of Mudge, and this though (owing to the generosity of Mr. Austin Dobson) I am for the nonce the owner of an edition of Homer, in two volumes, which Mr. Cruickshank, the surgeon, selected from Johnson's books as by the terms of the Doctor's will he was entitled to do.



JOHNSON'S BIRTHPLACE

But my few words are multiplying fast. Lovers of irony will read with delight Mr. John Sargeaunt's paper, "Dr. Johnson on Music;" my learned friend and Brother Arthur Spokes, the Recorder of Reading, writes feelingly of Johnson's associations with the Temple; few men have derived greater gusto from the letters of the eighteenth century than Mr. West, who here discourses on "Dr. Johnson as a Correspondent;" whilst if the man exists who is competent to take the stately shade of Dr. Johnson "round the Town," it is Mr. George Whale.

There are dedicatory verses by Mr. George Radford, and concluding lines by Mr. Lionel Johnson, which will be accepted as proofs that, though the Johnson Club is not "a nest of singing birds," it has on its roll-call those who can lisp in numbers.

Of the sixteen illustrations, two are from the pencil of Joseph Pennell, and one is the work of F. C. Gould, both Brethren, and the latter an early Prior. The last illustration in the book is Mr. Pennell's. No Brother can gaze on it without emotion. It pictures for us the emblems of the Club—a dish, a tankard, a long clay pipe, and two old, odd volumes. Remembering, as one cannot fail to do in such a connection, the many sayings of the Sage about human felicity, it is hard to be certain whether the emotions these pictured emblems give rise to are those of joy or sorrow.

[The illustrations in this article are reproduced by special permission from the book "Johnson Club Papers by Various Hands," published in London by T. Fisher Unwin. The Johnson Club was formed December 13, 1884 (exactly one hundred years after Dr. Johnson's death), at the old Cock Tavern. The Club meets four times yearly. The book referred to above and in Dr. Birrell's article contains many of the papers read at these meetings.—THE EDITORS.]

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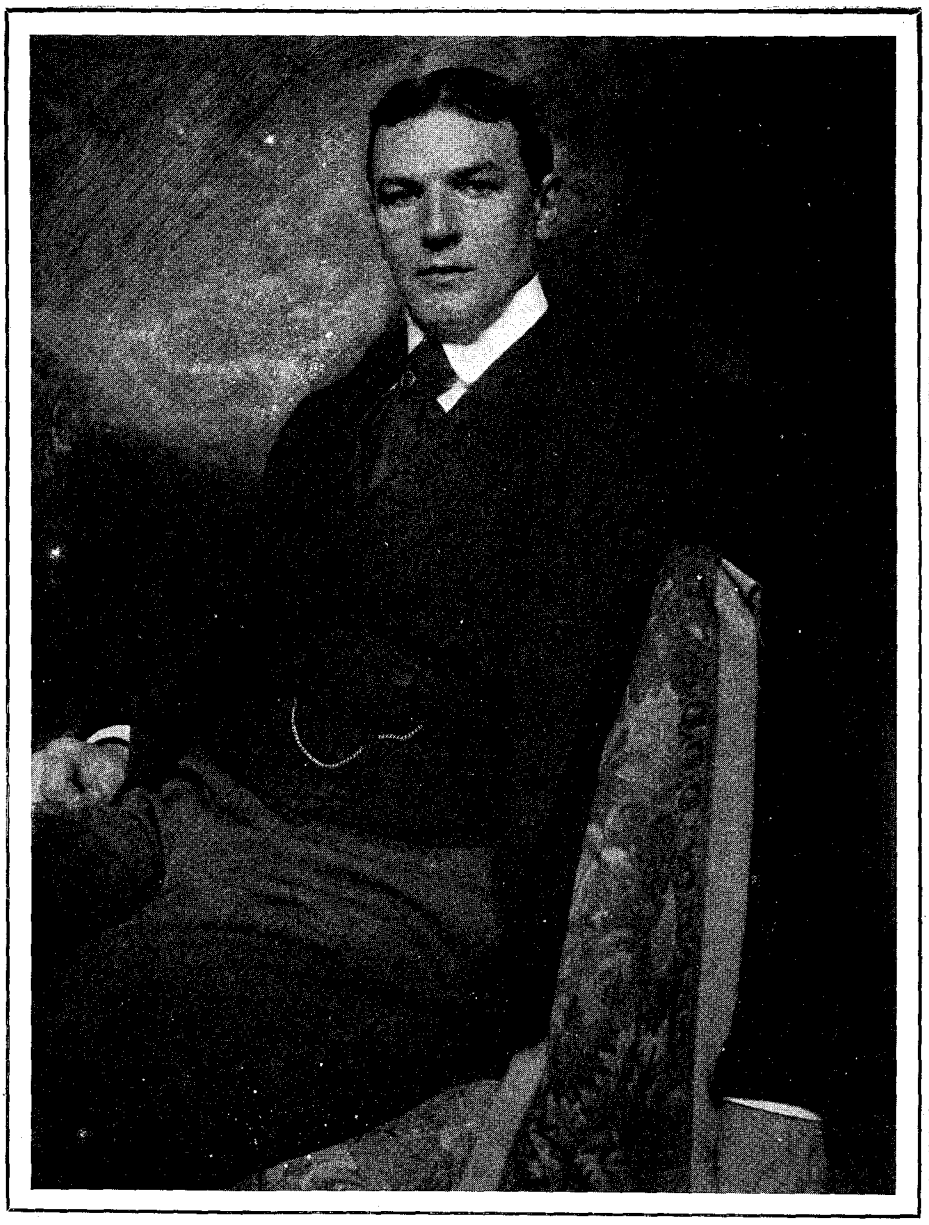

The Outlook and the Transvaal War

Mr. James Barnes, whose portrait we print above, is at this writing crossing the Atlantic on his way to the scene of the Transvaal War. By the time these words are read he will be near the contending armies. He will send to The Outlook a series of articles which from their subject and authorship cannot but be among the most timely, readable, and significant ever printed in this journal. "The Story of Dewey's Welcome Home," written by Mr. Barnes for our October Magazine Number, has been pronounced by many readers to be the clearest and most picturesque account of the New York Dewey celebration anywhere published. Mr. Barnes is well known to the American public as the author of many vigorous patriotic historical stories and other books, such as "Midshipman Farragut," "Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors," and "For King or Country." He is eminently fitted by training and natural ability for the task he has now entered upon.

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Ode to Autumn

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more
And still more later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music, too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft,
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

—John Keats.

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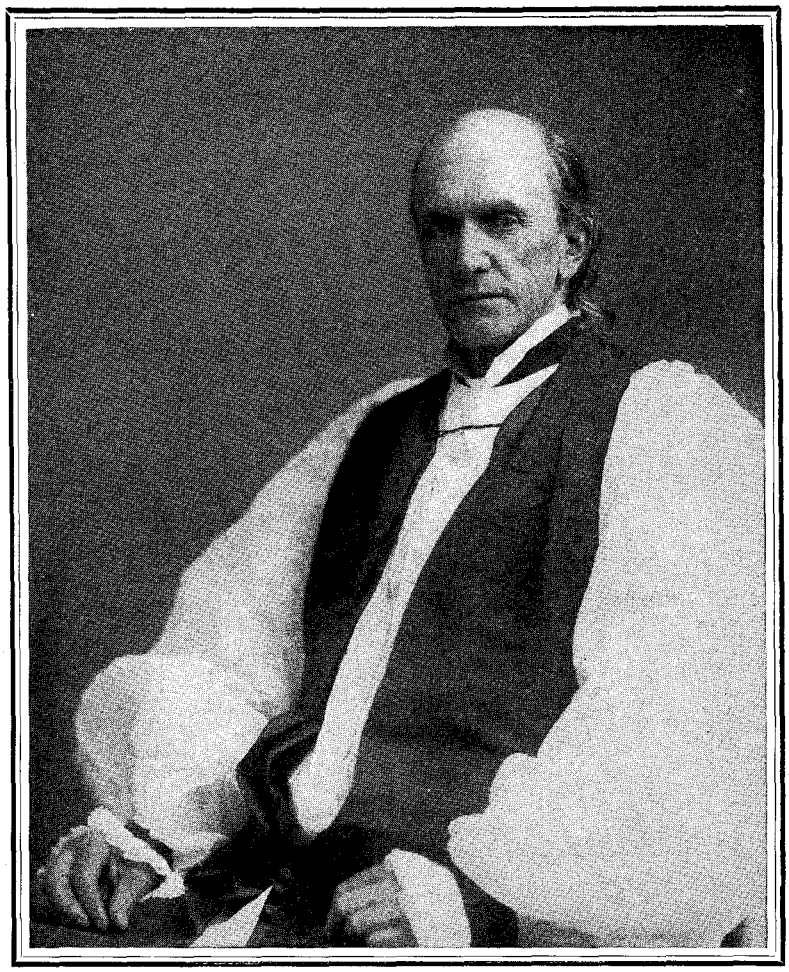

THE RIGHT REV. HENRY B. WHIPPLE
Bishop of Minnesota.

Bishop Whipple's Autobiography[1]

THIS is a most interesting biography—not less so, perhaps more so, because of its literary defects. It is not to be measured by literary standards. It is naïve, unconscious, informal, conversational. It abounds in anecdotes, some of which have passed into currency but here appear in their original historic form; is characterized by unexpected deflections from the continuous narrative; contains some letters and documents of no great interest except to the author; and is interspersed with reflections, emerging in the narrative much as they might in a conversation, which mark Bishop Whipple as a genuine statesman in his grasp of fundamental principles and his readiness of application to special circumstances.

Bishop Whipple's identification with the interests of the Indian race is due rather to the accident—if in such a life there are any accidents—which made his diocese Minnesota, than to any narrowness or specialization of human interests. Had his bishopric been Louisiana, he would have been known as the friend and protector of the negro; had it been in New York or Chicago, he would have been loved and honored in the slums. When

[1] *The Autobiography of Henry B. Whipple, Bishop of Minnesota.* The Macmillan Company, New York.

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opportunity offered, he was as ready to spend himself for the negroes, the poor whites, the prisoners, the outcasts in our great cities, as for the Indians. If we mistake not, some time before the "little church around the corner" became known as the church where actors and actresses might be buried, young Whipple was ready to baptize and confirm an actress. Of course there was criticism, but criticism has little effect on a man who says, "Convinced of this woman's fitness to receive the sacraments of the Church, I would have received her had it left me with a congregation of one mother and babe." In this his first parish he showed the breadth of his human interest and his tact in his method of getting hold of railroad men:

I called on William McAlpine, the chief engineer of the Galena Railway, to ask his advice as to the best way to reach the operatives, for there were hundreds of railway men in Chicago.

Mr. McAlpine asked, "How much do you know about a steam-engine?"

"Nothing," I replied.

"Then," he said, "read Lardner's 'Railway Economy' until you are able to ask an engineer a question about a locomotive and he not think you a fool."

I followed this advice, and in due season went to the roundhouse of the Galena Railway, where I found a number of engineers standing by a locomotive which the firemen were cleaning. Observing that it was a Taunton engine with inside connections, I asked at a venture, "Which do you like the better, inside or outside connections?" This was followed by questions about steam heaters and variable exhausts, and in less than half an hour I was taught far more than I had learned from my book. In leaving I said: "Boys, where do you go to church? I have a free church in Metropolitan Hall, where I shall be glad to see you, and if at any time you have an accident or need me, I will gladly go to you." The following Sunday every man was in church.

This is more than a method; it is a spirit, and would have had little efficacy if that spirit had not been shown in other ways. "This was before the day of air-brakes, and accidents were frequent. Whenever I heard of one, I immediately went to the sufferer, and very soon I found that superintendents and station-masters were expressing their approval of 'that sort of religion,' and many of the officials became members of my congregation."

When Dr. Whipple went to Minnesota, the same spirit led him to identify himself with the Indians. It was not only on the border that the motto was popular, "Only a dead Indian is a good Indian." General Sherman's conviction, even now entertained by not a few who ought to know better, was the prevalent view.

The remnants of the Indians of America will be as the gypsies of Moscow, whom I saw, and who, in my judgment, are the remnants of the aborigines or Indians of Austria, Russia, and Germany. Fragments of them have traveled all over the world, but have no more been able to change their skins than the leopards.

The opposition to Bishop Whipple's efforts for the Indian might well have aroused the military spirit in this Christian hero, but apathy is harder to meet than opposition, and apathy was as little able to chill his enthusiasm as opposition to daunt his courage. As late as 1866 the Board of Missions made no appropriation for Indian missions, but salved its conscience by passing a resolution of "cordial sympathy with the Bishop of Minnesota in his efforts to carry the Gospel to the Indian race." His healthful and vigorous scorn of this resolution led to the appointment of a commission to inquire into the facts and to a resultant change of policy. Two years later he was counseled not to read some portions of a report he had prepared on the treatment of the Indians, because it might place him in personal danger. He met this counsel as he met the criticism of his baptism and confirmation of an actress: "They are true, and the Nation needs to know them! and, so help me God, I will tell them if I am shot the next minute." The report led to the organization of the Indian Peace Commission. This fearlessness is coupled with a decision of character and a promptness of action which constitute the very essence of heroism. There is not room here to tell the story of how, in an Indian council, he deliberately provoked a hostile chief to anger, and, by inciting him to break over the inflexible rule of Indian etiquette, won to his own side the prejudices of the Indians, turned the laugh on his opposer, and carried the council. Another incident illustrates the same quality. A divinity student who had broken down in health, and whom the Bishop had befriended, came to a cathedral where the Bishop was to preach and went forward

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as if to take his seat with other divinity students in the chancel:

> On reaching the chancel arch, however, he stopped, and, taking a revolver from his pocket, pointed it at me. I felt what was coming before the revolver appeared, and, knowing that the young man was short-sighted and that he would probably wait until sure of his aim, I walked with quick, long strides through the chancel, which is very deep, grateful that I had been an athlete in younger days, and at the chancel steps made a leap, seizing the young man by the collar and turning him round with my knee at his back, while I said to the congregation, "Will some one take charge of this man? he is insane." It all happened so quickly that no one moved till then. The poor fellow was taken out and the service went on. It was found that the pistol had a hair-trigger, and that all the chambers were loaded, making it a marvel that no tragedy had occurred.

Along with this fearlessness in presence of danger, physical or other, and quickness of action which never lets "I dare not wait upon I would," is a largeness of view which belongs distinctly to the mind of a statesman. Substantially all the conclusions which modern statesmanship has reached respecting the true solution of the Indian problem were foreshadowed, and most of them were very distinctly formulated, by Bishop Whipple long ago. It would be easy to construct a complete Indian policy out of these pages; it would hardly be necessary to do more than to quote verbatim the memorial drawn up by him in 1862, which one of the bishops begged him not to introduce into the General Convention because it was politics! In this memorial he condemned treating with Indian tribes as independent nations, leaving them without the protection of and without amenability to law, and appointing agents "as a reward for political service;" demanded the wise expenditure of Indian funds "under some well-devised system which will encourage their efforts toward civilization." Earlier in the same year, in a published article, he had also demanded for the Indian "an individual right in the soil." The only modern reform which the Bishop did not call for long ago is a public-school system supported by the Government, adequate for the education of all Indian children of school age.

But it is not only in dealing with the Indian question that Bishop Whipple shows the qualities of a statesman. They are equally apparent in his churchmanship. He shows the same courage in his loyal support of his clergy. He established a theological school in the West; of course it needed aid and its students needed aid. An Eastern society offered aid, but "made as a condition of their assistance that the students should hold certain theological opinions, and sent me the pledges to be signed." The Bishop refused the aid, and his letter it would be well to print as a tract and send it to all teachers of theological schools and education societies. We are sorry that we have room only for two paragraphs selected from it:

> A young man who enters a theological school comes as a learner. Every pledge that he has made to hold certain opinions dwarfs his mind, precludes the possibility of broadest scholarship, tends to make him a partisan, and often, by a law of human perversity, leads him to the other extreme. I have felt it my duty to say that I will not knowingly receive candidates for Orders who come bound by pledges which will prevent them from becoming true scholars.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I think it would be a wiser policy for you to look, *not* to the opinions of the young men, but to the piety, scholarship, soundness in faith, earnestness, and charity of the teachers to whom you confide these young men, and to the spirit of the school which is to be their home. The age demands much of the Church. She *must* have profound scholarship, great-hearted loyalty and charity, and must not by any possibility allow her true position to be narrowed into limits which will surely create parties.

When Bishop Cheney was about to withdraw from the Episcopal Church, with the inevitable result of another denomination added to the too great number already existing, Bishop Whipple, with a combined courtesy and courage altogether admirable, endeavored in vain to prevent the secession. His catholic spirit was unable to prevent the schism produced by a too rigid conscience on the one hand and a too narrow ecclesiasticism on the other. How common this curious mistake of self-will for conscience! Bishop Whipple is not a theologian. We suspect that he cares comparatively little for either ecclesiastical or philosophical theories, though he is too wise and broad a man to cast disrepute on either the constructors of theology or the builders of ecclesiastical organization. He is essentially a statesman and a soldier. Yet his paragraphs on modern skepticism, its cause and cure, interjected almost by chance in

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the middle of one of his chapters, are so practical, so helpful, so in every way admirable, that we have marked them for early insertion in full in The Outlook.

It is difficult to lay down our pen. There are fundamental principles indicated in this book which we wish to expound; anecdotes which we wish to retell; and eloquent paragraphs—with an eloquence as naïvely and unconsciously simple as that of the writer—which we would fain quote. Perhaps the most eloquent of them all are those with which the book is brought to its close, in which the Bishop draws a picture of the world as it was in his childhood in contrast with what it is to-day. Few men in our generation have done more to bring about the change than he. Neither his fearlessness, his quickness of decision, his catholicity of spirit, his statesmanlike view, have contributed so much to this result as his spirit of faith and hope and love which have inspired all else that is great in him. "My readers may think me an optimist, but a Christian has no right to be anything else. This is God's world, not the devil's. It is ruled by One who is 'the Lord our Righteousness, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.'"

Theology of the New Testament[1]

THE recognition of the fact that the Bible is the literature of a great people and is to be treated as literature has given rise to a new and valuable department of theology known as Biblical Theology. And yet the very title indicates that the transition from the old spirit to the new is still incomplete. It is true that we might have a theology of the Greek poets—we believe that attempts to produce it have been made—yet the attempt to elucidate a theological system by quotations from their Greek authors would be looked on with some suspicion, and the suspicion would be considerably increased if the interpreter were believed to be pre-committed to a theological system and unconsciously inclined, if not frankly and avowedly desirous, to show that his system was sustained by the authority of the Greek poets. There is no reason why we should not have essays interpretative of Paul as we have of Hegel, or of the Psalms as we have of Browning—no reason except that it is difficult to find the interpreter.

Dr. Stevens is not such an interpreter. He stands at a point somewhere midway between the old and the new. He is committed to no creed. Neither his denomination nor his university pledges him to find in the New Testament authority for a sixteenth-century or a nineteenth-century creed. The Bible is not to him a magazine of proof-texts, and he does not attempt to construct a Biblical theology by the simple expedient of picking isolated verses out of their connections and piecing them together in a new mosaic. He is interpretative; but he never quite forgets that he is a theologian, or ceases to think that he is to construct a system of theology, and that it behooves him to show that the sacred writers are self-consistent and consistent with each other. If he were not a theologian he would hardly find it necessary to affirm that "Paul uses 'righteousness' in two senses;" at least he would endeavor to ascertain if there is not one sense which will fit into all Paul's uses of the word. There is such a sense; the difficulty is that it does not fit into the forensic system of theology. So, again, he would hardly say concerning the fifth chapter of Romans, "Incidentally, however, Paul has here given us the nearest approach to a theory of original sin," when in that chapter Paul's reference to the origin of sin is purely incidental and parenthetical, while in the seventh chapter he discusses the nature and origin of sin at length, tracing its origin to the flesh and treating its nature as the dominance of the flesh over the spirit. Like Wendt's "Teaching of Jesus," this volume is valuable because it classifies with freshness the teachings of the New Testament writers. But it is rather a classification than an interpretation, made by one who recognizes fully his freedom to use the new methods but is not fully emancipated from the habits of mind induced by the methods of the past.

[1] *The Theology of the New Testament.* By George Barker Stevens, Ph.D., D.D., Dwight Professor of Systematic Theology in Yale University. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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THE PARSON'S "PUBLIC"

An English Village Public-House

By the Proprietor: The Rev. Osbert Mordaunt

Rector of Hampton Lucy, Warwickshire

[Last summer, in the beautiful village of Hampton Lucy, five miles from Warwick Castle, England, a member of the Outlook staff saw a little public-house, spoken of by the driver of his carriage as "the Parson's Public." Inquiry developed the fact that for twenty years the inn had been owned and controlled by the vicar of the village church, and that all the profits during that time had been devoted to local improvements—one item being a fine set of cathedral lamps for the church. The rule of the "public" is that nothing alcoholic except beer shall be sold, and that there shall be no swearing or other disorderly conduct. The following article, written by the Rev. Osbert Mordaunt, at the request of The Outlook, seems to us of special interest. The illustrations are from photographs made for The Outlook by Mr. Douglas McNeille, of Stratford-on-Avon.—THE EDITORS.]

THE public-house at Hampton Lucy has been conducted on the present system since 1876. It is the only one in the parish, and as not more than one is likely to be permitted, I am the possessor of a monopoly undisturbed, and have therefore succeeded with the system pursued better than could have been expected were there other houses to contend with. There are, however, numbers of villages in the Kingdom with only one public-house, and many more with perhaps two or three belonging to the same landlord. In such places the plan I here advocate might be adopted with advantage.

The principles of the system are: 1. The sale of *pure* beer (upon the meaning of "pure" I comment further on). 2. The person who sells the beer must have *no interest* in the profits.

When this "public" came into my hands, I consulted several temperance reformers as to the advisability of closing it altogether, or of endeavoring to conduct it "respectably" in the strictest sense of the term. My more extreme friends said, "Close it altogether." Others of the moderate section were of opinion that I should be wiser in keeping it open, subject to strict regulation, rather than risk another being started, over which I should have no control. I chose the latter alternative, and results, for nearly twenty years, have amply justified my choice.

The first step was to find a trustworthy tenant, who would accept a fixed sum

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annually for transacting the business, leaving the responsibility of profit or loss to my account. An outdoor servant gladly accepted the situation, with his wife, on condition of occupying the house rent free, a small sum being allowed for the management and for dispensing the beer, the profits on the eatables and stabling of horses being left to him. The sale of spirits was discontinued—no great hardship to the inhabitants, considering the opportunities afforded for buying them from grocers' traveling carts. I believe that much less spirits are drunk now that bottles have to be bought entire than when it was so easy to send to the "public" for three or six pennyworth at a time; but I am no advocate of grocers' licenses. The abolition of the spirit license was a most unpopular measure; at first I received a good deal of abuse for it. Among other things, I was frequently told that people would die if they could not be supplied with a drop of spirits in times of cold or sickness. Providentially, however, for sixteen months after the license was canceled only one adult death occurred at all, in a population of (then) nearly five hundred; so I heard no more complaints on that score.

The home brewing of beer we have never attempted. Our brewers tell me that many of their brews are brewed from malt and hops solely, but that others, especially in warm weather, are brewed with a proportion of (say) fifteen per cent. refined saccharum, or pure glucose made from maize or other cereals. This is not used as a substitute for malt, and is no monetary advantage, but is a necessary addition, without which, under certain climatic conditions, or with a soft or too extractive quality of water, neither so good nor so wholesome beer could be produced.

It seems clear that the best brewing cannot be maintained throughout the year, summer and winter, with no other ingredients than malt and hops, except perhaps under special conditions of water, or the use of light foreign barleys exclusively, which would, moreover, adversely affect the agricultural interests of the country. The best definition of "pure beer" may be, therefore, that which contains nothing injurious, or only wholesome, nutritious substances.

The quality we endeavor to maintain and sell is certainly something very different from the thick, muddy, perhaps adulterated, certainly thirst-creating, stuff sold at some village "publics." I have reason to believe that on account of the liquor being pure and wholesome, and therefore satisfying, less is consumed than formerly. Low wages may have had something to do with a decrease of consumption. But when wages were higher, some years ago, I noticed that less beer was purchased, with a good quality of liquor, although the price remained the same. Before the "public" changed hands, perhaps drunkenness was no worse here than in many places; but cases were common enough. I am thankful to say that now they are comparatively rare, and seldom occur, except when people have come in from other places the worse for liquor, and have been accidentally served with more. Of course if such a condition is perceived, they are declined any at all. The usual public-house hours are observed, and no limit as to the quantity supplied to sober people is ever attempted; but no credit is allowed.

I submit a sample of an average year's accounts. When I became responsible for the business, the people were given to understand that all the profits, after the payment of the rent and current expenses, would be returned to them in the shape of food or clothing, or other charities. *It is obvious that under such a system those who drink the most are taxed for the benefit of their neighbors.* I do not publish any details of the surplus expenditure, for I do not wish the people to suppose that they have any absolute claim upon it. About two years' profits were once devoted to the sinking of wells and erection of pumps in various places, the water supply being improved at the expense of the beer.

	£	s.	d.
Receipts	315	0	0
Expenditure:	**£**	**s.**	**d.**
Cost of Beer	216	0	0
License	3	18	6
Taxes and Insurance	4	10	0
Repairs	4	18	0
Fuel, Lights, etc	14	10	0
Rent	25	0	0
Expenses of Management	16	0	0
Charities	30	0	0
Balance		3	6
	£315	0	0

The rent goes, by the will of the late proprietor, to pay the organist's salary.

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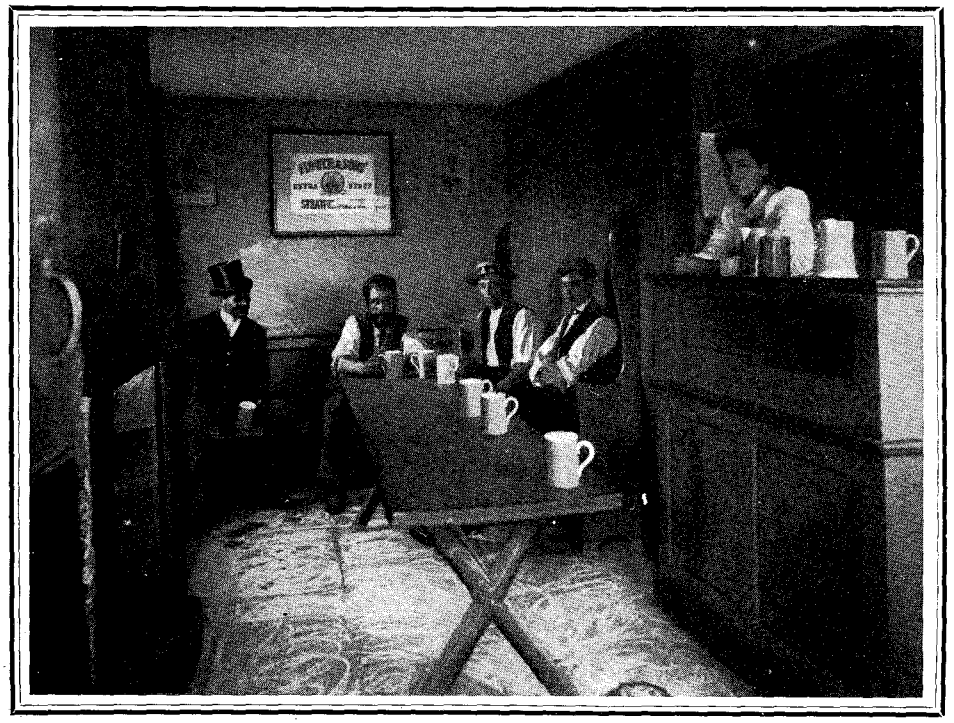
My experience leads me to the following conclusions:

1. Temperance reformers do not agitate sufficiently against the evils of adulteration, or, to say the least, against the injury caused to the community by the sale of unwholesome liquor. Opinions seem very much divided about the extent to which positive adulteration is carried on by publicans. If it is not common to add tobacco or salt, or worse ingredients, to the beer sold in some of our small public-houses, it must be often brewed from low-class materials for the sake of extra profit, which goes into the pockets of unscrupulous brewers or publicans, or of both. Or, if this be not for the sake of extra profit, it is done from ignorance of the quality of the materials, malt, hops, etc., which they buy, and the principles of correct brewing; making this unwholesome stuff from low-class material to start with, and with the yeast insufficiently purged from the beer to finish with. Certain I am that it is not pure beer, but the mixture sold under the name, which is a potent cause of drunkenness, and of the craving for drink among thousands who scarcely ever touch spirits. It is this that soddens poor Hodge's brain, fosters rheumatism, lumbago, dropsy, all sorts of kidney and liver diseases, and then reappears in the muddled and blighted intellect of his offspring. The Germans, it is said, drink more beer than we do; but they are a comparatively sober people. Why? Because their beer is pure.

2. There are many villages and country towns in which property is not divided, where the public-house, or houses, belong to one squire or landlord. Why should not such proprietors take the matter into their own hands—this could be done with very little trouble to themselves—and so promote health and sobriety among their people? By all means let respect be paid to the vested interests of really respectable publicans; it would be unfair to evict them. But in cases where the management is bad, or drunkenness encouraged, or of leases falling in, let the landlord find a trustworthy person or family (a man and wife are best) who shall be content to dispense pure beer for a fixed salary, keep accounts which shall be submitted to periodical inspection, and return the profits to the proprietor, who can dispose of them (if he thinks fit) for the benefit of



THE TAP-ROOM IN THE PARSON'S "PUBLIC"

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the parish. Or, if he prefers to farm the public-house for his own benefit, let him do so. He will receive the rent and the profits, and will probably discover, in these days of agricultural depression, that the balance in his favor is very acceptable. Either way the people will soon learn to prefer such a system, and be grateful for it. The enormous number of public-houses now in the hands of the brewers must, of course, make a change difficult or impossible for many landlords who might be willing to make it. I only plead, in such cases, for my system to be attempted as soon as the emancipation of the "public" is possible. But, a free hand granted, some difficulty may arise in finding a trustworthy person to manage the house; yet even supposing the management were committed to one of doubtful integrity, the proper returns which should be made for each cask of beer being once ascertained, any dishonesty becomes difficult, provided the accounts are frequently inspected. If the quality of the beer depreciates, complaints will be heard. In our case, at present, the brewer's agent periodically examines the tap, and he knows that it is to his interest to see that the beer sold is up to the mark.

3. As regards profit and loss; the business which has paid the publican may be less profitable, but certainly no loss, to the landlord. I am told that it can hardly be made to answer if less business than to the amount of £300 ($1,500) per annum is done. My own figures seem to show that at £300 there is some profit, and that at a figure considerably below this there might be no loss.

I am not prepared to say anything very definite by way of advising an experiment of this kind being tried in the face of opposition from other "publics" over which a landlord may have no control. But I am very much inclined to think that it would answer even under such circumstances, simply because the really moderate drinkers (who are still, let us hope, in a majority) would soon discover where they could get the most wholesome return for their money, besides knowing that the manager had no interests whatever in encouraging them to drink, or in selling cheap stuff for the sake of extra profit.

I may here add a few words as to the extent to which our example has been followed. Of course the system is continually being condemned and ridiculed by the extreme total abstinence party. I have received many abusive letters concerning the alliance between parsons and publicans, the Bible and beer, but I am thankful to be able to show that the movement is not in any sense ecclesiastical, although it is well known that the Bishop of Chester has done most excellent work in espousing the cause and backing it up with his eloquence and common sense. The Bishop is Chairman of the People's Refreshment House Association, which was registered in 1893. The Duke of Westminster is a Vice-President. The aim is to promote public-house reform by giving facilities to landowners and corporate bodies to transfer the management of public-houses to the Association, which insures their being properly conducted, pays four per cent. to shareholders, and devotes further profits to local objects. The Association has three or four houses in its hands, and is negotiating for more. The results so far are very satisfactory and encouraging. Besides these the following houses in different parts of the country are now being worked on our system:

The Anchor, Scaynes Hill, Lindfield, formerly the property of the Rev. F. Willett, who for many years reported a decrease in drunkenness.

A new inn recently built by Mr. Gardner Bazley at Childswickam, in Gloucestershire.

Spital Beck Inn, the property of the Dowager Lady Lechmere, in Yorkshire.

The inn at Hanley Castle, Worcestershire, the property of Sir E. Lechmere.

The Plymouth Arms, St. Fagans Nedditch, the property of Lord Windsor.

The White Hart, Atherington, Barnstaple, the property of the Rev. W. Arthur.

Hoar Cross Inn, Burton-on-Trent, the property of the Hon. F. L. Wood, has lately been transferred to the People's Refreshment House Association, as Mr. Wood, after working it for some time, preferred handing it over to the Association.

Two inns on Earl Spencer's property in Northamptonshire are worked on the co-operative system, which is practically the same as ours in its results.

The public-house at Wantage, Berks, the property of Lord Wantage.

Upon inquiries made last year, I find that all these proprietors are satisfied with the system. They nearly all report a considerable decrease of drunkenness, while in every case the people seem grateful for the change.

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In conclusion, I venture to quote the recommendations which I was allowed to make before the Royal Commission last July, as tending to indicate the lines upon which our system can be largely and advantageously extended:

First of all, I am in favor of local management. Public-houses should be placed in the hands of the County Councils, Town Councils, or Corporations, on, we will say, the Gothenburg system. Nevertheless, let counties and towns be allowed to make experiments. Give the principles, and leave details to them. If any county or town could be persuaded to try prohibition, let them. It would be an object-lesson. I do not believe in it, but let them try it alongside of our scheme. Secondly, I think there should be a large reduction in the number of licenses. They should be reduced, say, by one-half or one-third, or let the local authorities determine what number is absolutely necessary. The profits under the new system should go first to compensate evicted publicans; but still I would say that they might become paid managers under the new system, with a fixed salary, if they were deemed respectable and trustworthy. Of course in many cases of tied houses the brewers and the publicans must be treated as one in the matter of compensation. When they are paid off, I am strongly in favor of the profits going to the hospitals, for these reasons: such an application would be, first, popular; secondly, undenominational; and, thirdly, I think it would settle the hospital financial difficulty altogether. If the time ever comes for this system to be carried out, there will be a good deal of wrangling among local authorities about the dispensation of the profits. The hospitals seem to me to afford the simplest, fairest, and the most needful application. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer is afraid of the system, let him take as much as he consistently can in the shape of high licenses. Then I think under any system for the future publicans should be prohibited by the police from serving known drunkards, or, we will say, convicted drunkards. I think the Sunday hours should certainly be reduced to two half-hours in the day. I am for abolishing grocers' licenses.

The Foster-Mother

By Edwin H. Keen

(After the French)

Sleep, little one! Again I feel the thrill
A babe's soft hand can in my breast awaken.
Hide in my bosom, thou art not forsaken:
Sleep, little one! thou hast a mother still.

My lips I press to thy sweet brow anew;
Sleep, little one! I am thy mother too.

Mine to protect, to cherish, and to rear;
Why should the baby hand, the flaxen hair,
Set me a-dreaming of a bygone care,
And make a far-off sorrow seem so near?

Wake, little one! Too much am I beguiled,
Too near, too close, the little hands are wrestling,
Too soft, too warm, the little head is nestling,
For I am not thy mother, O my child!

Wake, little one! Thy mouth too sweetly smiled,
For I am not thy mother, O my child!

Yet do not wake,—sleep on,—full well I know
God, in my heart maternal love renewing,
Intendeth not for my poor heart's undoing,
Nor builds again a joy to lay it low.

Sleep, little one! 'Tis sweet to feel the thrill
A babe's soft hand can in my breast awaken,
Hide in my bosom, thou art not forsaken;
Sleep, little one! I am thy mother still.

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AMERICA'S WORKING PEOPLE

BY CHARLES B. SPAHR

IX.

The Northern Farm

Where America begins

Emerson said, with pardonable exaggeration—before the immigration from the Continent set in—that the East was merely new England and that "America begins with the Alleghanies." With far less exaggeration it may be said to-day that our cities are merely new Europe, and that "America begins with the rural districts."

Before going to the Northwest to study farm life there, I spent three days in as many rural communities in Maine, Vermont, and New York. So far as agricultural conditions were concerned, I hardly did more than break ground for my later inquiries. But I came back with a vivid impression of the Americanism of the rural districts which Western observation merely confirmed. The contrast with New York, where most of our foreign critics think they find America, was sharp in the extreme. In this city less than one person in four is of American parentage. In the rural districts less than one in four has any recollection of an immigrant ancestor. In this city there is almost the European separation of rich and poor. The great wealth is the wealth of the few. Barely one family in four owns either its home or any industrial property whatever. In the rural districts the average wealth is small, but it is a common wealth. Less than one family in four is a tenant, and even the tenants usually own the stock and implements with which they do their work. Out of this economic independence and equality not only American political democracy but American social democracy has sprung.

Social democracy

The social democracy permeates the whole people. The most conservative feel its spirit more than the majority of European Socialists. Not only all men but nearly all women treat each other without arrogance and without servility. This generalization was strikingly illustrated by my own experiences. In the family with which my host in Maine was boarding, the servant was one of the most attractive members of an exceptionally attractive household. She was an orphan girl of a family as poor as those from which city servants come, but she was attending the village academy and "helping" with the housework for her board. Not only was she made one of the family in outward form, but in feeling as well as in conduct the Golden Rule was obeyed. In Vermont I stopped at the village hotel, but when I drove about through the country districts I found that the same young woman would sometimes teach school for a term or two, then "help" a neighbor, and again return to teaching when the opportunity presented. Her wages in either work were about the same, for the supply of school-teachers in New England farming districts has reduced salaries to two-thirds the level in the far South. Five dollars a week was the common pay, and a dollar and a half of this had to be paid out for board from Monday to Friday—the teacher going home for Saturday and Sunday. When I went to the New York farm, I again found social democracy at the point most difficult to attain. The family I visited was remarkable in its culture. The wife was the author of a well-received text-book, and the husband was a scientific student as well as a practical farmer. Along with his scientific books I saw on his shelves my old friends, or rather enemies, Giffen's "Case Against Bimetallism" and Laughlin's "History of Bimetallism in the United States," together with well-studied official reports of currency conferences and silver literature galore. On

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his walls were good paintings from his own hand, and at the supper-table, when I unfortunately remarked that I read Whittier more than any other poet, I was asked if I had read this and that favorite of theirs, until I felt that I knew nothing about Whittier. They, on the other hand, had taken a Whittier pilgrimage the previous summer, visiting the scenes he depicted. Yet in this intellectual family the help was treated as a friend. The only place in these visits to the rural districts where I ran across anything of the European caste spirit even toward servants was in the Vermont town, where one lady spoke to me somewhat scornfully of the custom of treating servants as we would treat one another. This lady, however, was in touch with several rich New York families who had summer residences in Windsor. The town, as a whole, was almost an ideal of American democracy, with its beautiful free schools, its well-selected town library, its numerous churches, its well-shaded, saloon-free streets, and, above all, its attractive homes —most of them owned by the families who lived in them, and nearly all such as a college boy or girl might come from or take his friends to without loss of pride. Altogether my visits to the rural districts in the East, the small towns as well as the farms, impressed upon me vividly the almost universal independence, self-respect, and inability to look up or down upon our fellows, that has from the first been the very life of American democracy. Compared with these communities our cities are merely new Europe. America begins with the rural districts.

The Scandinavian immigrants

The rural districts I visited in the West were in Minnesota—one of the few States where immigrants form a large part of the rural population. In these districts the greater Americanism of the West, of which Emerson spoke, was chiefly marked in the more rapid Americanizing of the immigrant elements. The American farmers were, indeed, more alert, aggressive, and self-reliant than those I met in the East or South—always excepting the exceptional farmer I visited in New York. But this difference was less pronounced than the difference in the immigrants West and East. The American farmer who really introduced me to farm life in the Northwest made the boast that "only the better and more independent class of immigrants come to Minnesota to farm." The one poorer class that came to Minnesota at all, he said, were the Poles, and they settled in the towns "to be somebody's hands." In the rural districts, apart from the people from Canada and Great Britain, who counted as Americans, two-thirds of the immigrants were Scandinavians, and the remainder generally Germans. It was the Scandinavians whom I kept meeting, and all that I saw and most that I heard confirmed my host's generalizations about them. It seemed to be the universal verdict that they were superior to any other class of immigrants in intelligence, in ambition for their children, and in openness to American ideas. At the State Agricultural School they had nearly as large a representation, proportionately, as the Americans, and at the State Universities both in Minnesota and North Dakota their representation, though less, was still strikingly large. But even this invasion of the universities was less impressive than their distinctively American attitude toward the temperance question. In Minnesota I found that the total abstinence movement had a strong hold among them, and in North Dakota my day's visit to Grand Forks showed me that the greater part of them heartily indorsed complete prohibition, which is thoroughly enforced in that thriving town. In Massachusetts I had been encouraged by the complete assimilation of the children of the immigrants there, but among the Scandinavians in the Northwest the process had made extraordinary headway among the immigrants themselves.

By reason of their thrift, the Scandinavians seemed to get ahead, in point of wealth, more rapidly than the Americans. They are not yet, as a rule, so well-to-do; their houses are not so good; their standard of living is not so high. But the advantages of the American farmer in these respects—so far as prestige, comfort, culture, are concerned—formed a positive disadvantage to them in meeting the requirements of hard times. As I drove about the country and talked with different farmers and asked about others, I heard of Scandinavians succeeding where Americans and English had failed. The failures of the latter were especially

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marked among those who had attempted to conduct "bonanza" farms. But the American farmers who ran behind were not confined to this class. The years of extreme depression just preceding my visit had seen a good many independent small farmers driven to the wall. Many Scandinavians may have belonged to this class, but along the roads on which I was driven first in southern, then in central, and afterwards in northern Minnesota, there was never a chance reference to a Scandinavian who had failed. Two whom I talked with together in a wheat-field—one was helping the other with his threshing—spoke with pride of the kind of start they had had. One of them, a man of forty, had begun in the district with less than a dollar, and now owned a quarter-section (160 acres). The other, a somewhat older man, said that he had started out with $22 in cash, and a cow bought on credit. The first season the cow was all that kept his family from starving, his wife selling butter to buy what was absolutely necessary from the stores. Now he had paid for one quarter-section and bought another, on which he and his three boys would pay $1,000 the present year. His two sections, though he did not appraise them, must have been worth eight or nine thousand dollars.

Unearned increments and decrements

In getting ahead so rapidly these hard-working and hard-saving farmers had been helped by what the single-taxers call the unearned increment. Regarding land values the Populists in Minnesota were much more cheerful than Republicans in the East. In Vermont Republican farmers had told me of farms selling for one-half and even one-quarter their price twenty-five years ago, and in New York my silver host offered me a ninety-acre farm—just fifty miles from the city, and less than two miles from the Hudson—for $1,800. In 1880 it had sold for $6,000, but he had lately been compelled to accept it in payment of a mortgage of $1,400 and the interest in arrears. At the sale, he said, he was the only bidder, and he would gladly sell the farm for exactly what it had cost him. The fact that his $1,800 mortgage had come to be worth more than his neighbor's $6,000 farm illustrated the injustice of the gold standard to debtor farmers. When I went to Minnesota, where silver men were so numerous among the American farmers, though rare among the Swedes, I expected to hear more such stories. But I heard none of them. When men talked of falling prices, it was always of the prices for farm products, never of the prices for farm land. Even during the terrible depression from 1893 to 1896, when many debtor farmers lost their land to their creditors, the price of farms at a free sale was never materially lower than before. Improved farms were worth $25 and $30 an acre, that ten years before would not have brought half these figures, and twenty years ago hardly the quarter. No one, however, spoke of this advance as an "unearned increment;" and an open-minded single-taxer might have found it difficult to convince himself that the increment was "unearned." The men who had obtained it, as a rule, were the pioneers who had gone to the frontier and worked for years in isolation, not only in improving their own land but in making the roads and paying the taxes for the schools that made the section desirable to later comers. It was their labor that paved the way for railroads and stores and banks. To tax the earlier settlers for the benefits they received from the later would be less just than to tax the later settlers for the benefits they received from the earlier. The single tax upon land values may continue to make headway among thoughtful people in cities, who get their views from what they read, but it can get no hold among thoughtful people in the country, who get their views from what they see. East of the Mississippi River it is the unearned decrement that is making farmers think; and west of that river, where the increment still arises, every farmer believes it to have been paid for with harder work and heavier taxes than the increment that has come to capital in railroads, banks, or even stores and manufactories. The Western farms are the stronghold of economic radicalism, but the instinctive radicalism there takes the form of the progressive taxation of large holdings of property of every kind, and not the single tax upon the value of land.

A representative farmer

Nor is it simply concern for their own vested interests that makes Western farmers hostile to the single-tax proposal. In spite of their pronounced sympathy with

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the public ownership of monopolies, the ideal of individual independence seems to have a more profound hold upon them than upon supposedly less socialistic people in Eastern cities. Their attitude toward the private ownership of land came out concretely the first day I spent on a Minnesota farm. My host was the superintendent of farmers' institutes, and his farm was a State experiment station. When my friends at Marshall told me that he was the best man in the region to tell me about farming conditions in Minnesota, I accepted their advice with some reluctance, as I feared a man full of his own ideas, who would tell me what Minnesota farmers ought to think, instead of what they did think. To my delight, I found a man whose marked characteristics were common sense, common sympathy, and belief in the people whom it was his work to teach. Then, and afterwards, he seemed to me to personify the finer type of Western farmers, and when I think of almost any farming theme, his attitude toward it is likely to recur to me. We did not in so many words discuss the single tax, but his feeling toward it was made clear when we spoke of the sale of the State school lands. Originally in Minnesota, as in most of the Western States, sections 16 and 36 in every township—two square miles out of the thirty-six—were reserved for the State school fund. Much of this land in Minnesota remains unsold, and the question came up whether the State would not do better to keep it in the public possession. My host's answer was an unquestioning "no." "The State has done better," he said, "to sell the lands outright than to lease them. . . . A better class of citizens is attracted, and better work secured in making improvements." I do not care to discuss whether he was right, or whether a single-tax lease freeing the tenant from all taxation upon his improvements would secure as enterprising settlers and as good financial results to the State. Be that as it may, my host's view was the typical one of Western farmers. They not only oppose the public ownership of land now in private hands, but they believe in the private ownership of land now held by the public. Mineral lands alone—whose development does not depend upon the owner of the soil—constitute an exception.

Western individualism

There is only one thing that can alter the intense individualism of Western farmers, and that is the menace of monopoly. When I thought of the belief in the East that Western farmers are saturated with State Socialism, it was almost amusing to study my host's ingrained feeling against it. He was the firmest kind of an anti-monopolist, and was ready to look to the State not only to protect the public against extortion, but also to carry forward work requiring general co-operation. He believed, for example, in State insurance against hail, but this was simply because the voluntary co-operation of farmers could not furnish it. Voluntary co-operation, he said, enabled neighboring farmers in many parts of Minnesota to insure one another against fire. The expenses were almost nil, as there were no agents, no profits, and the officers served without salaries. The burning of one barn or farm-house never involved another, and therefore there was no difficulty about meeting assessments to repair losses. The path of a hail-storm, however, was too wide for neighbors to insure one another, but State insurance would always enable the prospering to help the suffering, for the hail-storm generally prostrated only a few localities. Yet this readiness to look to the State as a public servant in no way altered my host's deep repugnance to the thought of the State as master and all the citizens its employees. This feeling came out clearly when we discussed civil service reform. He believed in civil service reform, but he believed in it to protect the public against political corruption. To the civil servants whom it protected in office he feared that it was a positive evil. It was in danger of making them routine men and "weaklings." There are people, he said, who like to spend their lives as government clerks, but it doesn't develop the qualities that come from independence and individual responsibility. The Western farms, he believed, contained the finest body of citizens in the country, partly because only people who had "resources in themselves" were attracted by the life, but chiefly because pioneer farmers were thrown upon their own resources and required from boyhood to do innumerable things for themselves without supervision,

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This training, it became clear to me, has developed among Western farmers a passion for individual independence and individual initiative that makes their individualism a more fundamental characteristic than the socialism evoked by their struggle with monopoly.

The Farm Institute

But the training that comes to the Western farmers from the necessities of pioneer farm life is only a part of the education that makes them superior, as a class, to any city working people whom I met. When I entered the house of my host—and this experience was repeated three times thereafter—almost the first thing that caught my eye was a good-sized library. When I got nearer the bookcase, the books that seemed to have seen the most service were the works of Charles Darwin and Commentaries on the Scriptures. My host had begun life as a Methodist minister, and when the current of his own religious thought had led him to leave the ministry he did not cease to be either a student or a preacher. For years he had given his unpaid services to building up his church out on the frontier, and his religious life had deepened as he had gone on with the scientific studies that had started his independent course. He did not tell me that his religious life had deepened, but I felt it as I went about with him on the farm, and still more I felt it when, the next morning, he led in family prayers. This service followed breakfast, and the prayer was just a continuation, on a higher plane, of our conversation at the breakfast-table. Rarely have I heard a prayer like it in religious feeling, and never one quite like it in theme. It was the conversation of a man talking with God about political evils, and asking for openness of heart to receive his truth. When he prayed that, as citizens, we might struggle for the righting of public wrongs, might learn God's way by trying to do his will, and might see God working out a higher order of society, bringing greater good to the greatest number, the air became charged with religious emotion as I had never known it to be except when hearts had been touched by the deepest experiences of life. The manly, straightforward appeal for guidance in public affairs, that we might work with God for the bettering of society, had a converting power such as few appeals for personal help possess, even when made in the presence of sorrow or death.

Such was the man to whom the University of Minnesota turned, about ten years ago, when the dissatisfaction of farmers with its agricultural department threatened a division of the State appropriation. It was decided that, since the farmers could not or would not go to the University, the University must go to the farmers, and Mr. Gregg was put in charge of the work. "Institutes" lasting several days were arranged for in different parts of the State, where practical farm problems were discussed in the light of practical experience. Mr. Gregg had had the practical experience himself, and he employed as his associates only men who united practical experience with wide reading of experiments in laboratories and farms all over the world. The educational fetich that intellectual activity can best be stimulated by studies far removed from practical life and thought was utterly discarded. At first the attendance at the institutes was small, but when those who came found that their questions were answered by men who had met the same difficulties as themselves in everyday farm life, the deep-seated and often justified prejudice against scientific farming began to give way. The attendance at the institutes rapidly grew, until in many sections institute week came to resemble county fair week. The farmers came with their families from miles around, and stayed until the institute was over, hearing the lectures, watching the experiments, questioning the lecturers, and themselves answering questions out of their own experience. In central and in northern Minnesota I asked about these institutes, or heard about them without asking, and the testimony was so strongly in their favor that Minnesota seemed to me to be solving the problem of educating farmers, instead of educating men away from the farms. I did not have an opportunity to attend one of the institutes, but when, a few months later, I read Prince Kropotkin's glowing account of the intellectual superiority of Iowa farmers over those of the Old World, as shown by the attendance and discussions at the "farmers' meetings," his enthusiasm seemed to me justified. Many of the American farmers in Minnesota do not belong to "America's

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working people," if that phrase covers only distinctively manual workers. They take as much scientific interest in their work, and do as much serious reading, as most city physicians or editors.

Minnesota schools

The reflex influence of the institutes upon the University has also been invaluable. To have men from the University lecturing in different parts of the State every year has naturally quickened the interest in agricultural education, and to have men at the universities in touch with the farmer and pursuing agricultural science, not for "science's sake," but for the sake of the farmers, has made the instruction there healthful and inspiriting. The "Farm School" at Minnesota University is the most prosperous in the United States, and has an attendance of nearly five hundred young men and women. When I passed through Minneapolis, I went to see one of the professors, and had a glimpse of co-education. I had visited one or two Eastern colleges for girls, but I thought that I had never seen so large a proportion of good-looking and attractive-looking young women as came along the walks, talking without constraint and without excitement with the young men who were with them. It seemed the natural way of living, and I felt sure that the prejudice of the fashionable world against co-education would soon have to follow the prejudice of the same world a few years ago against any form of higher education for girls. This generalization I afterwards verified with some care at the University of North Dakota, but to elaborate it would take me away from the thread of my story. My agricultural professor, Mr. T. L. Haecker, proved to be even a greater enthusiast than I had anticipated. I came in upon him at an inopportune time, but when he found that I wished to verify some loose generalizations about the cost of food for dairy cattle and the amount of butter that could be counted on, he gladly turned over to me elaborate records showing just how much it cost to feed each cow in the University dairy farm and just what product it gave. He had as much scientific enthusiasm over these tables as a classical professor would have over a new edition of a Greek play, and with reason, for the results had human interest. The tables showed that the University cows were producing 350 pounds of butter a year as against an average of 250 for the cows on ordinary farms, and that the best food for dairy purposes was bran, the cheapest product of the farm. Enthusiasm of this sort for practical knowledge was at the bottom of the success of the agricultural department, and it seemed to extend to every phase of farm life. The students were given a course in veterinary science, with especial reference to the diseases of farm animals; courses in botany and entomology, with especial reference to farm pests; and manual training in carpentering and blacksmithing, to enable them to repair their barns, shoe their horses, and keep their machinery in order. A kind of culture was given which every farmer would value and carry further in after life, instead of leaving the school with a "finished" education. Tuition was free; board was furnished at cost—a trifle less than $3 a week—and the school year was begun in October and closed the last of March, so that vacation wages could cover all term expenses. Equality of opportunity for the highest education was never carried further.

Co-operative dairies

Most of the work of the farm institutes was, of course, technical, but there was a part of it which I was able thoroughly to appreciate. The institute lecturers made it their business to preach co-operative dairies, and to prepare the way for them by teaching their audiences how to select dairy cattle, and care for their cream, so as to get the best results. Superintendent Gregg spoke so warmly of the success of this form of co-operation that I inquired where, on my way to the Red River Valley, I would find a good dairy district. At his suggestion I stopped at Litchfield, and saw for myself an American experiment in co-operation almost as remarkable as that of the Rochdale Pioneers in England.

I reached the Litchfield creamery at four o'clock in the afternoon, just as the young Danish superintendent was about to leave for the day. He proved to be another enthusiast—Minnesota seemed full of such people—and for an hour he talked with me, really explaining every part of the system. The creamery had cost $3,200, and handled about 20,000 pounds (pints) of milk a day. The farming district from which milk was brought to the Litchfield

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creamery was only five or six miles in radius, as there were other co-operative creameries in other parts of the county. It was not necessary for each farmer to haul his own milk to the creamery, but different farmers along the same road were able to take turns, and thus drive to the creamery hardly oftener than they would wish to come to town anyway. It was thus co-operation all along the line.

When the farmer brought in his milk, it was at once weighed, and when a sample had been taken it was poured into the common receiver. The farmer did not have to wait for the cream to be separated in order to get back his skim milk to feed his calves, etc. At once he received checks for the approximate weight of both the skim milk and the buttermilk that would be due him, and these checks he at once cashed by a simple automatic arrangement. The milk check, for example, varied in length according to the weight of milk it called for. If the farmer had brought 100 pounds of fresh milk, he was entitled to 85 pounds of skim milk, and by shoving his long check through a slot he received exactly that amount. By a similar "check-in-the-slot" device he would get 10 pounds of buttermilk. No labor or even supervision was called for on the part of those in charge, and everything was so conveniently arranged that in a few minutes the farmer drove away with all that was coming to him except the payment for his cream.

From a hundred pounds of milk about five pounds of butter could be made. The milk varied so much in quality, however, that the farmers were not paid according to quantity, but according to the amount of "butter fat" contained. Each farmer had a separate glass jar in which the samples from his milk were preserved till the end of the month, and then tested. At the time of my visit the price paid for "butter fat" was eighteen cents a pound, and the average payment to the farmers for their milk was seventy-one cents a hundred pounds; but some farmers would get barely sixty cents, and some nearly ninety cents, according to the richness of their milk. Sometimes, said Superintendent Sondergaard, it had been necessary to return the farmers their milk; in which case, he said, they explained to the farmer as pleasantly as they could how he should keep his milk to avoid absorbing odors or otherwise injuring its quality. In this way the creamery served as an educator to its patrons, and thus supplemented the work of the "Dairy Institutes."

Regarding the machinery in the creamery little need be said except that everything was immaculately clean. Superintendent Sondergaard made no loose boasts about the "wonderful economies" of improved machinery over the ordinary farm implements, but stated clearly the exact amount of the saving. On one hundred pounds of milk the farmers' skimming of the natural cream lost one-half pound of the butter fat contained, or nine cents; the creamery's separator reduced the loss to one-tenth of a pound, or less than two cents. The rest of the machinery used, he said, did not make better butter than the best of dairywomen made by the old hand churns, but it made a uniformly high grade, for which there was an immediate and certain market. The Litchfield creamery, he told me with some pride, had taken the first prizes at two State fairs. Its butter usually brought twenty cents a pound at St. Paul. He showed me the price-list for butter in a daily paper, disclosing that the market recognizes as much difference between butter and butter as it does between eggs and eggs. The prices ranged from twenty and one-half cents a pound down to four or five. Before the co-operative creamery was built most of the farmers had to sell their butter as "packing butter" for about twelve cents a pound.

The dairy farmer's view of it

The next day I drove into the country to learn how the farmers looked at this remarkable experiment, and I came back thinking even better of it than when I set out. The most critical farmer I met admitted that the creamery had been a great gain to his wife, though he insisted—and my escort thought justly—that she could make better butter than the creamery. The best talk I had was with the farmer who was the first president of the creamery association. He gave me the history of the experiment from the beginning, and pointed out the financial gain which the creamery had brought even to the farmers who used to make "better" butter at home than the creamery made for them. The farmers of the whole district, he said, were now

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"planting less wheat and raising more." The great increase in their dairy farms made possible by the creamery had enabled them to enrich their land with manure, so that the yield of wheat had been increased from about fifteen bushels an acre to nearly twenty-five bushels. The value of land had gone up proportionately. It is now selling, he said, at $30 an acre, while a few years ago the selling value was less than half that sum. "The creameries have enriched our land and relieved our wives' slavery."

The history of the local creamery was, briefly, as follows: Mr. Ames and nine others had given their note for $3,100 to erect the plant, and the stock, in $50 shares, was distributed among the farmers in the neighborhood—no one receiving more than two shares. This stock was paid for by the stockholders accepting a deduction of $5 a month for each share from their payment for the milk they took to the creamery. In ten months the stock was all paid for in this way, and the note given to the builders of the plant canceled. Since that time repairs had been kept up, some new machinery had been purchased, and dividends had been paid to the co-operators averaging fifty per cent. a year.

These results seem almost incredible, but Professor Haecker at the State University assured me that fifty per cent. was less rather than more than the ordinary dividends realized by the co-operative dairies of the State. Mr. Ames gave me some detailed figures regarding the running expenses, which supplemented those previously given by the Superintendent in such a way as to show that each had been accurate in his statements. To those who are fond of figures, the balance-sheet of the Litchfield creamery may be interesting. The butter made amounted to nearly one thousand pounds a day, which sold for $200 gross, or $180 after paying expressage and other selling expenses. The yearly receipts were thus about $50,000. The expenses were $75 a month to the Superintendent, $30 a month to each of his two assistants, and about $125 a month for fuel, etc., making a total of about $3,000 a year. All the balance was paid to those furnishing the milk, except a "sinking fund" of five cents on every hundred pounds of milk, which, by the rules of the Co-operative Dairy Associations, goes to the bettering of the plant and the payment of dividends. At Litchfield this sinking fund payment is about $10 a day, or $3,000 a year. About half of it has uniformly been devoted to repairs and new machinery, and the other half to the payment of the fifty per cent. dividends.

The bonanza farms

I went from Litchfield to the Red River Valley to investigate "bonanza farms." Ever since David A. Wells, in his "Recent Economic Changes," published about ten years ago, urged that the prices of farm products were being reduced by the cheaper methods of production employed on the great ranches, the impression has been circulated far and wide that in agriculture as in manufacturing the "big fish are eating up the little ones," and that the independent small farm is soon to be a thing of the past. From the time I entered Minnesota till the time I left North Dakota—the supposed fields of gold for the great wheat ranches—I heard not a single fact that even seemed to support the prevalent Eastern theory. In southern Minnesota everybody I asked agreed that the large farms had been the least successful, and Superintendent Gregg assured me that all over the State the big farms were gradually being broken up into smaller ones. On the railroad car north, my first traveling companion proved to be the agent of one of the very large land companies in the western part of the State, and when I asked him about the profitableness of farming on a large scale, he said that his company had now adopted the policy of selling its land to small farmers. He did not, indeed, depict the "bonanza" farm as hopeless, but he recognized that it was less profitable than the small farm managed and tilled by its owner. When I reached the Red River Valley, where the large farms are still the rule, this judgment was universally confirmed. The great estates of that region are doomed to disintegration. The great wheat ranch cannot compete with the small diversified farm. In agriculture the big fish are furnishing food for the little ones.

The morning I reached Crookston I drove out to the agricultural experiment station to present a letter of introduction

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which Superintendent Gregg had given me to Professor Hoverstad. Never was letter received more cordially, or by a person better able to help me. For two days he devoted himself to making me understand the agricultural situation in the district. He was a young Norwegian, six feet three inches tall, with fair face and blue eyes, and with a sincerity and simplicity of manner that to me were singularly attractive. The first afternoon we drove about to the large farms within easy reach. One of these farms made me half regret that these articles were not to be illustrated, so complete a picture did it give of the possible waste of farming on a large scale by means of machinery. The farmer in question was an enthusiast on the subject of new machinery, and around his great barnyard, exposed to the weather and in some cases partly covered with manure, was a broken line of costly machines stretching several hundred feet. I asked my escort how long machines would last with that kind of care, and he replied not more than five years at most. I then asked how many weeks each year the farmer used the costlier machines, and found that a month was usually a maximum. In this month the machines must save enough labor to offset wear and tear and interest for the whole year. We did not go in to talk with the farmer whose yards presented this remarkable spectacle, but instead pressed on several miles to talk with a large farmer of exceptional energy and intelligence, who never allowed things to run "at loose ends." When I asked this farmer why the large farms were breaking up into small ones, he put the whole case in a single picturesque phrase. "There are," he said, "only two sure crops in this country—ice and children; and the small farmer has the children." The profit of a farm does not come from the cultivation of great stretches of wheat with men hired for the season, but from the cheap rent and cheap food for the farmer's own family, and the constant employment of its members the whole year through in looking after the by-products of butter and eggs, fruit and meat, and turning the waste from one part of the farm into the enrichment of another. The big farmers could not hire help to do this work satisfactorily—especially from the roving class that preferred to work on the big farms. "We always have to have three crews of men," said the farmer I have just quoted—"one coming, one working, and one going." The attention a big farm got from these shifting hands could not develop it like the attention a small farm got from its owner.

The hands on a big farm

The next day we took the train for Euclid, to visit the great "Keystone" farm. Fortunately for my purpose, the manager was away for the day and we were forced to make all our inquiries from the men. For the absent manager I conceived a high regard. His was just such a farm as has been glowingly described in so many magazine articles lauding the new order of farming. There was a splendid array of farm buildings, freshly painted in white and red, and everything about the place indicated perfect equipment and perfect management. We reached it just at noon, when, at the tap of a bell, sixteen hands filed out of the "men's parlor," went to the stable, and presently emerged each with five fine Norman horses, which they took to the fields. One man with five horses and a gang-plow, I was told, could cover five acres in a day, or as much as two men with three horses apiece could cover with the ordinary single plow. Right here, then, was one of the vaunted economies of the new order: one man with five horses and a $75 plow was doing as much as two men with six horses and a cheap plow. But here again closer questioning showed the common sense of the independent farmers, who for most fields preferred the single plow. The gang-plow did not do its work quite as well, and if the difference was only a bushel an acre there was a loss. The farmer who hired labor to cover immense areas preferred the gang-plow, but the farmer who did his own work on a small farm could well afford to give a few days more to his plowing and get a larger yield. Another economy also for the small farm forced itself on my attention. The small farmer was always within a few minutes of his work. The hands on the ten-square-mile farm, on the other hand, often had to walk a mile or two four times a day to get to theirs.

By this time, however, I was more interested in the life of the workmen than in the economic problems I came to inves-

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tigate. Professor Hoverstad and I were asked to the table, which the men had just left, and had an excellent dinner. My own observation, therefore, did not confirm what I elsewhere heard about the inhuman treatment of hands on the great farms. After dinner we sat down in the "men's parlor" and talked to our heart's content with a group of three or four men who were "pressing hay," as they termed it. They were all on sick leave, but their wages, they said, were docked "just the same." Their attitude, however, was just the opposite of grumbling. After the fashion of men who do not entirely take you into their confidence, they were inclined to put the best face on things. They preferred, one or two of them said, to belong to the crew on a big farm to being the only hand on a small one. When I asked whether the small farmer didn't treat them as one of the family and share with them everything the family had, the answer was: "Yes, but the work is never done. There are so many more chores." Here they had "a ten-hour day." Afterwards, when they told about their day, their reckoning of hours seemed quite liberal to their employer. On week-day mornings they got up at four o'clock; on Sundays, except in threshing-time, they got up at five. During threshing-time they worked on Sundays the same as other days and got "thresher's wages"—$1.75 a day—instead of their regular $20 a month. Before breakfast they had to look after their five horses. They were due in the fields at six, and from that hour they dated their day's work. They worked from six till eleven, when they started back to the barns. After dinner they were not called out again until 12:45, because "the horses have to have an hour to eat." They then worked till six. It generally took them nearly half an hour to bring their horses in, and nearly another hour to feed and bed them. By the time they had finished with the horses and had their suppers it was often 8:30. To get up the next morning at four, most of them wanted to go to bed. Those who sat up awhile could talk or play checkers. No cards were allowed, and no liquor.

These last rules seemed to be rigidly enforced, and with the general consent of the men. In spite of this enforced morality, however, the life seemed demoralizing. The men were utterly cut off from family life, and from higher life of any form. They received a remarkable opportunity to lay up wages, but a more remarked impulse to "blow them off" when they reached the city at the end of the season. Most of them went to the logging camps for the winter, and the garrulous Irishman who was the best talker in the group assured us that the life there was even finer than on the big farm. "The food is good, the lodging just about as good as here [where they slept eighteen in a room]; the days are shorter, and we have cards at night." If David A. Wells's dream of the big farm driving the small farm to the wall were in danger of being realized, the future of Minnesota would look as dark as it now looks bright.

But the dream, or nightmare, is in no danger of being realized. Even this well-managed farm was not believed by the men to be profitable. Their evidence, it is true, was of little value, but there were many things to indicate heavy expenses which the small farmer's family saves him. At the time of my visit there were just forty people employed on these ten sections, where forty families might have cultivated independent farms of the typical Minnesota size. Of these forty, one was superintendent, one was foreman, one was stable boss, one was dairy boss, one was gardener, one was blacksmith and mender, four were gardener's helpers, two were dairy helpers, four were stable-boys, three were women, and one was called "flunkey" by the aristocrats of the "men's parlor." Thus twenty out of the forty were either doing the work of supervision which the independent farmer does himself, or else were doing the work in dairy and kitchen and garden and stable which the independent farmer's wife and children do for him.

A Populist minister

But the best illustration of the advantages of the independent farms over the bonanza farms came to me while we were on our way to the "Keystone." When we reached Euclid, Professor Hoverstad told me that he wanted to take me to see a farmer near by whom he thought a great deal of and who was conducting a fairly large farm successfully. When we reached the farm, three unusually attractive little girls were playing in front of the house, and a

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man in working clothes of clerical cut came forward to meet us. One of my favorite prejudices is against a clerical dress, but before this man had spoken I realized that he wore it out of no desire to isolate himself by any broadening of phylacteries. It was a face of exceptional purity of thought and warmth of sympathy. My welcome was perhaps unusually warm because he proved to be a subscriber for The Outlook, and liked it in spite of its theology and politics. When we entered the house, I noticed Farrar's and Robertson's sermons. I found that my host was still preaching in the little Episcopal church where he had ministered for years, though he supported his family by work on the farm and was President of the Euclid Farmers' Alliance. Before we had talked long I learned that he was an enthusiastic Populist. When I came away I took with me a spirited and sensible reply he had published to a Minnesota railway magnate's address before the Minnesota Editors' Association on the wonderful profitableness of farming if the farmers would only give all their thought to their farms. The incompetency of the railroad man to discuss farming, and the absurdity of the great farming class letting the railroad officials and editors do the governing, furnished my host with a field for telling satire. The last thing an American farmer in Minnesota dreams of doing is to allow some other class to do his political thinking.

A farm problem

Equally unwilling are these farmers to let any other class think out their farm problems for them. There was a part of the conversation between Professor Hoverstad and Mr. Curry that I cannot help quoting, because of the light it threw on the question of the great wheat farm. They were not discussing this question, but what they said was none the less illuminating regarding it. Both of them had been asked by an agricultural paper to offer their replies to a farmer who had written to the paper: "My wheat is decreasing, my weeds are increasing, and I have no money." A prominent college professor had already answered the farmer that he should borrow money and buy sheep. Both of my companions, who were practical farmers as well as scholars, agreed that to borrow money was the very last thing the farmer should do. "Debt," said Mr. Curry, "is the very worst weed a farmer can get started on his farm," and if a farmer goes in debt to buy sheep he will not only have his interest to keep up, but will probably lose thirty or forty per cent. of his investment before he learns how to take care of sheep. Both men agreed that the first thing for the struggling farmer to do was to plant less wheat. "When you raise a ton of wheat worth $15," said Professor Hoverstad, "you take $5 out of the soil." The single-crop wheat farmer was bankrupting himself by using up his capital. The thing for him to do was to put a part of his wheat-land into pasture to enrich it, and part into corn to get rid of the weeds. With fewer acres he would soon raise more wheat, and by diversifying his crop he would be able to work all the time, instead of having a great deal of work at the very times when labor was dearest and hardest to get. Finally, they agreed that the farmer should reduce expenditure to a minimum by looking after dairy and chickens and garden and pigs, and by learning to do all his own blacksmithing and repairing. The complete agreement of these men was not the agreement of politeness, but the expression of the common sense of practical farmers that only by diversified farming, intelligently managed so as to make every part fit in with every other, could a farm be made to pay. The remedies insisted upon for the small wheat farmer who was running behind were all remedies which the great wheat farm cannot adopt, and they pointed out as many reasons why the great farm, instead of cutting in two the cost of production, as Mr. Wells assumed, cannot be cultivated as economically as the small.

The American farmer's family

But the matter of supreme concern in all this was not the advantage of the small farm in the production of wealth, but its advantage in the production of character. The Curry farm was in no sense a bonanza farm. Coming to northwestern Minnesota in the early days, Mr. Curry had taken up three quarter-sections of land—one under the homestead act, one under the pre-emption act, and the third under the timber-culture act—and later had bought another quarter-section for $75 from a neighbor who was unable to keep up payments on a $400 mortgage and unwilling to throw the land into the hands of the

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mortgagee. He had but a single son in his large family, yet the remarkable thing about his farm was his independence of hired help. Only one man was kept, except in the busy seasons. "My wife and girls," he said, "until the older girls went away to school, took entire charge of the milking and butter-making." This was one of the most important parts of the farm, and was managed ideally. There was a herd of one hundred cows and calves, and the cow stable was planned with such economy that a small building housed them all, with each in a separate compartment. It was exquisitely kept, and just outside of each stall was a little tablet on which the record of each cow was kept. The records equaled those of the State University dairy—eight pounds of butter a week, or three hundred and fifty pounds a year, being about the average. The dairy had a separator like the co-operative dairy, and the prices obtained were equally high. Yet the wife and the girls who had kept up the most profitable part of the farm were said by Professor Hoverstad to be among the finest women in the State. Mr. Curry himself spoke about the girls in a way that was charming. "My oldest girl," he said, "graduated at Bishop Whipple's Academy as valedictorian, was sent a year to Wellesley, and is now back at St. Mary's as teacher. . . . It was not because she is an uncommonly smart girl, for she isn't, but because she had been accustomed all her life to take hold of things with energy and stick to them until they were accomplished. . . . All the teaching she had got was from her mother and me, and if you know anything about a farm you know that that was pretty irregular. Now we have two more daughters at St. Mary's. . . . They have just as little fear when a cow approaches them as when they are entertaining a bishop." To my deep regret, I was unable to accept Mr. Curry's invitation to stay for dinner, but as we drove away I was glad to see a pretty sixteen-year-old girl at the kitchen steps helping with the heaviest housework. It was as charming as the sight of the college girls, and educationally it was more wholesome. Here were girls who were being developed into the finest womanhood under an education that made them healthful, self-reliant, able and willing to serve in the common things of life. Not only sound bodies and minds, but sound hearts, come from teaching like this. These girls seemed to me types of the American women that are to be when all shall recognize that the best education is that which trains us to minister and not to be ministered unto.

For women as well as men the northern farm gives the training in self-reliance and self-respect upon which the development of democracy rests. Nowhere else have I found conditions so hopeful. There are hardships enough, due to the prevalence of debt, of low prices, of excessive railroad rates, and the like. But the forces that deeply affect the character of the people are in a wonderful degree working together for good. The great farm with a low grade of dependent labor is giving place to the small farm with a high grade of independent labor. The independent small farmer, by diversifying his crops, is avoiding the crises when hired labor must be called in, and the increased use of machinery, though less profitable than it is often thought, still further reduces the call for casual labor. More and more the farming population is becoming one of independent families who plan for themselves and are their own masters. Meanwhile the educational movement that has such astonishing strength in the Northwest is making the farmers an educated mass, and their own work—by reason of its diversity, by reason even of the machinery they are handling—is strengthening their ability to think and act for themselves. From the beginning the American farm has been the stronghold of the forces making for American freedom, and its position is to-day being further strengthened for the struggles of the future.

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The Madonna's Robe

By Edith Andrews

IT was market day in Amalfi, and the little piazza was full of life and activity, even at the early hour of seven. You had to pick your way carefully among the piles of salad, red and yellow pepperone, finocchi, and onions covering all the pavement. One or two enterprising dealers had even gone so far as to arrange their wares on the lower steps of the great flight of stairs leading to the picturesque Cathedral of St. Andrea, with its slender tower, bright-colored tiles, and its beautiful Gothic portico. A few of the beggars had also roused themselves early on this day and were standing about watching the sales and begging for the outside leaves of the salad and cauliflower which would otherwise be given to the cows.

A young man was working his way with his elbows among this noisy, gesticulating crowd.

He skillfully balanced on his head a large basket full of brightly colored yarn, thread, needles, pins, cheap wares, cloth, and buttons. Carefully tucked away under his arm was a harmonica.

"What is your hurry, friend Peppino?" demanded first one and then another. "Will you not at least give us a song?"

"No," was the short reply; "I have to go to Ravello."

"Still, there is no hurry; one would think the devil was at your heels," grumbled another, as Peppino, contrary to his genial habits, pushed his way a little roughly among them and said no more.

It was a warm day in November, and in the sheltered, sun-exposed town of Amalfi the air was quite heavy and oppressive, even at this hour. All along the shore people were lazily lying about watching the labors of their more diligent neighbors. Men were bringing from the shop near by great baskets of *pasta minuta*, which barefooted boys, on their knees, spread out thinly on the ground to dry in the hot sun. Others were hanging the long strips of macaroni over wooden poles put there for the purpose. Nearer the water fishermen had stretched out their long nets and were mending them after the night's haul. But Peppino had no eyes for the life about him this morning, and responded to the hearty greetings along his way only with a short "Buon giorno." His face looked strained and anxious, and a shade of pallor came over his bronzed cheeks as he kept his eyes fixed on a group of houses just at the edge of the point which the road encircles before it ascends the steep hills leading to Ravello. As he neared a little red house perched above the others he took the harmonica from under his arm and began playing, singing in a low, strong voice the pathetic strains of "La Musica Proibita," his eyes fixed anxiously on the upper windows. Just as he passed beneath the house a window was cautiously opened and the pretty, frightened face of a young girl appeared for a moment. Hastily picking a rose from one of the flower-pots which adorned the sill, she threw it down into the road below, where it fell in the dust at Peppino's feet. Then, shutting the window as quietly as it was opened, she disappeared, leaving Peppino, the song unfinished on his lips, starting up with a rapt look of adoration on his honest face. Other women, likewise hearing the music, and knowing that the peddler was passing, came to the windows by this time and roused him from his trance by their chatter. Suddenly remembering the rose which he had forgotten for the lovelier one above, he picked it up quickly, and, shaking off the dust, looked at it despairingly. A mist came over his eyes and a great lump rose in his throat, but, tucking his harmonica under his arm and pulling his cap down over his face to hide it from the eager ones watching, he strode bravely on, paying no attention to their cries.

"Alas! since it is a white rose, there is no longer hope," he sobbed to himself as he hurried along. "The mother has, then, decided to give my Rachele to another. I knew there was no doubt when she whispered to me at the holy font yesterday while the mother was at the confessional; for, although the mother wishes me well, I have nothing, while Ciro is indeed prosperous. Still, one must hope to the end; and all night long in my dreams I saw

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first a red rose, which would mean the affair was not yet decided, and then the white one which she said she would throw down if all must be over between us. If the mother would but wait a few years, I might also have something besides the basket on my head, for I am young and strong, while Ciro is both old and *brutto*. But the mother thinks always of the shop, and of the other girls ready with open mouths to swallow up such a rich lover if Rachele does not take him."

Talking to himself as he walked steadily on, Peppino left the town behind and began the ascent to Ravello. Sometimes he avoided the carriage-road which runs zigzag to and fro, and climbed up by short cuts to the next turn in the road. The fresh mountain air cooled his cheeks. Stopping now and again, he put down his heavy basket and let the breeze blow about his curly hair as he gazed down the thickly wooded ravines, or up to the hilltop crowned with gray stone houses all huddled together like a flock of sheep in a winter's day. Half-way up the ascent houses began to appear, sprinkled along the road at some distance from one another; and as each in turn came into sight, Peppino took out his harmonica and played a tune to let the people know of his approach. He did not venture to sing, for that was more than he had heart for, even if he could get rid of the huskiness in his throat which made his voice seem to belong to another. Sometimes the dogs heard the music before their owners, and came gleefully prancing down the road to meet him. They considered the peddler as their friend, which was indeed a compliment either to his good heart or his musical ability, for he seldom had even a bit of bread to give them, while the marketmen below had to buy their affections with scraps of bones before they could with safety even pass along the highway. All the money which the family could save during the week was brought out to buy buttons and cloth; even the little ones often had a few soldi to buy yarn to knit their own stockings. The air grew fresher and clearer, until it was really cold as Peppino passed through the walls of a tumbled-down church leading into the little piazza of Ravello. He turned up his collar and hurried along, for he was in no mood to listen to the jokes of the men who had no other occupation but to lounge about.

He chose a little narrow path which leads in and out among the half-ruined palaces and crumbling churches which are all that remain of the past splendor lavished by merchant princes of the thirteenth century on their mountain home. The high walls overhung with ivy shut out the morning sun, and the moss-covered stones were wet with the autumn dampness. Peppino shivered with the chill, but the melancholy stillness suited his sad thoughts better than the bustling noise below in Amalfi. Soon, however, he left the town and was out again in the open country among the terraced vineyards. Now and again troops of women bent double with sacks of *carbone*, which they were bringing from high above, stopped and rested, leaning against the walls, and examined the peddler's wares. But he met almost no one after passing the scattered village of Scala and the ancient church of the Annunziata. The path became more rough and steep, and by the time he reached San Pietro di Castogna, Peppino was so tired that he determined to go no further, and, putting his basket on the steps of the little chapel by the path, he sank down beside it, worn out with the unusual mental struggle which had been troubling him.

Far below, the river Dragone flowed peacefully along, and the silence was only broken by the occasional passing of a woman painfully carrying kegs of water which she had brought from the river below. Suddenly, with a creaking groan as if in protest, the battered door against which Peppino was leaning slowly opened, almost pitching him down the steps. A tall, gaunt priest stepped out. He wore a robe faded to a dull green by the sun and rain of many seasons, and his eyes had the far-away look of one who lives alone.

But they brightened up as he saw the young man, and he gave Peppino his hand, which the young man reverently kissed. "Ah, friend Peppino, I have been hoping to see you for some days; I have a little matter of business which I would like to talk over with you, so come with me into the church." The priest turned back, followed by Peppino, vainly wondering what business Padre Giacomo

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could have with him, and why it should be transacted in the church.

The air was musty and damp within, and the darkness blinded his eyes after the bright sunshine outside, but he followed the dusky figure of the priest down the aisle until he stopped at an altar at the right. By this time his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and he saw that they were before the shrine of the Madonna. Crossing himself, he knelt and prayed the Gracious Lady to have compassion on his suffering, and, if it were possible, to give him the desire of his heart. As he rose from his knees he noticed for the first time the shabby appearance of the Madonna. Her dress, which had once been of costly silk, was literally hanging in shreds, while the lace that adorned it was torn and patched. The crown on her head was tarnished and black; even the gilt stars on her blue mantle looked like black spots made by dirty fingers. Turning from his survey of the Madonna to Padre Giacomo, Peppino was surprised to find the priest looking earnestly at him.

"You see to what a low state we have fallen, since we must let the Holy Mother go about looking like a rag-bag," said the priest, mournfully. "What shall one do? There are only ten lire which I have scraped together for many a month, and what can we do with that? One by one my flock are leaving me alone and going below to worship where the church is gay and bright with new paint and gilt. Nothing but a miracle would give us fresh paint; but still perhaps if the Madonna were newly dressed at Christmas-time, and well lighted with candles, it might bring them back. It was of this that I wished to talk," and the old priest looked at the young man a little anxiously. "One might as well say now, as a year from now, that unless you can help me a little I can do nothing, for a blind man could see that with ten lire one cannot dress a Madonna."

"It is true," said Peppino, thoughtfully, "but let us come out on the steps, where one may see as well as talk."

All at once it seemed as if the peddler had become the master and the priest the servant, as he meekly followed Peppino out of the church, shutting the creaking door behind him. Slowly and carefully Peppino spread out his bright-colored stuffs on the crumbling old steps—stiff sarcenet cambric and softer sateens of blue and yellow and pink.

"Those with designs would not do at all for the Madonna, and it is the plain ones which cost the most, and even they should be of silk," he said to himself, for he was a man of good taste. But to the priest, living so many years by himself and accustomed to the dingy, faded hangings of the church, these bright colors seemed very attractive, and he rubbed his hands together with delight, pleased as a child at the prospect of a new toy.

"Ah, my friend, is it then possible to have one of these?" and he held up admiringly the bright red cambric.

"Yes, quite possible," was the reply, "for less than ten lire, but you must remember there is still the lace to be thought of."

"It is true," said the priest a little sadly; "I had forgotten that, and the old would never do."

Peppino said nothing, but he took out his stock of coarse cotton lace, and, holding up the widest piece over the red cambric, looked at the priest questioningly. "How does that go?"

"It is magnificent," he said. "But would it cost a great deal?"

Peppino thoughtfully rubbed his head and calculated. "The cambric, at the lowest price, would be six lire; and for the lace you would need at least five meters, and it costs me two lire a braccio—I could call it ten lire for the whole, but you would still be six lire in debt."

The priest's face fell. "Ah, it is as I feared, if you have put it as low as possible."

The young man nodded, and he continued coaxingly:

"You are in trouble. I saw it in your face when I just opened the door. Do you not feel that the Holy Mother would help you if you made it possible for her to win back the hearts of her flock? Also there is the lace on her gown; you can take that, though, to be sure, it is almost in rags. Still, there are good bits which you might sell for a lira—who knows?"

Peppino looked off over the hills and thought for a moment. Then he said, cheerfully, "It shall be as you say. Unless the Madonna works a miracle for

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me, ten lire more or less can do me no good."

"You have done well," was the priest's delighted reply, "and the Madonna will answer your prayers."

Then, as if fearing a change of heart, he hurried back into the church, and with eager, trembling hands he ripped off the old lace which had been there before his day and who can tell for how much longer?

The bargain concluded, Peppino turned his steps downward, stopping now and again to sell a few things, and even the dogs seemed to notice a happier expression on his face, and wagged their tails in approval. He wondered why his heart felt lighter, for all the trouble was there just the same, and no visible way out of it. Suddenly he remembered that he had eaten nothing since six in the morning, and it was now four in the afternoon. Notwithstanding his lighter heart, he still did not feel like meeting his friends at the *trattoria*, so he sat down where he happened to be, outside the gate of the beautiful palazzo Ruffino.

He looked through the bars in at the ivy-covered tower and beautiful garden for a moment, wondering how it would feel to be rich, and then he drew from his basket a red bandana handkerchief in which were a loaf of bread and a piece of cheese. As he did so, he also pulled out the roll of old lace. Stopping a moment, he stretched it out on the ground, and then with his knife he cut off a piece of bread and began to eat. "It is hardly worth the while to carry that old stuff about any longer, for who would be so great a fool as to buy old lace when there is always new to be had?" he said to himself. "Still, as the father says, there are good bits in it, and the design one might almost call beautiful." He was so busily absorbed in his eating and meditations that he was not conscious of any one being near him, until a voice behind him said, in a quiet tone of command, "What have you there?"

Peppino started to his feet, his face red with confusion, and pulled off his hat, for he recognized the lady of the palazzo, whom he had often seen as he went through the garden to sell things to the servants. "A thousand pardons, Signora," he said. "I did not hear you."

The lady paid no attention to his excuses, but demanded again, her eyes fixed on the lace, "What have you there?"

"A miserable rag, Signora," he said, as he began to gather up the lace, "which I have just received from Don Giacomo above in exchange for a dress for the Virgin.

"What are you going to do with it?" she asked.

"Who knows it?" was the reply. "To my mind it is good for nothing, but Don Giacomo thought there were good bits that one might perhaps sell."

The lady looked at him sharply, but saw he was in earnest. "I must tell you, then, that it is not a rag, but a valuable piece of Punta Catena, for which I will give you five hundred lire if you wish to sell it to me now, which is more than you would get if you carried it to Napoli to a dealer, who would doubtless cheat you."

The bright color died out from Peppino's face, and he fell back heavily against the iron gate.

"Are you ill?" asked the Signora, in surprise.

"Ill?" he gasped. "I am dying of joy. Ah! if you could but know what it will mean to me. I may yet marry Rachele; surely the mother would give her to me with five hundred francs!"

Smiling sympathetically, the Signora passed through the gate, the piece of dirty, torn lace in her hand. "Giovanni shall bring you the money at once, that you may go to your Rachele," she said.

Peppino stood leaning against the gate, every pulse in his body tingling, and his head whirling around as if he had been drinking champagne for an hour. The moments seemed to him weeks as he waited. "What if she changes her mind after all, or decides to give me less?—for I am sure she is mistaken in the worth of the rag," he said to himself.

This horrible thought sobered him, and he shivered as if a bucket of cold water had been poured down his neck. When, at last, Giovanni, the porter, arrived, he was almost insane with fear and joy, and could hardly count the five great hundred-franc pieces which Giovanni put into his trembling hand. Then, holding them so tightly in one hand that it was a wonder anything remained of them, his harmonica under his arm and his basket on his head, he started on a run through the piazza,

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never hearing the shouts of his friends, who thought he must be followed by an enemy and waited to see who it could be, past the ruined church and down the road, taking all the short cuts, while the spools and buttons in his basket danced about as merrily as if they also were rejoicing in their padrone's happiness. The dogs, hearing some one hurrying along, rushed out barking furiously, and then stood still in amazement as they saw it was their old friend. They could not in the least understand it, though they watched him out of sight, and returned to their home with their tails down and meditated for a long time.

As for Peppino, he never stopped to take breath until he turned the corner of the road into Amalfi and stood beneath the little red house perched high above with its window full of red and white roses.

Two days before Christmas, Peppino, clad in a new suit of clothes, and Rachele, pretty as a picture in all her wedding finery, climbed the road to Ravello.

All Peppino's customers and all the little children and all the dogs came out to meet them and wish them joy; so it was fully *mezzo giorno* before they reached the little chapel of San Pietro beyond the village of Scala.

The door of the chapel was opened, and the sunlight streamed down the aisle and lighted up the figure of the Madonna already clothed for the festa in her gay robe of red and new lace, and the figure of Padre Giacomo gazing admiringly at it. Side by side Peppino and Rachele knelt before the Holy Mother and humbly thanked her for the miracle she had wrought for them. Then, rising and carefully taking it out from under her shawl, Rachele held up a beautiful silk mantle as blue as the sky above and covered with stars as bright as the sacred one which led the wise men of old to the Nativity. "Holy Mother, deign to take our lowly offering and wear it in memory of thy goodness toward us," she murmured.

The Madonna, looking down, seemed to smile upon them in approval as the good priest joyously took the mantle from the girl's outstretched hands and laid it gently on the shoulders of the Holy Mother.

"May the blessing of the Church be with you now and forever," he said, crossing his hands on the two bowed heads.

Democracy

By William Prescott Foster

Our mighty bark, with masts that rake the stars,
Has lagged too long in port, and we have drowsed
An idle crew or with wild mates caroused,
Forgetful of our part in Freedom's wars.
But now, at last, with sail taut to the spars,
For her whose rightful cause our sires espoused,
Again our ship must steer where blow unhoused
The winds of God, beyond the shoals and bars.
For still our orders hold as in the past,—
That glorious day we shook our banner free,
And broke from out the line and took the van,
With linstocks lit, and bade them follow fast
Who held with us,—to sail and search the sea
Until we find a better world for man.

—*The Atlantic Monthly.*

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The LAKES of KILLARNEY

By CLIFTON JOHNSON

Illustrated by the author

THE Lakes of Killarney!—there is something melting and delicate about the phrase that draws one strangely. It has a melody that charms one with a vague suggestion of gentle, dreamy landscapes, peaceful waters, and mild blue mountains.

I suppose, when one's imagination has dwelt long on the fascination of a place beforehand, there is bound to be a certain degree of disappointment in the reality; but the combination of lakes and streams, mountains and varied foliage, at Killarney is unquestionably very beautiful, and the greatest fault I had to find was that the lakes were so much shut away from the public by the bordering estates of the gentry. Unusual attention has been attracted to Killarney of late by frequent newspaper references to one of these estates—that of a Mr. Herbert—which has recently come on the market. The items and the headlines sometimes gave the impression that the lakes themselves were to be sold, and that this one estate held them all within its boundaries. It was feared that the domain would pass into the hands of some speculator and be made a vulgar commercial show, or be purchased by some aristocrat who would exclude the public altogether. Efforts were made to have the Government buy the estate and turn it into a public park. The project failed, and then it was suggested that the Irish in America might contribute the money for this purpose.

The estate is hardly as vital as one would infer from much that has been published, yet it does include nearly all of the middle of the three lakes, with its islands, and a considerable strip of shore of the lower lake. I heard the laboring folk speak of Mr. Herbert as a good landlord and employer, "but," said they, "he married an American girl for her beauty, and he has gone broke now." It seemed to be taken for granted that this was an unusual occurrence—a British subject of the upper classes marrying an American girl for beauty instead of money—and the dismal sequel was held to be a natural consequence. The peasantry all regretted his failure, and looked forward to a change of landlords with misgiving.

The lakes lie in a basin between several mountain groups, and they have an air of permanence and of age coeval with that of the heights which overlook them;

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but one of the natives of the region informed me that there once were no Lakes of Killarney at all. Where they now are was just a low valley, and in the valley were farms and a town. One of the inhabitants of the vale was a man who had a well that he took great pains to cover every night. But late one evening, after the man had gone to bed, some neighbor came to this well for water, and left the slab off. The next morning a great river was pouring out of the well, and the farms and the town were under water. The houses are still to be seen at the bottom of Killarney, and so is the well. Into it runs one river and out of it comes another—at least so said my informant.

On my first day at Killarney I went for a long walk southward along the lakes, starting from Killarney town on their northern borders. I kept to the eastern side of the lakes, following a ribbon of winding roadway so hemmed in by the walls of the adjoining estates of the gentry that I might almost as well have been in a tunnel. The gentry have taken the shores of the two lower lakes almost entirely to themselves, and their broad parks behind the stone walls keep the traveler who is on the highway well back up the slope. It is not until the middle lake is passed that one finds freedom. Then the wayside walls dwindle and disappear, and the road comes down to the borders of the water.

Around the large lower lake is a rich alluvial country of gentle slopes where the grass flourishes and the trees grow spreading and stately. Farther on, the ground wrinkles into hills that constantly grow more rugged, and the turf gives way to heather and furze, and the shade-trees to wild forest growths that have an almost tropical luxuriance. There are pines and drooping larches, and at the time of my visit these were mingled with the spring greens of the beeches, elms, and oaks, with below a tangled undergrowth of dark, glossy holly and arbutus, while ivy vines crept up the tall tree-trunks. I doubt if any woodland rivaling this in its rich and varied profusion could be found in all Britain. The forest, however, is not extensive, and after a few miles of it the trees lose their lofty luxuriance, and as one proceeds farther along the upper lake these patches tend to become more stunted and less and less frequent. Here, too, is much barren heath, and, in the hollows, peaty bogland; but at the same time there are clear streams leaping down the rocky ravines, and in favored places one may hear the pleasant sound of distant waterfalls; and everywhere, close at hand, are rude gray crags and vast mountain ridges. It was an unfenced waste that one could ramble through at will, and to me the upper lake, with its many islets and irregular shores and wild surroundings, was the most satisfying of the three.

On all the long road of eight or ten miles there had been scarcely a village worthy of the name, and even the cottages were infrequent. I saw few people, and the busiest scene was on a wide, spongy peat moss, where three or four groups of men were busy getting out their year's supply of fuel. Four or five men composed each gang. One man dug out the long, soggy bricks of peat with a spade-like cutter, another tossed them with a fork up on the turf, and the rest of the company, also with forks, spread them to dry.

Workers of another class, of whom I saw several, were men cracking away at the roadside stone-heaps with their long-handled hammers. These heaps of stones occurred at intervals all along the highway, some still in the rough, and some, broken small by this monotonous hand labor, were ready for road-mending.

On my walk back to Killarney I took a side way and entered the Herbert estate, for which privilege I paid a shilling at the lodge gate. I followed a devious road across several bridges and large islands and back to the mainland, where at length I came to the ruins of an ancient abbey—a great ivy-grown church with the roof and windows gone, but otherwise practically complete. It had a fine situation on a hill overlooking the lake and the peaks of the big mountains across the water. Close about was a burying-ground still in use, where white modern crosses were mingled with gray moss-grown slabs, some of the latter fallen and worn blank by the storms of the passing years. Within the abbey are many dim vaults and passages, and several old roofless halls in which are graves and somber tombs and headstones. One apartment contains a yew-tree grown to great size, so that its branches reach

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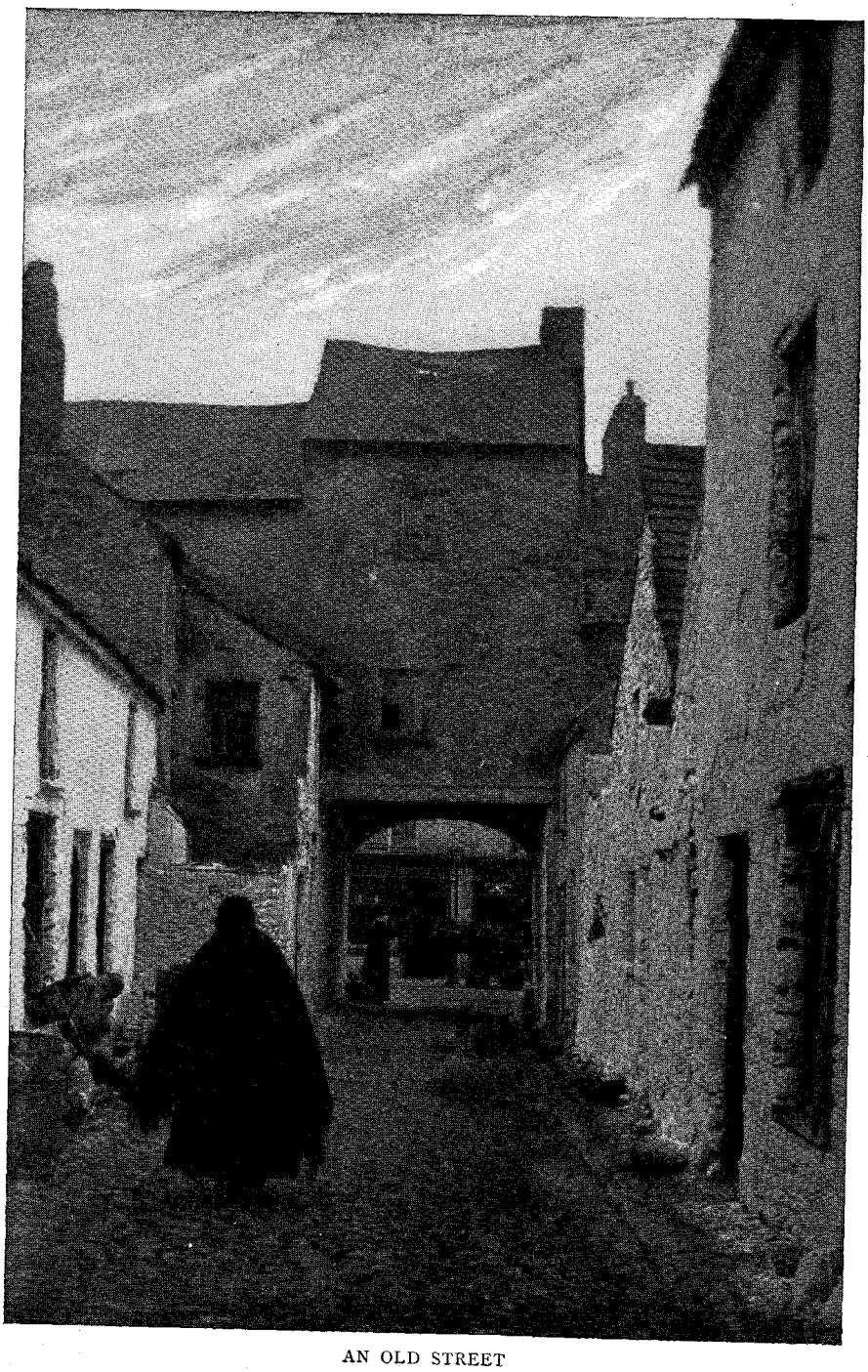

AN OLD STREET

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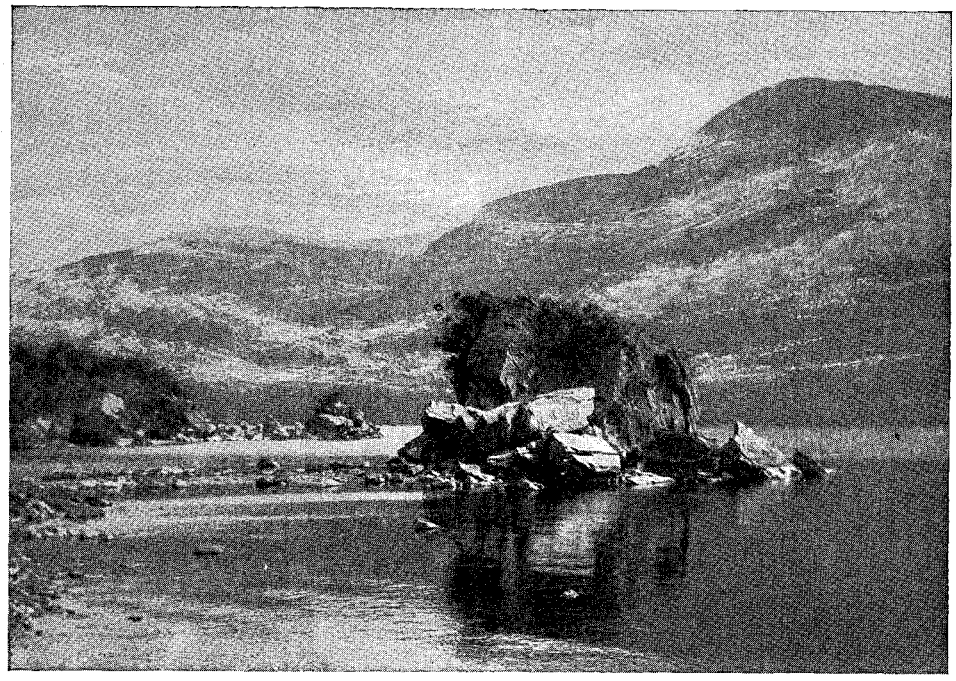

ON THE LOWER LAKE

out over the upper walls, and scarcely more light comes from above than if the room had a roof.

A century ago Muckross Abbey had an inhabitant, a hermit of the name of John Drake. For eleven years he lived in the ruin, and acquired a wide reputation for piety and for a demeanor that combined solemnity and cheerfulness.

When I reached my hotel toward evening, after the long day's tramping, I was glad to sit down in my room to rest. The hotel was a humble establishment on one of the town byways. It was a good place in which to see life, and to meet ordinary, every-day people, and, in spite of certain drawbacks, there was something about it decidedly congenial and interesting. The clean stupidity of the finer hotels I someway never relished, and in whatever town I chanced to stop in my journeying I always sought out, when I conveniently could, one of the lesser hostelries, only requiring that it should look fairly clean and respectable. I had my doubts here at Killarney as to whether I had been particular enough. My room was a mixture, very characteristic of Ireland, of attempts at tidiness and of what was very like dowdyishness and dirt. The stairways were wretched; the kitchen, of which I had glimpses as I went in and out, had the appearance of not having been cleaned or put in order for a month, and the upstairs parlor looked like an asylum for second-hand furniture.

The view from my window was of a narrow street with two liquor-shops just across the way. It was a dirty street, and this evening cows, singly and in little groups, were being driven along it coming in from their day's grazing in the fields. A squad of geese waddled past, there were hens picking about the gutters, and it needed only the presence of a few pigs to make the farmyard picture complete.

The next day opened dull and threatening, but now and then a pale gleam of sunshine struggled through the misty clouds, and toward noon I started for a ramble through the town. There are several streets of shops, but nearly all these shops are small, and when you look inside they are apt to appear cheap and slovenly. Shabby buildings are common, and you find some half ruinous. On the by-lanes are frequent low cottages with thatched roofs. The hens everywhere make themselves at home in the public ways, and step in and out familiarly at open home doors. The Irish live on very sociable terms with the farmyard creatures in both town and country. As I passed

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a corner saloon I saw a party of geese (not human ones) waddle in with an air of frequenters of the place which was emphasized by their crooked gait. They appeared to be dry, for they looked this way and that, seemingly regarding the array of bottles on the shelves, and then, no bartender chancing to be present, began nosing about the sawdust-sprinkled floor.

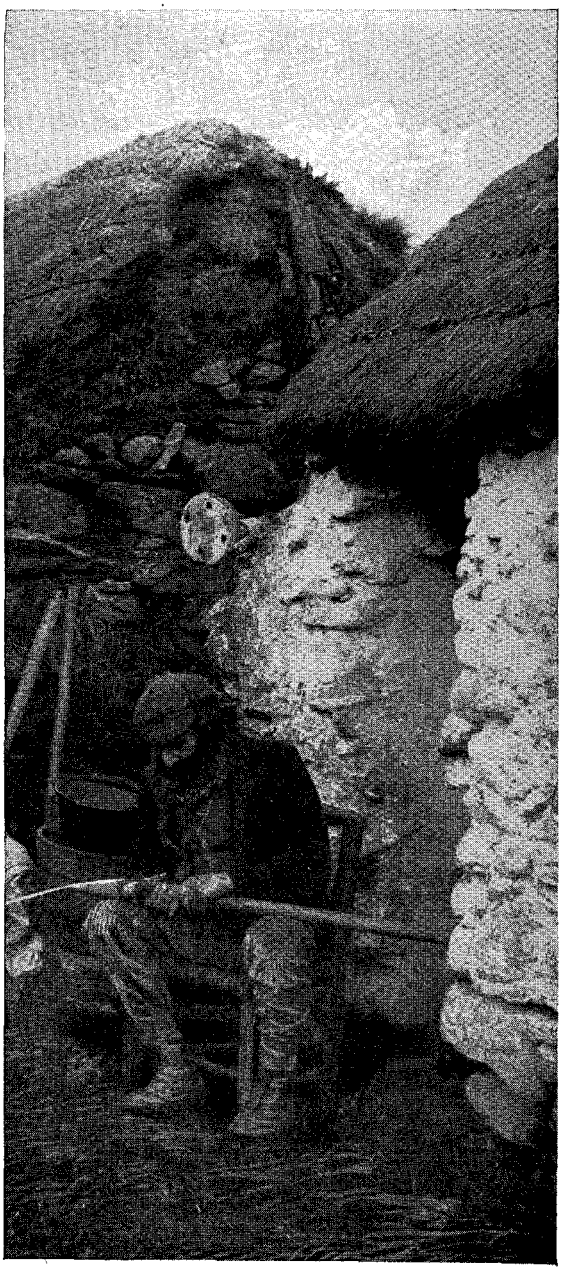
The cows enlivened the townways with their coming and going every morning and every evening. At this season of the year they spend most of their time in the fields, and after each milking they are driven back to their pasturage. Their owners have stalls for them near their dwellings, in which the creatures are kept in winter.

A good deal of the picturesqueness of the town is to be credited to the humble costume worn by many of the women. Those of the poorer class, when near home, appear on the street bareheaded, and on more extended errands they don an old shawl. If the weather is chilly, they often pull the shawl about their faces and look out on the world from its hooded seclusion. I was told that most of these women had no hats, not wholly because of poverty, but because they think them a bother. Women with bare feet were not uncommon, and there were others to be met with who drew the line at shoes and no stockings.

One feature of Killarney that was particularly noticeable at the time of my visit was the number of broken windows in dwellings and in shops right through the town. This gave the place a depressing air of poverty, decay, and drunkenness. In explanation of this wreckage I was informed that a County Council election had recently taken place, in which connection there had been no end of disturbance.

"Ah, we had hot work here, we did that!" said the man I questioned, and the broken windows had been a natural consequence. In most districts the election had passed off peacefully enough, for nearly everywhere the National party was so dominant that there was no outside opposition and the contest was between two Home Rulers. In that case it was all in the family, and there were no especial explosions of partisan ardor.

But at Killarney a Home Ruler was opposed by a Unionist, and resort was had to methods of dealing with political heresy



MAKING READY HIS SPADE

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that in most places are becoming now a little old-fashioned. As a matter of course, the enthusiasm of the patriots on both sides was braced with drink, and the persuasiveness of ardent spirits was used freely on the doubtful ones to make clearer to them the way they should vote; but this was not all. On Easter Sunday the Home Rulers, who had erected a platform on the public square, gathered for a rally. The speaking had begun and everything was moving smoothly when the Unionists made a descent on the meeting in force, armed with eggs and with flour tied up in small paper bags. The invaders pelted right and left, aiming more especially at the orators and dignitaries on the platform. The air was full of yells and blows, mingled with the crash and spatter of the eggs and the soft bursting of the flour-bags.

The crowd got well smeared, to say nothing of the bruises of the hand-to-hand hostilities, and the meeting was effectually broken up. The thing about this assault that grieved the Home Rulers most was that some of the eggs used on them were bought from their own leader's wife. She kept a poultry-yard, and the evening before had unsuspiciously sold to the enemy all the eggs she had on hand—some eight or ten dozen. If this meeting had not been the last of the campaign, serious retaliation would have been attempted.

Killarney has the reputation of being a place where the beggars, by reason of their numbers and their persistence, make a real pest of themselves. But I was so fortunate in my stay as to encounter only one genuine specimen of the genus. I suppose the reason was that the tourists as yet came only scatteringly, and the beggars had not begun to ply their trade in earnest.

My beggar was a man accompanied by a little boy. I had started for a walk, and he overtook me and remarked on the fineness of the weather, though it looked very threatening at the time, and then he kept on a mile or more in my company. His tongue wagged unceasingly, and he commented on what was to be seen along the way, on the condition of Ireland, of England, and of America, and wove into it all the tale of his own troubles—how he was a shoemaker, but could find no work these two years, how he had been evicted, and how he had this little boy and four other children to provide for, and would I be good enough to help them a bit to get some food, etc., etc.

After my beggar left me I kept on southward along the lakes. The air darkened as I proceeded, and I could see that a storm was gathering among the mountain peaks. Presently there came a report of distant thunder, and I noticed that a little girl whom I met at the moment made the sign of the cross and hurried on faster. I, too, caught the impulse to hasten to the shelter of the town, and I stopped and watched the clouds in doubt; but it seemed to me that the storm was swinging off in another direction, and I walked on again, hoping to climb one of the mountains and see the country from the heights.

At length I took a side road that wound high up the slopes of the hills. I went up and up, and was passing along the borders of the last patch of woods before the land gave way to the stony upper wastes of heather and furze, when I saw a tall, tattered figure on ahead. He had a staff in his hand and a cloak thrown loosely over his shoulders. Near him lay two dead sheep. I thought the man looked like some Robin Hood of the forest, and the fancy came that he had slain the sheep and was going to bear them stealthily away, and that he might take a notion to treat me as he had the sheep. He was peering about in a curious manner that I could not understand, but his mild greeting when I approached reassured me. Then he pointed out the dead sheep and said they had been killed by the lightning, and he had just found them there. He showed some scorched streaks on their bodies, and when I went on and left him he continued as before hovering around the spot and considering what was to be done.

The road now faded into a dim trail almost wholly grassed over, and led away across a boggy level toward a steep slope that mounted high toward the craggy mountain summits. I was crossing this marshy stretch when another shower approached. Behind me the landscape was being fast enveloped in murky blue mist, and a somber twilight had crept over all the earth. I had a waterproof cape with me, and was about to put it on, with the idea of crouching down on some rock and letting the fast-gathering storm sweep over

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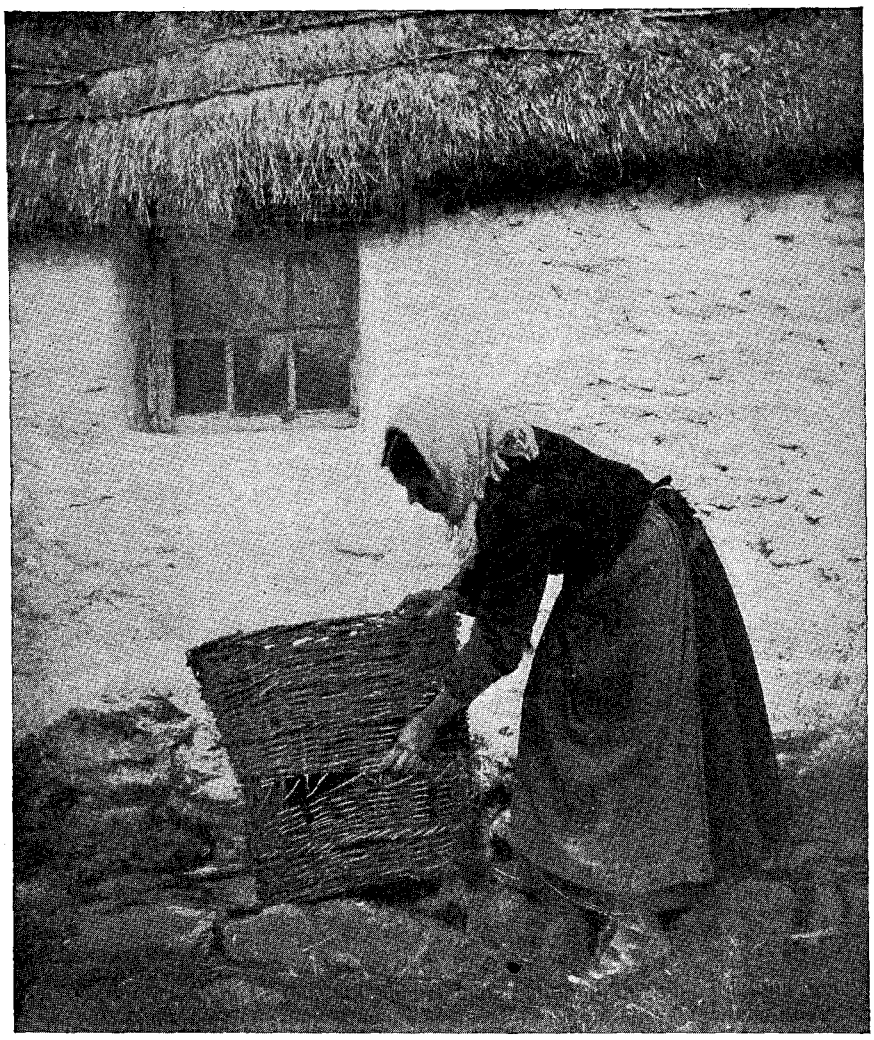

A PEASANT WOMAN AT HOME

me, when I saw a woman on ahead, with a great bag on her shoulders, moving off to the right. A glance in that direction revealed several thatched cabins among some tiny fields, with stone walls about them, on a low hillside.

Between me and this gray, earth-hugging little hamlet the ground was a spongy bog sprinkled with boulders, as if it were some sort of vast plum-pudding. But the impending blackness of the storm allowed of no hesitation, and I hurried on, keeping to the stones as much as possible, and with the first onset of the rain I was on the borders of the village. I went into a stableyard in front of a dwelling, and there found an old woman working at the entrance to the cow-shed. Permission to go into the house out of the rain was readily granted, and I hastened to seek the welcome shelter from the downpour.

It was like entering a cave, and when I first stooped through the low doorway the place looked perfectly black, save for a feeble gleam of red in the fireplace. The woman, who had come in soon after I did, set out a chair for me, and as my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom my surroundings gradually revealed themselves. The room was open above to the smoke-blackened rafters. It had very thick walls, and was lighted by one small window and the open upper half of the door. The floor, partly of hard-trodden earth and partly of cobbles, was very uneven, and nothing set level on it. There

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HOMES AMONG THE HILLS

were two tables—one large and one small—a dresser sparsely filled with dishes, a cupboard or two, three chairs, and in odd places about the floor were black kettles, pots and pans, shoes and rubbish.

A good-sized clock was fastened to the wall, and ticked with steady solemnity in the dusk. It was the first thing I spoke of, and the old woman, who had seated herself by the fire, was telling me how they had had it for twenty years, and what good company it was, when there came a clap of thunder.

"O God Almighty, save us!" she exclaimed, and made the sign of the cross, and then bowed forward in a posture awkward yet eloquent of a childlike fear and faith, and spread out her hands in supplication. "God bless us and save us," she continued, "and save his honor [meaning me], and save the people, and all of us."

The intonations of the thunder were of frequent recurrence after this for the space of half an hour, and at every clap the old woman crossed herself and prayed something as above, though often mumbling more which I could not catch. The storm reminded her of a story—she would like to know if I had heard it, and whether I thought it might be true or no.

"There was a man, and he was workin' in a field like, and it came on to thunder, and he put his head in a hole in the wall, and he said, 'God save what's out o' me!' And he no sooner said that than the wall fell in, and took his head clean off. It was telled to me that this was a judgment on the crathur, because it is not right to pray small, just for yoursilf. But you should pray large—to save us all—pray big and open-hearted. But that may be only a story, sir."

The fire beside which the woman sat was made on the floor at the end of the room, under the wide hood of a chimney that flared out from the wall about five feet above the blaze. A sooty kettle hung over the fire and simmered cheerfully. Now and then the woman reached down to a heap of dry brushwood by her side, took up a few twigs, broke them across her knee, and replenished the fire. If it was low, she would stoop and fan the embers by blowing. It would flame up then, and its light would shine out into the dusky room. These pine twigs the villagers were allowed to break off and bring home from the woodland down below. The household supply of peat was gone. They cut it on the mountain a mile above, and when it was dry brought it down on

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their backs, a task in which both the men and women shared. No one in the village owned a horse, and the only beasts of burden, aside from the human ones, were two donkeys. Even for them the task of bringing the "turf" down from the mountain was considered too severe, the path was so steep and rugged, and they were chiefly used "to take to town for some messages."

A good deal of smoke drifted out into the room, and the woman explained that the chimney was bad, "but some days we haven't a bit of smoke, and other days we have a good dale. It's as the wind turns."

The woman had two sons and a daughter living with her, as she told me with a fervent "thank God." "And I had another son who wint to Australia, and for two years I heard from him regular and he sint me money, but I have had no account since, and I suppose he is dead, God help it, sir. And I had a daughter, too, that wint to America, to Worcester, it was, sir, and her name it was Mrs. John Dwyer; but I have had no account from her aither this long time, and I suppose she is dead too, sir."

The family kept a cow, and had a yearling and a calf and nine or ten sheep. The sheep were grazing on the mountain at this season, but in the winter they kept them in the walled fields near the house. "We sells the wool," the woman said, "but it brings no price at all now—it do not, sir."

Few pigs are kept in the hamlet, but there are geese and chickens, as I realized when the woman stepped outside for a moment and left the half-door open. Almost at once a bedraggled rooster skulked in and stood with his head well down between his shoulders and his tail drooping to let the water run off. He did not look very attractive, but a hen who seemed to think his company desirable came with a startling flutter and cackle from a nest in a room corner, lit near the rooster, and began looking about the floor for something to eat. Then a bevy of geese came in from the wet outer world. The place was getting pretty populous, but just then the woman returned and shooed these two-legged friends all out into the yard with a "Begone, you thieves, you!"

She had scarcely shut the half-door when one more of the creatures of the place appeared, in the form of a cat, which leaped up from the outside and poised on the door edge, looking at me in alarm and not daring to come further.

The woman's sons were at work for one of the gentry in the valley, so that the family was not dependent on the little farm. Because of this income from without they ate the eggs their hens laid, instead of selling them, as they would have to do "if they were badly off." They made a little butter now and then for home use, and they raised a few cabbages, and in a good season enough potatoes to last through the year. "But if it is wet or the blight do come too soon, the p'taties do not last, and thin we eats bread."

They bought oaten meal, and occasionally fish and bacon, and the old woman said they fared much better than when she was a "gaffer" (a girl of ten or twelve). "Thin the times was tight, and we lived on p'taties altogither. Sometimes we ate thim with only salt, and sometimes we ate thim with milk. We niver had bread ixcipt at Christmas, and very little mate at all."

For the cows they raised hay and oats, "And we might have plinty, by the will of God, if it was not for the deer comin' here from the forest. There do be ony amount of thim back here on the mountains. They gets into the corn and spoils it on us. Every night now when the stalks gets big the deer come and do be atin' thim so the corn will not be worth the cuttin'. They feed on our grass, too, when it gets strong. We have dogs in the village to chase the deer away, but the crathurs are soon back on us again. It is a cold, wet place, this. The sun—the fine time is the best for us here—'tis thin, sir. It is not good to-day. But to-morrow might be fine, sir, with the help of God."

On Sunday everybody on the mountain goes to mass at Killarney, four miles distant. Winter or summer, it makes little difference—"all the people around go, sir, except it may be those who are too old or feeble."

I inquired the name of the village, and the daughter and mother both pronounced it for me, but I could make nothing of its guttural syllables. Then the daughter spelled it slowly, and I wrote it down—G-o-r-t-r-g-u-l-l-i-n-e.

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What is Religion, and What Does it Do for Us?

By the Rev. David H. Greer, D.D.

"Religion . . . is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

RELIGION is here represented as consisting of two elements. One of them is Charity, which sends a person out into the world to minister to and help it; the other is Purity, which guides a person through the world, and guards and protects him from it. The first brings him into touch and sympathy with man, and makes him thus the incarnation of the Human; the second brings him into touch and sympathy with God, and makes him thus the incarnation of the Divine; and both together constitute that true religious sphere in which he finds and lives on earth his largest possible life.

And that suggests the subject to which I ask your attention; namely, What is Religion, and what does it do for us?

And first I remark that religion of some sort is a universal fact in the history of the world. It is, indeed, to a great extent the history of the world. Everywhere we see it, in every age, in every land, in every social condition, among civilized peoples and savage, enlightened and unenlightened. It is, as Professor Britton remarks, the one and only trait in man by which he is qualitatively separated from the other animals. They have a kind of language, as we have, or the power, at least, of communicating with one another by sounds. They have their governments and their arts. Never do we see anywhere among them this notion of religion, or the faintest suggestion of it. It is a distinctively human trait, and a distinctively human trait which in our human life on earth universally appears. Many different theories have been at times put forth in explanation of it. Some have traced its origin to a primitive belief in ghosts; some to the worship of ancestors; some, again, to the prevalence of a superstitious fear, which, from the earliest time even until now, a priestly caste has traded in for the benefit of itself; while others still there are who look upon religion as something pathological rather than theological, and to whom it is the symptom of a persisting mental disease.

But whatever be the attempted explanation of it, or the origin of it, here at least it is, here it always has been. Judging human nature in the future by the past—and proverbially there is no better way to judge it—here it always will be: Religion, the one great fact that stares us in the face in the story of mankind. Scorned and mocked and derided and perverted and abused, and yet persisting still; cast down, but not destroyed, and conquering even those, as has been truly said, who think they have conquered it. For while at times they may doubt it, and seem thus to discard it, they will doubt again their doubt, not openly before the world perhaps, but secretly at times in themselves, and with that doubting of their doubt Religion will come back again, and still be on their hands.

And so it is, my friends, on our hands to-day. And the question we have to consider with reference to religion, it seems to me, is this—not the question of whether religion will hereafter be an influential and controlling force in the world. No, that is not the question; it is threshing o'd straw to consider that; that question is settled—human history, human experience, human nature, has settled it. But what sort of religion is to be a controlling force and factor in the world? What is religion? The religion that will prove itself to be both good and true, by giving to us here and now the best and truest things and enabling us thus to live on earth our largest possible life? What is religion; that is the question. That is the question to which this age is addressing itself. That is the question which, with a great searchingness of inquiry, searching all credentials, sifting, testing, examining all theories and all claims, no matter how vast and hoary and venerable they may be, this present age is asking—What is religion? And to that question, my friends, that present and pressing question, which,

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with an importunity perhaps never before surpassed, is forcing itself to-day upon the intelligent thought and conscience of mankind, I find an answer given. It is an old answer, in an old Book, but it is a good Book, generally so regarded, whatever our particular theories concerning it may be; and it is a good answer, which says that religion is this: Is it now about to make some great and wonderful announcement to us? Is it now about to disclose some great and wonderful mystery to us, lying behind the veil which we have long been seeking to penetrate in vain? No, no, not now, not yet.

Religion, it says, is this: It is first of all charity. And charity, what is charity? For that, too, needs an interpreting word, perhaps. Is it simply something in us, as is so commonly supposed, an amiable something in us, which always makes us blind, as with a bandage on our eyes, to human faults and sins, to human misdemeanors, to human misbehaviors; so that when we have occasion to speak of people whom we meet, we shall always speak of them as good people even when they are not good people? No, that is not charity, that is mendacity, or something very like it, for that is saying what is not true. Neither, again, is charity simply something in us, an impulsive something in us, which always disposes us to do for people with a free and open hand whatever people ask, simply because they ask it and we can afford to do it or we can afford to give it, without regard to whether it will be of real and permanent value to them. No, that is not charity, that is inequity; for that is doing what is not right. Charity means to give, not merely a kind word—charity sometimes gives a sharp and severe word; nor merely a liberal dole—charity sometimes withholds and refuses the liberal dole. Charity means to give *ourselves* in human service and in ministry to others. And how and where in human service and ministry to others? Not merely in benevolent spheres, in eleemosynary spheres, but in all spheres, social, industrial, commercial, political, as well as what is called the philanthropic sphere—running our railroads, managing our banks, practicing our professions, pursuing our various callings whatever they may be, wherever they may be, in the home, in the market-place, in the forum and in the shop, making human service the inspiration of them and the controlling motive in them.

That is charity: great, big, robust thing. That is how it appears. Not merely in those gracious ones who go forth into the world to clothe the naked and to feed the hungry and to perform their sweet and beautiful acts of ministration to the poor, to the afflicted and the sick. Oh, it is something much more comprehensive than that; and in other persons appears. In the lawyer who does his work in the world, not chiefly for his retainer, but chiefly for human service. In the physician who does his work in the world, not chiefly for his fee, but chiefly for human service. In the clergyman who does his work in the world, not chiefly for his salary, his emolument, his name, his reputation, but chiefly for human service. In the journalist, the capitalist, the professional man, the artisan, the artist, in every one who tries to do his proper work in life, not only for himself, not chiefly for himself, but chiefly for human service, making that the spring and the mainspring of his activity in it. That is charity, and that is how and where it is made to appear. Appearing thus, it would not change in outward form the great economic activities of the world to-day; it would simply put a soul, a great human soul, into those activities, so that men would find, not as now so often, their soul's destruction in them, their soul's enfeeblement in them, but their soul's enlargement, their soul's redemption, in them. And, giving thus themselves, through their respective callings, just what they are doing now and will do all week long, in ministry to others, making human service the inspiration of them and the controlling motive in them; not narrowed would they be, broadened would they be; not poorer would they be in any sense of the term, but richer would they be in every sense of the term, material, moral, and spiritual, with a richer human feeling and human experience in them. More and more would they thus become, with the growing image in them of a Son of man on earth, the incarnation of the Human. Then would there be seen charity in the world, pervading, permeating, controlling the world. Then would there be seen religion in the world. For charity is religion.

There is another element. Serving the

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world, helping the world, ministering unto the world, yet keeping himself unspotted from the world—Purity. And how is purity reached? How do you keep yourselves unspotted from the world? By shunning it and avoiding it and running away from it? No, for then you could not serve and minister to it and help it. And while purity then would come, perhaps—and perhaps it would not—charity would go. How, then, while in the midst of the world, can you manage to keep yourself unspotted from the world? It is a timely and needed question. And the answer to it is this: Cultivate and cherish and aim at what is good, aim at what is best. Aspiring towards the highest, the lowest will not touch you, or at least will not defile you; seeing it and hearing it, you will see and hear it not; walking in its midst at times, moving and going through it, it will leave no stain upon you. That is what St. Paul meant when he said, "Walk in the spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh." Yes, walk in the higher part of your nature and you will not fulfill the lusts in the lower part of your nature. Live upstairs and you will not live downstairs; and if at times you go down, or fall down, you will not stay down, you will come up again. And more and more will you be there, living there and dwelling, and finding there your home, your larger, your purer, your more congenial home. And in that better region, with its better air about you, better things will you see; spiritual things will you see that now perhaps you doubt; spiritual realities and verities will you see, more clearly will you see them, more ardently will you love them, more persistently will you pursue them, more tenaciously will you grasp them, more firmly will you believe them, and what to you is most ideal will always be most real. Thus higher and higher will you rise towards the highest that there is, towards God. And more and more will you thus become, through the growing image in you of a son of God on earth, the incarnation of the divine. Purity then will you have; a purity which, in the fineness and delicacy of its vision, sees the vision of God hovering over the world, shining through the world.

Yes, Charity and Purity, revealing to us man, showing more and more the best there is in man, revealing to us God, showing more and more the best there is in God, and making us rich in both. Purity and Charity—the wings by which we soar heavenward and earthward, upward, towards the highest; outward, towards the broadest; and constituting thus that true religious sphere in which we find and live on earth our largest possible life.

This, then, is religion, the religion which the world needs to-day, to heal it of its stripes, to smooth it of its frictions, to cleanse it of its filth, to give it faith in man, to give it faith in God, to make it rich with both.

In speaking to you I have had in mind the thought of one whose image is before me, whose memory will not easily or quickly fade from the traditions of my parish. Much that I have said has been suggested by him; and perhaps, to those who have ears to hear, it has been suggestive of him. Pre-eminently religious, that was the form it took—Purity and Charity. Purity—I never knew a cleaner man, in feeling or in thought, in character or in life. With exceptional temptations and tendencies, because of the exceptional affluence of his circumstances, towards self-indulgent coarseness of conduct and of speech, they never touched nor defiled him, they made no stain upon him. It is not the way with all situated as he was, but it was his way; it was his religion. As for charity, it was his business, to which he gave liberally, bountifully, unsparingly, himself, even unto the breaking down of himself, even unto death. As for his business; making human service, faithful, just, and honorable, his inspiration in it, he transfigured it into a charity. It is not the way with all men in business, situated as he was, but it was his way; it was his religion. And what is that, after all, my friends, but the religion of Jesus Christ, in whose ideal purity, with its divine manifestations, we see as nowhere else the image on earth of God; in whose ideal charity, with its human ministrations, we see as nowhere else the image on earth of man, and who therefore, while Son of man, was also Son of God?

What, then, is religion? It is the question which this age is so searchingly asking; and the answer is, Jesus Christ! So I believe, and so, God helping me, I will teach and preach.

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From Moscow to Vladivostok

GROUP OF TARTARS AT PETROFAVLOVSK STATION

From "Siberia and Central Asia," by the Hon. J. W. Bookwalter. Courtesy of the F. A. Stokes Co.

By William Durban

DURING a recent tour in various parts of Russia I saw nothing which more astonished and instructed me than that part of the great Pan-Russian Exhibition at Nijni-Novgorod which was devoted to an enormous display of Siberian products. I found also that few visitors to Russia were prepared for the wonderful revelation thus afforded. It was evident to every thoughtful spectator that not only was the Russian Empire easily capable of supporting itself, if at any time totally cut off from all the rest of the world, but that her Asiatic territories would be her finest resource. Not only natural but artificial products were shown in almost inexhaustible profusion, all from Siberia. That vast region is, in fact, an epitome of the whole earth. It seems, somewhere or other in its magnificent stretch across the whole of the largest of the continents, to be able to supply everything that any other country can produce. Too many writers, in estimating the possibilities of Russia, make the mistake of regarding her too exclusively as a European Power. They constantly leave out of consideration the great fact of the future, that Siberia is the greatest country in the world, and that this huge territory is one vast repository of incalculable and undeveloped treasures, all of which are to be at the service of the Czars. And this marvelous Eastern empire is to be peopled by the Muscovite. Russians will soon inundate the immense plains, and in years to come millions of the children now living in European Russia will dwell in countless *mirs*, or village communes, which will dot the limitless

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forests of the Tundra over its thousands of miles between the Uralian range and Kamchatka.

Americans and Englishmen were the real authors of the splendid and romantic scheme for spanning the Asiatic continent with a railway from end to end. I met here and there in the Russian Empire a number of Englishmen engaged very successfully in trade, but they were almost invariably thus working on their own account. The time is almost past when the Russian Government will engage an Englishman or an American to direct public works, although in the not remote past nearly every position of great responsibility was committed to clever men of one of those nationalities. The Russian administrators now rely on native engineers; but, for all that, it is not likely that the Trans-Siberian Railway would have been ventured on but for the impetus given to the scheme by Anglo-Saxon brains. In 1857 an American named Collins came forward with his grand scheme for the formation of an Amur Railway Company from Irkutsk to Chita. Although his plan was not officially taken up, it was carefully kept in mind, and it will actually form the main and central part of the present line now so rapidly being constructed. An English engineer offered to lay a tram-road across Siberia, after Muravieff had carried Russia to the Pacific by annexing the mouths of the Amur. In 1858 three enterprising Englishmen offered to construct a railway from Moscow through Nijni-Novgorod to Tartar Bay. Though all proposals by foreigners have been politely rejected, yet they have been regarded as good stimulants to native energy. It took forty years to think out this colossal undertaking. One great Asiatic-Russian line is actually completed, so that a passenger can travel continuously, with every luxury, from St. Petersburg to Merv; and thus it is evident that a revolution is at hand in many of the conditions of civilization which have been carelessly regarded as perfectly stable. The international equilibrium is shortly going to be seriously upset, and it would be wise for other nations to weigh well in anticipation the contingencies which must inevitably arise. Of course a slender and roughly constructed artery of communication, like this new railroad, may by many superficial minds be supposed to be no very important factor in the world's progress. Those who think thus are dangerously out of the true reckoning.

Stupendous colonization schemes will be set on foot as soon as the Siberian line is completed. Let us just for a moment consider, in the first place, what an effect this undertaking will certainly have on the mere matter of relative populations. One of the chronic troubles of the Russian Government is that the population of the Empire is distributed in an uneven manner, which renders both comfort and prosperity hopeless. It happens that those are the most thickly inhabited districts, for the most part, which are least able to sustain the people in vast numbers. Immense numbers of villages are scattered through the vast forests of central and western Russia, while the great wheat-growing plains of the center and southwest are very sparsely inhabited. Then, again, the infatuation of the military oligarchy has been seen in the plan on which all the railways, except this new Siberian line, have been designed for purely warlike purposes. The Emperor Nicholas I. insisted on all the lines being developed without the slightest regard to the wants of the towns and the necessities of commerce. Even the natural facilities for certain engineering operations were not allowed by that autocrat to be taken for a moment into consideration. His engineers were once consulting him as to the expediency of taking the line from St. Petersburg to Moscow by a slight detour, to avoid some very troublesome obstacles. The Czar took up the chart, and with a pencil ruled a straight line from the old capital to the new, and handed it to them, saying, "There, gentlemen, that is to be the plan of the line!" And there is certainly not a straighter railway in the world for a length of six hundred miles. But the Siberian line is being constructed with the most careful and proper regard to other than merely military interests, though these will of course be constantly kept in view. The railway is being laid down in accordance with the most correct scientific rules, and also in a main direction which will be most serviceable to the development of the country. It runs across the great rivers as near as possible to their upper waters, just about where

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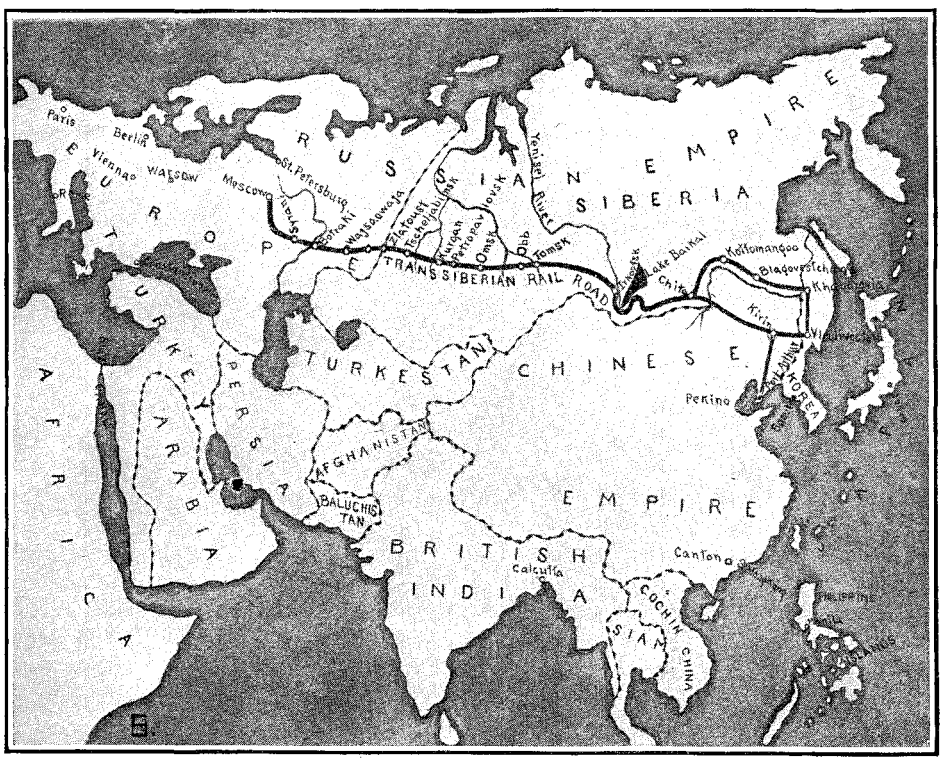
they begin to be easily navigable. This will enable the navigation of the Obi, Yenesei, and Lena to be taken advantage of for extension of commerce throughout their entire available length; and, when all is completed, there will not in the world be so splendid a system of communication by rail and river combined as in Siberia. For instance, it is fully expected by the most prescient of Englishmen that the great valley of the Lena will one day become one of the granaries of the world, especially of England. Captain Wiggins, by his famous voyage round the Arctic as far as the mouth of the Lena, has already demonstrated that we can tap for commercial purposes that vast and fertile region for most of the year. And the same prospect opens for the other glorious rivers which run from south to north along the whole of the Siberian area. At any rate, all through the summer months, America as well as Britain will, by the northern ocean passage and these great rivers, communicate with the heart of Asia, the railway in the far interior completing the magic circle of commerce.



ROUTE OF THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY

But this will induce an immense tide of population. Russian peasants are now every winter by millions in a state of semi-starvation. Thousands of these will ere long daily stream to the new eastern land over which the Muscovite eagle floats. Siberia at present contains a population of only four millions, which is less, by more than a million, than London reckons. And yet within the borders of Siberia the whole of the United States of America could be inclosed, with plenty of room to be spared for the further accommodation of a nice collection of little kingdoms and states. Already towns are springing up like mushrooms in the wake of the railway. There are composite reasons for this development. The first is that the railway is running through south Siberia, where the climate is delightfully mild compared with that of the regions further north. The next is that all the chief gold-fields are in this southern region. The Russian Government is the narrowest and most exclusive in the world in most matters of administration, but in some it is actually the most generous and

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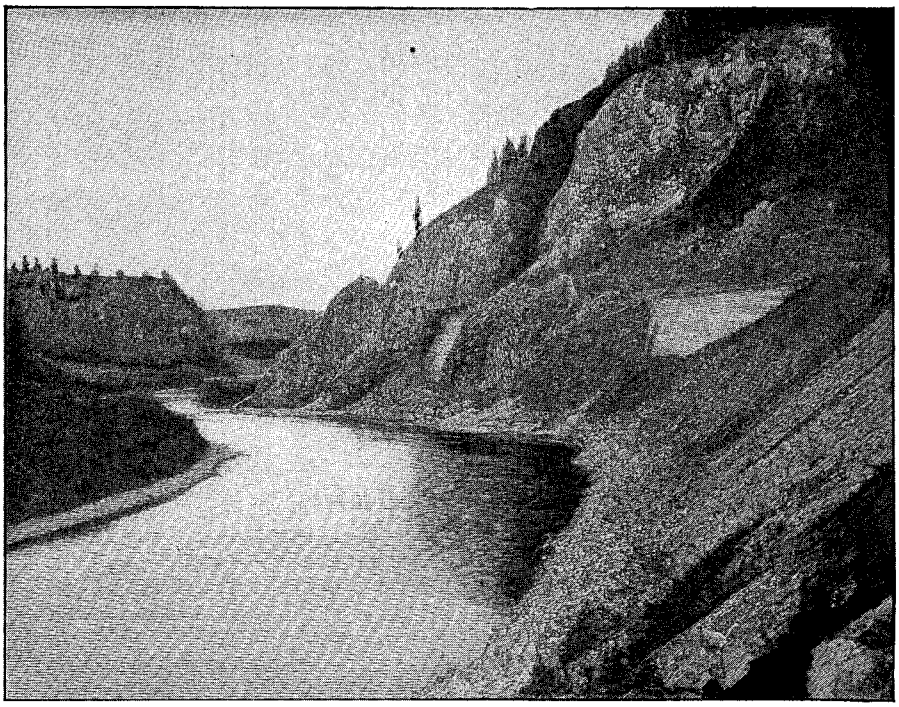

RAILROAD ALONG RIVER ZOURIAZAN

liberal. For instance, it has thrown open the gold-fields alike to native and foreign enterprise, absolutely without restriction, except that all gold gathered must be assayed at the Government offices, and that ten per cent. of the net proceeds must go to the Crown. I was not a little astonished, when contemplating the wonders of the Nijni-Novgorod Exhibition, with the enormous gilded pyramid representing the mass of gold that has been taken from Siberian mines. When the line is completed, all the gold needed by Russia will be secured from her own domains.

The three great zones of Siberia are not properly understood by superficial students of geography. The first is the Tundra, the vast region stretching through the northern subarctic regions. Here we have one of the appalling belts of the earth's surface. It runs right along that gigantic expanse of at least five thousand miles of Asiatic continental soil, and is from two hundred to five hundred miles in breadth. The Tundra is, of course, in the long winter one frozen snow-sheet. In the brief summer it is swampy, steaming, and swarming with mosquitoes. It is almost totally treeless; but it is a training-ground for hardy hunters, the home of strange, uncouth tribes. Immensely more valuable is the far wider zone of the Taiga, the most magnificent belt of forest in the world. What a marvelous tract is this Siberian forest! I shall never forget the weird and solemn yet profoundly delightful impression made on my own mind by my first ride of at least a thousand miles through the birch, oak, spruce, larch, and pine forests of European Russia, which cover myriads of square miles of the north and center of the land, and which, straggling across the low Ural hills, called mountains only by courtesy, thicken, broaden, and deepen into the grand sweep of the Siberian arboreal belt. Glorious and gloomy, silent yet musically murmuring, terrible with its secret perils, but fascinating to the exile longing to escape into its recesses, this Taiga kingdom of the sublime trees of God's own right hand planting defies competition in any other province of the earth. Giant cedars and pitch pines, somber Scotch firs and Oriental spruces, graceful larches and elegant birches, with occasional lines of soaring poplars and moisture-loving alders, form the haunts of bears and wolves, foxes and lynxes, south of the northern border-

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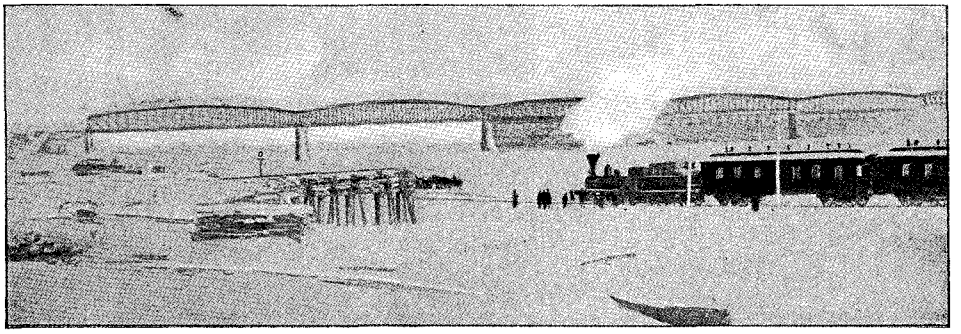
land of the marten, sable, blue fox, and white bear. The third zone is that of the grand steppes, the rich, arable lands sheeted with flowers like an endless garden, variegated by woods, and holding in their lap ranges of beautiful mountains, all running with fairly uniform trend from north to south, with its very center gemmed by the deepest lake on earth, the mysterious Baikal. Through the spurs of the Taiga, running irregularly into the steppe zone, runs the new railway. Thus the line taps the chief resources of the country. It will open the forests, the arable land, the cattle-breeding regions, and the mineral districts with their boundless capabilities of development by the capital of the world.

Capitalists and speculators will soon begin to see in Siberia the most promising field left on the globe for their exploitation, and this marvelous new country will, with its railway facilities, in a very short time begin to invite energy and enterprise in a degree never yet equaled. But the chief of all results in the near future, and the one persistently kept in view by the astute politicians of the Czar, will be the inevitable honeycombing of the whole Chinese Empire by a railway system. Only those who are either willfully or stupidly blind to all the indications of future possibilities in Asia—that seed-pot of the next age—can ignore the certainty of the transformation of the Yellow Land. It is, indeed, a striking combination of signs which we now witness. While we are all talking about the partition of China, and while one Power after another is nibbling bits out of the quivering mass that lies helplessly awaiting vivisection, Russia is stealing on across the Taiga and the Siberian steppes to the consummation of her destiny.

Britain as an Eastern power, as Lord Beaconsfield loved to describe her, will be profoundly affected by the construction of the Siberian line. As Russia goes forward with her scheme, her great competitor, and, as I believe, her inevitable antagonist, Great Britain, is silently and secretly being impelled to prepare for a stupendous coming struggle. I am one of those who love the Russian people. I have moved among them, delight to read their literature, pity their impotence to shake off the horrible incubus of a mock-paternal tyranny, and feel all the fascination of their endless good humor, their profound sadness, their passion for music in the plaintive minor mode, their affectionate hospitality, and their childlike religious fervor. Who has learned their language without coming to feel that it is as strong as the German, as sonorous as the Spanish, and as musical as the Italian? Who can doubt the greatness in the future of the nation now numbering over 130,000,000, rapidly increasing, and about to unfold the hidden resources of two continents, in a way which will create universal astonishment? It is with profound sadness that any one who has learned to know and love such a nation forms the conviction that the infatuation of its bureaucrats will impel it to incur a fearful fate. The collision of the Muscovite and Anglo-Saxon races will not be avoided, though it may for years be warded off by diplomacy. The further end of the railway is already finished. But meanwhile the Manchurian line, over which the diplomatic "Battle of Newchang" has so long raged, will be built, and for this Russia will fight England with all the arts of her bureaucratic strategy. She will contend only diplomatically for a few years, but will never renounce her object,



TRAINS MOVING ON THE FROZEN IRTISH RIVER NEAR BRIDGE

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which is to control North China. And the British people, with the secret support of the Japanese, will as jealously resist the absorption of any part of China by Russia as they have resented the encroachments of Russia on the Ottoman dominions in the west. The English mind is wedded to the doctrine of the "open door," and the Russian to that of the "closed door;" but these doctrines, unfortunately, cannot be carried into practice without interference with the people who happen to live behind the door. England can keep the door open only by controlling those behind it, and Russia can keep it shut only by asserting her paramount claim within the door. Herein lies the world's approaching trouble. Many countries will be drawn into the conflict which is coming. The Siberian Railway is meantime making for peace, for it is diverting all the energies of the Russian Government, and is engaging that attention which was too much concentrated on affairs in Turkey, Greece, Servia, Roumania, Bulgaria, and Austria.

The peace rescript of the amiable young Czar exactly suited the plans of the Russian Ministry, who are the ablest and most unscrupulous bureaucrats in Europe. They want, at any cost and at any sacrifice, to see peace preserved till the railway link is finished; but those sanguine spirits in various countries are being grievously gulled who imagine that we are about to witness, whatever the tentative results of the Peace Conference, that retrenchment and reduction of aggressive armaments which every humane heart desires. Russia does not covet India, but she does intend to appropriate, and imagines that Providence has appointed her to possess, Persia, Turkey, Afghanistan, Tibet, and China. This may sound like a ridiculously large statement, but only those who are unfamiliar with Russian literature can deride it or question its truth. The whole Russian nation is deeply imbued with the dangerous notion that Heaven specially favors "Holy Russia," and specially despises all the rest of the world. The mission of Russia is religious. And that is exactly what the average Muscovite would say is the mission of the Siberian Railway. It is to evangelize as well as to civilize Asia, and to propagate the Orthodox Church. Moreover, wherever Russia sends her forces, there the clergy go, in front of all. And it is astonishing how she succeeds in the task of assimilating to her religion the subject races. The whole of the east of Asia is Mongolian, and the Mongolian races are mainly Buddhists, but the blending of Muscovite and Mongolian will be an easy process. The fusion of races is already proceeding in Siberia, and it is proceeding by the help of the Church as well as the army. Just as Russian converts and churches have silently sprung up in great numbers in Palestine, so that the Russian religion has quietly and coolly taken possession of the Holy Land under the very nose of the Sultan, so will the same Greek Church go on to dot with its domed sanctuaries all the north of China.

Difficulties with China are springing up at once, now that the line has reached the region east of Yeniseisk. On the Chinese Government learning of its progress into the heart of Asia, all the cunning of the Celestials has been brought into play. While apparently submitting to all that Russia demands as to control in Manchuria, trouble has begun in that very region. Many competent critics consider it very problematical whether the railway will ever be completed at all. Others consider that it cannot be finished for at least another ten years. Unforeseen obstacles of the most formidable character have suddenly arisen. These are all in Manchuria. They are entirely owing to the treachery of the Chinese, and their complicity with robber bands. The contractors in Manchuria have entered into a tacit understanding with bands of robbers; so that, though whole sections of the line are allowed to be laid, they are then torn up, so that all the work has to be done over again. This has been going on for several months. Neither the officials nor the troops are able to cope with the marauders. The rails mysteriously disappear, and it is supposed that they are made into pikes for the Chinese braves. How easy it is to see that, annoying as this is to Russia, it is really the best thing that could be thought of for her future success, and the worst possible misfortune for the Tsung-li-Yamen! Russia cannot be thwarted in her great schemes, and she will be compelled to send into Manchuria large forces, which will of course

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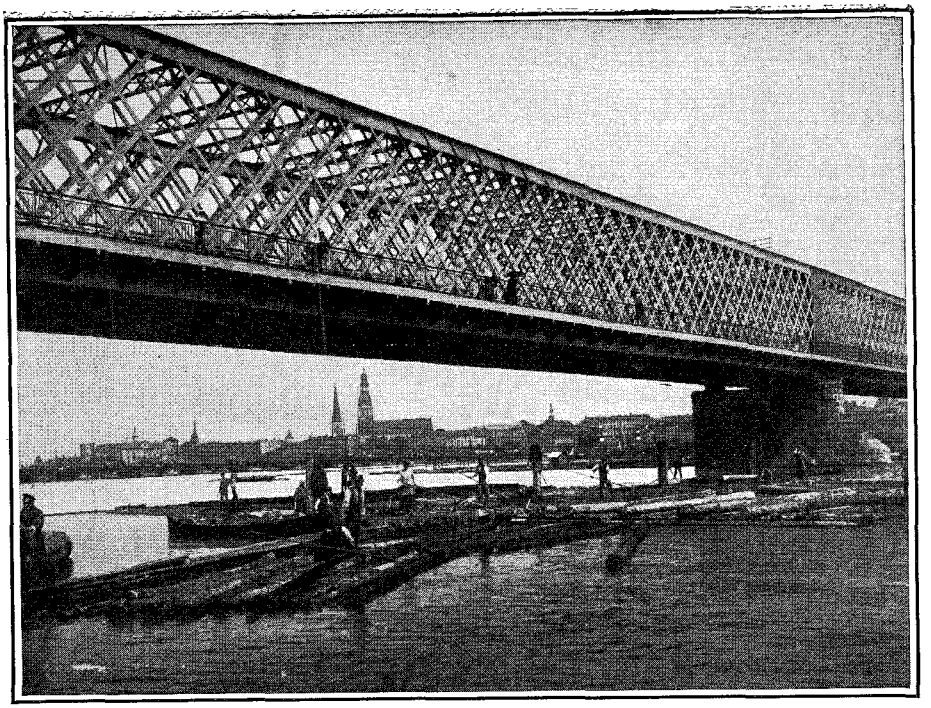

PEASANTS' RAFTS AND RAILWAY BRIDGE

never be withdrawn; and there will be redoubled efforts to push the construction in Siberia proper.

The Siberian pleasure-ground will become one of the favorite resorts of the pleasure-seekers of the world. This is an aspect of the enterprise not to be lost sight of. Already there has been a shout of delight on the part of many of those who have largely exhausted the familiar playgrounds of the world and have turned what were once unfrequented paths into beaten tracks.

The opening of Siberia will unveil a vast hitherto unknown world for people longing for novel regions to explore and fresh pastures to exploit. If my kind reader will for a moment follow on a map of Asiatic Russia the course of the Great Siberian Railway, as I will now briefly point it out, he will at a glance perceive what a magnificent prospect is opened for those who seek recreation and exploration on a new and extensive scale. The excursionist and the hunter, the geographer, the scientist, and the ethnologist, as well as the mere luxurious holiday-maker, will shortly enjoy the grandest opportunities of indulgence ever afforded.

The Great Siberian Railway starts just across the spurs of the Urals at Cheliabinsk, which it reaches through Samara, on the Volga, from the European side, coming over the boundary hills through Ufa and Miass. Thus a traveler in Europe can enjoy that glorious ride on the Volga which I, for one, can never forget. And he can then begin at Samara the biggest railway ride on earth, as it will shortly be. From Cheliabinsk the ride will be all one romance of travel. The line crosses the Tobol at Kurgan, the Ishim at Petropavlosk, and the Irtish at Omsk, where the bridge is seven hundred yards long. Now, these three fine streams are the confluents of the majestic Obi, the first of the mighty waterways of Siberia to the Arctic. In years to come many a traveler will thus strike the Obi and find his way on a route of enchantment in summer to the haunts of the seal, the walrus, and the polar bear. A long ride then takes the passenger to Kolivan, on the banks of the main stream of the Obi. Tomsk, one of the chief cities of Siberia, is thus missed, as is also Tobolsk. Tomsk is on the Obi, higher north, and Tobolsk is further up the Irtish. It may seem curious that the line goes south of these great and important towns, but they are difficult

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of approach through swamps, and they will be very well served by branch lines, as will many other places of growing importance as time goes on. These first sections of the Great Siberian Railway have wisely been designed to run through the fertile zone. The land costs not a farthing to the government, and it will be worth countless millions of roubles when the country is developed. The line next traverses the splendid rolling fertile steppes right on to the Yenisei, the greatest of all the great rivers of the country, and here the bridge is a thousand yards in length. The crossing is at Krasnoiarsk, and thus once more an important city is left on the north, Yeniseisk being about two hundred miles down the stream. And now the line descends steeply, only to rise and descend again and again through a lovely mountainous region, where the engineers have had to plan a wonderful series of cuttings, embankments, and bridges over ravines. By this glorious ride Irkutsk and then Lake Baikal will be reached, and the traveler will have arrived at the very central spot of South Siberia. That extraordinary lake is a central spot in a continent. It will become the haunt of multitudes of lovers of the picturesque and remote. And this is the hardest problem for the engineers in all their mighty task; for they have, in dealing with the banks of the lake, which must be skirted, to contrive to shield the line by dikes and walls, to cut tunnels through great granite crags, one of which will be two miles long, to bridge brawling mountain torrents, and to span ravines which drop sheer into the lake from great heights. Thus the popular notion that the Great Siberian Railway is nothing but a smooth and easy track over flat steppes, or undulating prairies, or swampy cranberry patches needing only to be drained, is a ridiculous delusion. In the heart of the province of Transbaikalia stands its capital, Chita, and on the way to this curious city, the home of the most important and estimable Socialist exiles sent from Russia, the line reaches its summit level of 3,665 feet. From this point to the Amur, where we are in Manchuria, and Russia and China are in contact, the route is through one of the wildest tracts through which a railway has ever been carried. There will be three branches at the eastern end of the line, touching the Pacific at three points, and on all three of these Russia is busily at work. The amalgamation of Muscovite and Mongolian has fairly begun, and this coalition is one of the chief factors which will enter into the making of history in the next few generations. The issues will be far-reaching indeed.

The last journey without the railway across Siberia has been made. It was the wonderful adventure of Dr. Wenyon, the Wesleyan medical missionary in China, whose unpretending little work on his experiences is one of the wonders of the modern literature of travel. It is entitled "Across Siberia on the Great Post Road." This brave man accomplished the journey of five thousand miles without any companion. His dangers and escapes were thrilling. No other man is likely to risk such perils now that already certain portions of the route can be traveled by rail. But the charms of Siberia will be enhanced a thousandfold by the facilities of locomotion, for the tourist and student will be able at any point to diverge from the track and to enjoy longer or shorter excursions in directions hitherto unexplored. Hotels will spring up everywhere on the line, and though the accommodation may be primitive, this very fact will add to the attractions of the country for the cultured visitor; and anybody who has traveled among the Russian territories is well aware that, however rough may be the quarters, the ordinary Muscovite landlord is as anxious as any in the world about the welfare of his guests. Where in the whole world, for the holiday-making American, Englishman, or German, can there be found a more delightful hunting-ground for health, rest, change, and pleasure of the most beneficial nature than in the vast forest-clad Taiga, or the steppes of the fertile zone, all clad with flowers, or the southern mountains of Transbaikalia, or on the deep blue waters of Baikal, the only fresh sea in the world in which seals are to be found, or even, for the more adventurous and vigorous, down the wild currents of the Obi, Yenisei, and Lena, or among Tungus and Samoyedes, and other strange aborigines of the immense eastern dependencies of the Czar?

American eyes now look out across the Pacific. In one of his public utterances Mr. Seward said that the American people

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had at length begun to form a right estimate of the Pacific. And this estimate will be marvelously stimulated by the Great Siberian Railway. This stupendous work of the Russian Government will more and more fix both American and European eyes on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Russia has been thwarted in her aspirations with regard to an outlet at Constantinople, and also on the Persian Gulf; but she will not submit to be shut away from the Pacific by being confined to her frozen ports. Even the chief, blocked during the long winter, is named most ominously, for Vladivostok means "Ruler of the East." Port Arthur is now Russian, and Germany soon showed what in Teutonic eyes that signified. The old notions about Siberia are being rudely dispelled by the quick march of events. During five months of the year nearly the whole of the country, even most of the Tundra, is as hot and steaming as a Russian samovar. And as for the long winter, what difference will this make to transit by a good railway? The great rivers and the railway will make Siberia a formidable competitor with Canada for timber; with England for iron and coal and other metals; with Egypt, the United States, Hungary, and Australia for wheat; with China and Japan for tea, which will grow well in many Siberian districts; and with all the lands on earth in many a valuable commodity. The opening of traffic in Siberia, however, will be invaluable in Russia, especially on account of the inexhaustible supplies of all the most useful varieties of timber. One thing which I have constantly noticed in the talk of Russians is an indication of anxiety as to the rapid decrease of their forest supplies in Europe. But as soon as the line is in working order throughout, and especially when certain branches have been constructed, Siberia will be an inestimable mine of wealth on account of the vast tracts of forest land, which can never be anything like exhausted by home consumption.

Russia is proud of the opening of her Asiatic line, which penetrates old Tartary. It seems but the other day that Merv and Samarcand were far enough in the wilderness from modern civilization; but now a railway ride takes the traveler in a week from London to the heart of Tartary. And if this branch of her Asiatic system is so great a success, what may not be predicted of the main line, which will link the Baltic and the Pacific, by the rails which will run without a break over the course of six thousand miles between St. Petersburg and Port Arthur? Looking at the prospect that the world might be overrun by the yellow races at no distant date, many have expressed a dread of the "coming of the Mongol." But closer observers may rather look for the "coming of the Slav."

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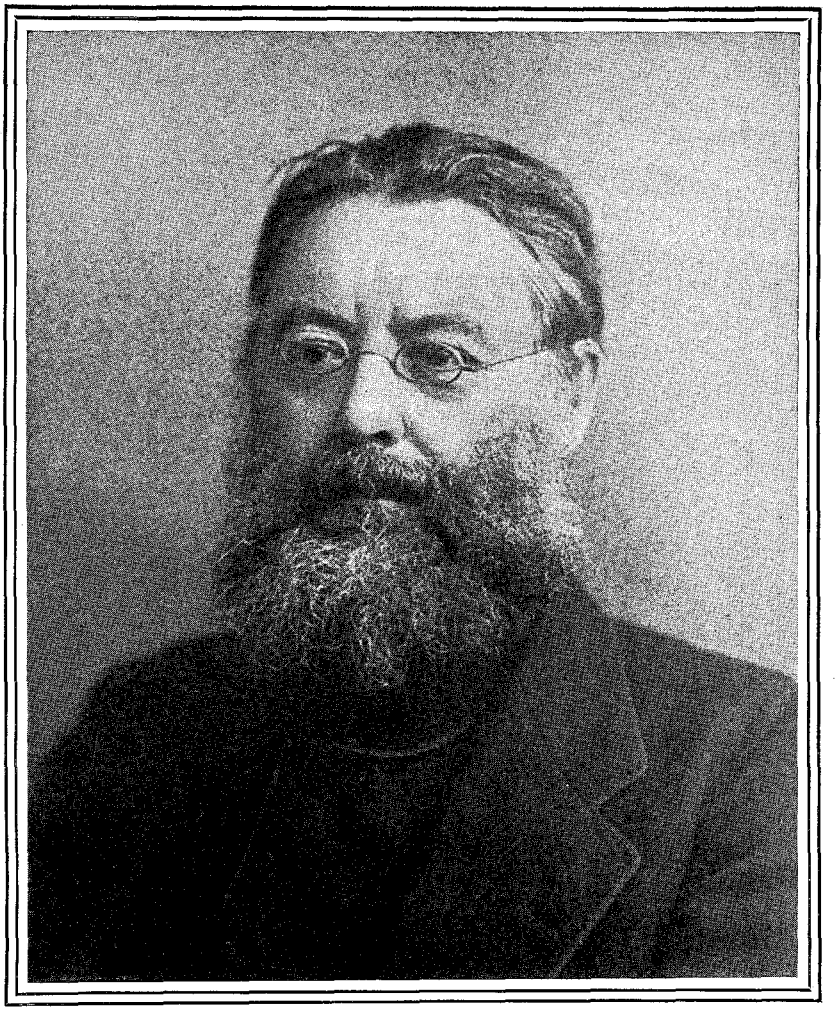

ROBERT W. DALE

Robert W. Dale[1]

By Amory H. Bradford

THE appearance of the biography of Robert W. Dale, the distinguished preacher, theologian, and politician of English Nonconformity, is an appropriate occasion for calling the attention of the readers of The Outlook to the life-history of one of the noblest men of our time. The story of the life is told by his son, Mr. A. W. W. Dale, Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

The task, which was difficult and delicate for one so closely related, has been accomplished with discrimination and wisdom. The son never obtrudes himself, and never allows his personal prejudices or preferences to lead him into unguarded or over-enthusiastic statements. The volume in its literary quality is fully equal to "The Life of Henry Drummond," and the two deserve a high place in the list of similar works which have appeared during the last half-decade. It is hard

[1] *Life of R. W. Dale.* By A. W. W. Dale. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

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for Americans to understand how the pastor of a church in an interior city like Birmingham could have such controlling and world-wide influence as belonged to Dr. Dale. The secret in part is in the religious conditions in Great Britain, which are different from those in this country. There the lines are sharply drawn between those who believe in the Established Church and those who are opposed to the union of Church and State. He who, by natural ability and training, worthily leads this opposition is recognized, not only as the chief man of his denomination, but of all Nonconformity. This position Dr. Dale unquestionably held. To a singular charm of manner and rare sanity of judgment he added great intellectual strength and force. Until the rise of Principal Fairbairn he was the ablest theologian in the dissenting churches, without a superior as a preacher, and a man whose influence in the Liberal party was second only to that of Mr. Gladstone. All his varied talents were brought into subjection to the desire to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which was the passion of his life. His theological treatises were first delivered to his own people as sermons; no amount of persuasion could ever induce him to leave his pulpit in order that he might become a member of Parliament; and yet few steps were taken in Parliament by the Liberal party without his advice. For more than forty years he was the pastor of Carr's Lane Chapel in Birmingham, in which position he succeeded John Angell James, one of the most eminent and spiritual preachers of that day in England. The church is located among business houses in a district almost as far down town as "Old Trinity" in New York, and yet the audiences to this day have never diminished. The morning congregation was largely suburban, and the evening more generally local; but both morning and evening the great edifice, seating about two thousand, was always thronged to listen to one who never indulged in sensationalism, whose sermons were rarely less than an hour in length, usually delivered from manuscript, and almost always on some subject requiring close and continuous attention on the part of the hearer.

The service he rendered outside of his own city may be briefly summarized. He was a member of a deputation to the churches in Australia; he was invited by Yale University to deliver the Lyman Beecher lectures, and few courses on that foundation have been more inspiring and helpful; he was the chief spirit in the moving of Spring Hill College to Oxford, where it is now known as Mansfield College; he induced Principal Fairbairn to become the head of the college, but always steadily refused to take a chair in the institution himself; and he was the first President of the International Congregational Council, which was held in London in 1891. His address before the Council was delivered under great physical limitations, and was practically his last public effort. He was ill at the time, and was never afterward well. His influence reached far beyond the bounds of his own denomination. It was freely acknowledged even in the Establishment, where his works were commended and where his death was sincerely mourned.

Robert William Dale was born in London on the first of December, 1829, and died in Birmingham on the tenth of February, 1895. His education was acquired at Spring Hill College, from which he went to become the colleague and successor of one of the greatest preachers in England. The task was not an easy one, but it was made easier by the consideration and courtesy of the man with whom he was thus early associated. Soon after beginning his ministry many of his people were alarmed for fear that he was not Calvinistic in his interpretations of Christian doctrines. They were no doubt right. He was not a Calvinist even then, much less later, but he was always intensely evangelical. He was preaching a course of expository sermons on Sunday mornings which were the cause of the anxiety. One day a good woman said to him, "If you were to preach such a Gospel sermon as you gave us in the evening a fortnight ago, it would at once be seen that the charge of unorthodoxy is baseless." To that suggestion young Mr. Dale characteristically replied, "That would be preaching Christ for my own ends, and I could not do that." Another incident of his early ministry I had from his own lips. When some of the overanxious went to Mr. James and spoke of Mr. Dale's heresies, the old man, himself

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a champion of orthodoxy, said: "Now you leave the young man alone; he has the root of the matter in him, and he must have his fling." The relation between these two ministers, one just finishing his course and the other in the flush and enthusiasm of youth, was beautiful and inspiring. It is not difficult for one who has read this story to understand how the senior came to be known as the "Angel James."

Within two or three years of his death, Dr. Dale told me that he never dared, as a rule, to preach without notes, for the reason that he found himself tempted to use up his material too fast. He added that, when he did not write, he was likely to draw upon all facts and illustrations within reach, with a view to an immediate impression, and that was what he meant by using material too fast. Yet he was an extempore speaker of unsurpassed power. I have been told in Birmingham that he was the only man to whom the people of that city would listen when John Bright sat down. They knew he never spoke without carefully considering his utterances, and, therefore, that he was always worth hearing. I well remember a few words he spoke to his congregation a week or two before the International Council in 1891. He was not able to preach, having just returned from a prolonged illness. While another preached he sat in his own pew with his family, but he came to the pulpit long enough to make one of the most touching and beautiful addresses to which I have ever listened. With rare tenderness, and with a music in his voice which was born of suffering and sympathy, he told his people that he had not needed the last manifestation of their regard for him to be sure of their love and fidelity. "For eight and thirty years I have had from you nothing but love and kindness." He finished by telling them that he expected to return to his work after the Council. He did return, long after, but never as a well man.

The later years of his life were saddened by political differences with many of his old friends. Like Mr. Chamberlain, he became a Liberal-Unionist, thus separating from Mr. Gladstone, and also from such lifelong friends as Drs. Guinness Rogers, Fairbairn, and Mackennal, who remained Gladstonians. For a while this separation rested like a shadow on his life, but the cloud soon passed, for his honesty was never questioned. The esteem in which he was held by others than his own people was finely illustrated during the meetings of the Social Science Congress in Birmingham in 1884. According to custom, the formal sermon before the Congress was delivered in the Parish Church. The preacher was Lord Alwyn Compton, the present Bishop of Ely, a member of a noble house, but an inferior preacher. The audience numbered only two or three hundred, and not many of them were members of the Congress. The succeeding Sunday Dr. Dale preached an unofficial sermon suggested by the meetings. It was my privilege to be present, and it seemed as if every distinguished man of the Congress was in Carr's Lane Chapel on that day. The sermon is published in his volume entitled "Fellowship with Christ," and is called "Social Science and Christian Faith." At one of the sectional meetings of the Congress an address was to be delivered by Mrs. Dale, who in her way was almost as remarkable as her husband. In introducing her, the Chairman used these words with deep feeling and singular emphasis: "We are now to have the privilege of listening to the wife of one of the noblest men who ever lived." The late Dr. Alexander Hannay, himself a distinguished Nonconformist leader, in speaking of Dr. Dale's poor health, said: "We all feel that we must be very careful of Dale." This love was not the result of time-serving, for he was one of the bravest and most outspoken of men.

It would be a privilege to write of the place and service of Dr. Dale as a theologian, but only a few words are possible in this article. His work on the Atonement satisfies as many classes of religious teachers as any other book on the subject which has been published in England. Christ the Divine Saviour was the center of his theological system. Two phrases were common in his writing, "the Christian Revelation" and "the Christian Redemption." The subject of his address at the International Council, though not chosen by him, was characteristic of his thought. It was "The Divine Life in Man." He believes that man becomes immortal by the possession of the divine life which was in Christ. He would be

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called a believer in conditional immortality, although in his presidential address the doctrine did not appear. With him sovereignty was above fatherhood. At least he would have said that in Christ alone do we become sons of God. Principal Fairbairn, in an article entitled "Dale as a Theologian," uses these strong words: "On the whole, when we survey Dale's work as a theologian, we are forced to say that our generation has had no abler interpreter of evangelical thought. His conspicuous merit was a depth that was never narrow, and a breadth that was never shallow. . . . Were we to select a word to express his most distinctive quality, we should say he was 'massive;' but his massiveness was homogeneous, expressing a rare unity and integrity of nature, and representing in its outward being the character and convictions of as honest a mind and as distinctive a thinker as these later times have known." Dr. Dale was a voluminous author. In the list of his published works I find eighteen. A list of his pamphlets, addresses, and essays covers seven pages of his biography.

The services in his memory in the city in which he lived so long will never be forgotten by those who witnessed them, but they were not more remarkable than the tributes paid to him by Anglicans like Archdeacon Sinclair in St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and by Canon Gore in Westminster Abbey. His statue has been placed in the Art Gallery in Birmingham, but, as his biographer well says, "He has another memorial, nobler and imperishable—one that even the genius of the sculptor cannot match—in the abiding strength of the great church to which he ministered for more than forty years, and which, under a new leader and with increasing interest, is still unweary in service and still loyal in the faith."

Few biographies are better worth a careful study, by Christian ministers at least, than the one to which I am indebted for many of the facts contained in this article. It is not a book for idlers, but for thoughtful men and women who are anxious for the leadership of one who has learned vital lessons as he has listened to still voices and been led through dark valleys. The last words which Dr. Dale wrote were on an unfinished sermon broken off in the middle of a sentence. They reveal the secret of his faith and his strength: "'Unworldliness' does not consist in the most rigid and conscientious observance of any external rules of conduct, but in the spirit and temper, and in the habit of living, created by the vision of God, by constant fellowship with him, by personal and vivid experience of the greatness of the Christian redemption, by the settled purpose to do the will of God always, in all things, at all costs, and by the power of the great hope—the full assurance—that, after our mortal years are spent, there is a larger, fuller, richer life in—"

Early Autumn

The dark-green summer, with its massive hues,
Fades into autumn's tincture manifold;
A gorgeous garniture of fire and gold
The high slope of the ferny hill indues.
The mists of morn in slumbering layers diffuse
O'er glimmering rock, smooth lake, and spiked array
Of hedgerow thorns a unity of gray.
All things appear their tangible form to lose
In ghostly vastness. But anon the gloom
Melts, as the sun puts off his muddy veil;
And now the birds their twittering songs resume,
All summer silent in the leafy dale.
In spring they piped of love on every tree,
But now they sing the song of memory.

—*Hartley Coleridge.*

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FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

The Little Wildflowers

By James Courtney Challiss

The little Wildflowers to sleep have gone,
'Way down in their cozy beds;
A thick brown blanket of leaves they've drawn
Right over their little heads.
For well they know cold weather's about—
The time when Jack Frost appears,
And that some night, if they don't watch out,
He'll come and bite off their ears.

They know that his partner, Mr. Snow,
Will also in time be due,
For old Mother Nature told them so,
And they know that it must be true.
So, tightly tucked in their beds, they lie,
And laugh, in their dreams so fair,
To think that neither, in passing by,
Will be able to find them there!

The little Wildflowers are tired of play,
And weary of field and sun;
The birds and the bees have gone away,
The song of the rain is done;
So now they nod on their beds of sod,
While winter winds o'er them sing,
And sleep so deep, knowing well that God
Will awaken them in the spring.

The Chorus in the Woods

By Mary Allaire

Far off to the west, near the land of the setting sun, was a little hovel in which lived a poor charcoal-burner, his wife and nine children. One day, when the children were playing in the woods, they heard a horn. They stood still, and looked in the direction from which the sound came. Across the fields, between them and the red setting sun, they saw four horses galloping, and a yellow coach with gilded wheels, and coachman and footman in green and gold; it was a beautiful sight. The wheels were so heavily gilded that they seemed to drop gold as they went whirling round. The children dashed forward. Carl, the eldest, was in the lead. They saw Carl stoop and raise something from the ground. They ran the faster. "Look!" he exclaimed, and held the baby high up in the air.

She was not afraid, but smiled and cooed, this beautiful baby, at the crowd of children who pressed about her.

"What shall we do?" asked Hansel, the second boy.

"Put her where you found her," said Louise, with a frown.

"No," said Hansel; "we will take her home; the people will come back for her and give us money."

"That is the gold we saw dripping from the wheels," said Carl, as he started toward home, the baby smiling in his face.

There came to him, as he looked in the baby's blue eyes, a feeling he never knew before. He held her close to him as he walked, and hated the thought of the gold that might take this beautiful baby, lying close to his heart, away from him.

The other children ran on with no thought of the little one.

It was dark when they reached the hovel in the woods.

"What did you bring that here for? Are there not mouths enough to fill in this house?" was the harsh greeting that met Carl as he stepped into the open door with the baby asleep in his arms.

Hurriedly he told of finding the baby where she had dropped from the beautiful coach. "They will pay money when they find her," he urged. The thought of money quieted the charcoal-burner and his wife. The baby was Carl's charge. No one else paid any attention to it. Carl called the little girl Ray, because her face was full of love and sunshine. She loved him dearly, and was happiest when with him.

The days went by, but no one asked for the baby girl. Carl was happy, but his father and mother wanted to send the baby away. Besides, Carl gave so much time to the baby that his father grew

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angry, saying, "Thou art too old for a nurse; 'tis time thou watched the furnace and earned thy daily bread."

Carl's heart sank. Who would care for Ray while he was in the woods from sunrise to sunset? He took the baby out in the woods. The moon was shining. Its beams made paths of silver through the woods. Down one of these came a tiny little figure in a silver dress. Carl stood still. "What would you?" asked the lady, in a voice like tinkling bells.

Carl could scarcely speak, but he looked at Ray in his arms, and then said:

"Shelter and care for this little one."

"Come," said the lady in silver, who was scarcely taller than the cardinal-flowers down by the brook.

Carl followed, and at last stood where the trees overhead made a great dome. There on every rock and stone were gathered hundreds of these beautiful little creatures—"angels" Carl called them, for he had never heard of fairies.

As soon as Carl stepped into this great room in the forest, there was the sound of silver bells that made him think of the little stream running from rock to rock in the deep forest.

Then the fairies sang, and Carl sank down, leaning against the trunk of a tree. When he looked again, Ray, in a dress the color of a cloud at sunset, sat on a moss-covered stone, with a canopy of silver vapor above her head, and one gleaming star in her hair above her shining eyes.

Carl looked in wonder, and his eyes filled with tears. He could never hold this beautiful "angel" in his arms. Ray was gone from him. He sat leaning forward, the tears dropping, yet glad that Ray had found friends. The woods seemed full of sound, and out of it he heard sweet voices singing:

Thou art full of truth and love,
We in these each have a part—
Thou must work, and we must weave,
Till the earth is rich of heart.

One voice clear and full led all the others, and this he knew was Ray's, though he never had heard it.

The song died away. When Carl opened his eyes, he was lying on a bank in the woods about a mile from his home.

He hurried, forgetting Ray for the moment in his wonder at finding himself lying out of-doors and not far away from familiar scenes.

His father scowled as he entered the hovel that was home.

"To-day thou beginnest." Carl glanced about—Ray was not to be seen; then he remembered, and his heart was cold within him. He picked up his ax and followed his father into the woods. The fires in the furnaces were almost out, and Carl's father was angry.

"Pull out the wood, thou nurse of infants!" he snarled. Carl knew the wood was hot, but he determined to make no sign. He caught the end of the log to draw it out, and to his surprise it was not even warm.

Thou must work, and we must weave.

Carl looked about, but no one was in sight. He emptied the furnace, and then began making the fires anew; they burned and smoldered just right.

Till the earth is rich of heart

was sung by the sparks, it seemed to Carl, as they came into life.

"Take thy ax and cut this," and his father blazed a big oak.

Carl's heart sank. How could he ever get through this great trunk—his ax was so dull?

He struck the first blow. There was a shower of leaves, and some seemed to linger a moment on his cheek.

Thou art full of truth and love.

Where were the singers? No one was in sight.

Carl's heart grew lighter. 'Twas Ray and the others. His ax sank into the tree; the chips flew faster and faster.

His father looked surprised. He did not scowl, but, as the day wore on and the work he gave Carl to do was done as he had never seen it done before, he smiled on the boy, whose heart grew lighter. At night, as they walked toward home, his father said:

"Thou art a boy who will make a man."

There was a rustle in the leaves, and Carl heard:

Thou must work, and we must weave,
Till the world is rich in love.

And the message sank so deeply into Carl's heart that he carried it wherever he went.

So well was it carried that the frown fled from the father's face, and the tired

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mother learned to smile, and the brothers and sisters no longer fled to the woods, but worked at home. The vines grew over the hovel till the birds found shelter, and the fairies no longer fled to the woods, but met the children, whose baskets they helped to fill with berries, and guided them, though they were not seen, to the houses where the people loved children and did kind things for them.

Only Carl knew the hour when the fairies sang, and heard them.

Queer Chums

I wish you could have seen Max, not because he was beautiful, but because he was loving. When I saw Max, he was a black, rough-coated dog, about as large as a good-sized calf. His coat was black, but it had a tinge of red that suggested that it had been sunburned.

There was one disappointment. Max rarely wagged his tail. I never knew how much a dog's tail could say until I found this dog, who so rarely spoke with his tail.

Big as Max was, he had once been a little puppy—a fat, rollicking little puppy, in everybody's way, full of mischief, and ridiculous when he tried to run.

His home was on a farm where there were no children, and where the big people were always very busy. He looked soberly around when he was taken out of the basket, and began to hunt for his brothers and sisters. For several days he was unhappy and for several more very lonely. One day, when he was lying in the sun on the grass in front of the house, he suddenly raised his head, looking across the road to the top of a high, steep knoll. On the top was a beautiful calf crying for its mother, who was away off in the meadow beyond the woods. Max rose to his feet, waited a moment, then crossed the road, and began climbing toward the calf. Again and again he tumbled back, but at last he reached the top. He walked toward the calf and began rubbing against her legs. She was so astonished that she stopped calling for her mother. Calf and dog an hour later were found nestled together under the other side of the knoll, Max sound asleep.

This was the beginning of the friendship. The calf is now a cow, and responds to the name of Bossy. There are two other cows in this family—Fanny and Blue Jay. Fanny is the leader. When the cows get into mischief, Fanny is always ahead.

If there is a weak place in the fences, Fanny finds it. Down the hill meadow from the woods into the orchard, the cows will come. When they are discovered, Max is called to drive them back. Jumping and barking, he comes fiercely; but he never jumps at Bossy. Blue Jay and Fanny must go at once, and he never stops until they are through the gate.

"But Bossy! Max, bring Bossy," some one calls. He looks up sleepily and seems to ask what is wanted.

"Go, Max; go bring Bossy." Reluctantly he goes after Bossy, but he never jumps at her. His bark is persuasive, gentle, and never urgent.

Leisurely Bossy moves toward the gate, Max at her heels; she knows that she will not have to run, that Max is caring for her.

One evening, just a little while ago, Rose went up the hill to milk the cows, Fanny and Blue Jay. But Bossy was not in sight. Max is fond of Rose, and when she told him to go after Bossy he obediently went after her; but neither came back.

Rose walked over the ridge after them, and found Max sitting on his haunches, his head thrown back, and Bossy licking his throat. Max was in no mood to be disturbed, and Bossy would not move until he told her. Patiently Rose waited, and when Max's toilet was complete the three came to her.

The Lost Glasses

By Mary A. Gillette

"Oh, Johnny, my laddie, your eyes are young—
Use them for grandma, dear.
My glasses, alas! are lost again,
I've searched for them far and near.
For lack of my glasses, I cannot find
The glasses I lack—'tis true!
Look well, and some one, when *you* are old,
Will do the same for you."

"When I am old, dear grandmamma,"
Said Johnny, with roguish eye,
"I s'pose I shall read with glasses, too,
And sometimes lay them by.
But when they're lost, I shall never search
On window-sill, or shelf;
I shall just put my hand on top of my head,
And find 'em there for myself."

—*St. Nicholas.*

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The Outlook Farm in Cuba[1]

By the Rev. Clarence Ross Gale

I AM sure it would be a moving sight could the readers of The Outlook see what I saw in Cuba last month. One afternoon I stood on the slopes of Mount Palenque, twelve miles west of Matanzas, and looked out over the wide area of land that stretches away for miles to the south, east, and west. It is as fertile a valley as the sun shines upon, and under normal conditions yields bountiful harvests; but the only plowed land I could see in all this wide area were the Cuban Industrial Relief Farms at Ceiba Mocha, "Outlook No. 1" and "New England No. 1." They presented a pleasing relief to the universal desolation everywhere seen. They were little oases in a vast region of deserted farms, overrun with tall grass, rank weeds, and entangled vines, and covered with ruined homesteads.

On these farms may be seen at work men, women, and children of all shades of color, but all reduced to a common condition of abject penury. Brave souls! for four or five years they have faced the stern realities of the reconcentrado life; they have seen their farms ruined, their homes burned, their loved ones butchered or starved to death, and still they struggle on, fighting with poverty, hunger, and disease—merciless foes that skulk in their borders eager to complete the work of extermination that Spain began. Among the one hundred and eighty or more whose names are on the pay-roll of the Fund, and who by their earnings support five hundred or more others, are persons with striking faces and interesting histories. An old man, tall, straight, dignified, with gray hair and beard, whom I had seen come to the farms day after day, but who, according to the necessary rules of the farms, was obliged to give way to another who had been out of work for a long time, said to the American overseer, with tears in his eyes and voice: "Sir, I don't know what I am going to do; there are eleven persons dependent for something to eat on what I earn here." This man had been a landowner, and all his bearing showed him to have been a man of more than ordinary intelligence and position. He and his present conditions are typical of hundreds of others. An old woman, bent with age, rose week after week at three o'clock in the morning and walked several miles along a rough and desolate road through tall, wet grass, that she might be at the farm by daylight ready to do anything. Many little acts revealed the kindness of heart and womanly character she carried under the rags that covered her. Among these women laborers, dressed, some of them, in coarse potato-bagging and old coffee-sacking, are the wives and daughters of once prosperous farmers. But here they are by the hundred, thrown together into a common life and reduced to a common level by the great calamity that has overwhelmed them all.

I looked with peculiar interest upon the boys and girls on these farms and in the village. They are wide awake. They braid hats, weave fans, carry wood from the mountains, run on errands, do chores—anything to earn a "centavo" (cent). In not a few instances whole families, or the remnants of several families, are sustained by what these boys and girls earn on the relief farms.

Though wretchedly poor, the rural Cubans are a hospitable people. As you enter their palm-thatched huts on the outskirts of the cities and villages, they receive you with courtesy, insisting on your occupying the only chair in the house, and that a rickety affair. There are cans used for cooking, boxes and benches used for furnishings, with here and there some old piece of furniture that was snatched up when hurriedly they left the old homestead under the fire of their merciless foe. A convenient spot on the earthen floor where a fire can be built serves as a stove, and the numerous openings in the thatched roof constitute the chimney.

I went one day with a friend, on invitation, into a reconcentrado bedroom. There, on a coarse cot, the only bed in the house, lay a boy reduced by starvation and disease to a mere skeleton. Such a

[1] Mr. Gale passed the greater part of September in Cuba investigating the condition of the people.

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sight! From the relief farms we brought infant's food and condensed milk with the hope of saving this life. But two days later the little sufferer was released by death, and on Outlook Farm was made the coffin in which the emaciated body was laid. When we came to carry the coffin from the house, the mother took refuge in the kitchen, that there, unseen, she might give vent to her pent-up grief; the father, leaning on crutches, sobbed as if his heart would break, while an only daughter, herself a mere shadow, poured out her grief leaning against the wall. The only income this family had was the $1.50 a week earned by its one surviving son on Outlook Farm No. 1.

THE CUBAN INDUSTRIAL RELIEF FUND

(Make checks and money-orders payable to The Outlook.)

Previously acknowledged	$6,176 88
C. D. V., Farmington, Conn	5 00
Q. L. D., Winnetka, Ill	1 00
Anonymous, Knoxville, Ill	5 00
M. E. T., Burnside, Pa	$1 00
Mrs. R. R. B., Carlton, N. Y	5 00
J. G. D. and G. I. D., Mt. Vernon, N. Y	20 00
W. H. P., Boston, Mass	5 00
A Friend, Kalamazoo, Mich	1 50
E. P. H., Newtonville, Mass	5 00
J. A. G., Harrisburg, Pa	1 00
F. V., Brooklyn, N. Y	1 00
E. O. W., Atwater, N. Y	1 00
A Friend, Homer, N. Y	3 00
W. D	5 00
J. P. H., Bucksport, Me	1 00
A Friend, Harrisonville, Mass	2 50
Mrs. H. D. S., Rochester, N. Y	10 00
A Friend, Vernon Center, Conn	10 00
Walnut Hill School, Natick, Mass	20 00
Brownie, Wooster, O	1 00
Y. P. S. C. E., First Cong'l Church, Fayette, Ia	8 25
C. G. S. and G. N. S., Philadelphia, Pa	5 00
Friend, Riverside, Cal	5 00
Mrs. J. C. S., Cincinnati, O	10 00
Congregational Church, Thomaston, Conn	25 00
E. P., Lincoln, Mass	25 00
J. R	1 00
L. W. D., Westbrook, Me	2 00
St. Paul's Church Sunday-School, Newton Highlands, Mass	57 00
J. F. T., New York, N. Y	50 00
Friends in Long Beach, Cal	5 00
G. G. W., Lincoln, Neb	5 00
Total	$6,479 13

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by careful reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Barbara's Heritage. By Deristhe L. Hoyt. W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston. 12mo. 358 pages. $1.50.

Blue-Beard. By Thomas Wilson. (Illustrated.) By G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8vo. 212 pages. $1.75.

This model of book-making is a contribution both to folk-lore and to history. The "Contes de Mère l'Oye" (Stories of Mother Goose) were published in 1697, and among those stories was that of Bluebeard. Whatever origin it may have, it represents the life of one Gilles de Retz, a Breton soldier in the first half of the fifteenth century. While resident at Nantes as United States Consul, Dr. Wilson obtained access to the original records of the trial of Gilles (which took place in the Château of Nantes) and investigated the entire history of the French Bluebeard. This history is told in the present volume. In it and in the equally interesting appendices considerable light is thrown upon Mother Goose literature in general, and that of Bluebeard in particular. Some light is also thrown upon the French society of other days.

Bow-legged Ghost, and Other Stories, The. By Leon Mead. The Werner Co., New York. 8vo. 581 pages. $1.25.

Boys of Marmiton Prairie, The. By Gertrude Smith. (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 262 pages. $1.50.

A boy's story of adventure, inculcating moral and physical courage.

Burns, Robert, Representative Poems of. With Carlyle's Essay. Edited by Charles Lane Hanson. Ginn & Co., Boston. 8vo. 84 pages. 45c.

Business Venture in Los Angeles, A. By Z. Z. Illustrated by Philip Hubert Froman. The Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati. 8vo. 243 pages. $1.

Carved Cupboard, The. By Amy Le Feuvre. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 8vo. 250 pages. $1.

Christ Our Creditor. By N. L. Rigby. (Second Edition, Revised.) Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 8vo. 126 pages. 50c.

Christian Science, Searchlights on. A Symposium. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 12mo. 126 pages. 50c.

Closet and Altar. A Collection of Meditations and Prayers. W. L. Greene & Co., Boston. 209 pages. $1.

Conquest, The Romance of. By William Eliot Griffis. W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston. $1.50.

This book points out the triumphs of our army and of our diplomacy from the first year of independence to the first year of "Greater America." Even those who think that they have a thorough acquaintance with our history may find it desirable to refresh the memory with the salient features of the Louisiana Purchase, the acquisitions of Florida, Texas, Oregon, California, and Alaska. As in all his writing, so here, Dr. Griffis easily holds the reader's attention; the book is "popular" in the best sense. It lacks an index, and there are also certain misprints—such as Green for Greene, Stuart for Stewart—which will probably be corrected in a later edition.

Cuba, The New-Born. By Franklin Matthews. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 391 pages. $2.50.

Most of the chapters of this book have appeared in "Harper's Weekly," but there are new chapters which add greatly to the value. Mr. Matthews's account of the American administration of affairs in Cuba is deservedly laudatory. As a vigorous piece of description and as a study of actual conditions, the book is the best yet published on Cuba. It is well illustrated from photographs.

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Mr. Matthews thinks that the first sixty days of occupation "bent the twig for future growth," and adds: "Whether the grown tree shall bear the fruit of national independence or of colonial independence or of complete political assimilation depends largely upon the development and conditions of the future. The twig certainly was trained to stand erect and to grow straight and true by the American army officials and others, so as to produce national independence."

Cook-Book, Mrs. Gillette's. The Werner Co., New York. 605 pages. $2.50.
Carelessness in indexing greatly lessens the value of this book. The receipts are simple and economical; there is much valuable information on many domestic subjects.

Differences. By Hervey White. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 8vo. 311 pages. $1.50.
This is the story of a young girl who takes up settlement work. While the topic is one sure to please popular taste, the reason why the heroine should give up her home of refinement and marry a particularly unpleasant day-laborer is not quite evident. All day-laborers are not so boorish; it is quite possible that the majority are not.

Dreyfus, The Tragedy of. By G. W. Steevens. Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 293 pages. $1.25.
To the impressionistic reports of the actual Dreyfus trial telegraphed by Mr. Steevens to England has been prefixed a compact and clearly written history of the entire affair, while copious appendices help to full knowledge. The story of the trial itself sometimes suffers from the author's evident anxiety to make his account constantly dramatic and pictorial, but it must be admitted that the book holds the attention continuously.

Dr. Berkeley's Discovery. By Richard Slee and Cornelia Atwood Pratt. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 12mo. 219 pages. $1.
From the standpoint of pure science or from the standpoint of those who love a detective story, this is certainly an original tale. Dr. Berkeley's literal discovery is as ghastly as the awakening which it brings is suggestive and pitiful. The story is well written; it holds the reader's interest throughout.

Elijah the Prophet. By J. Bunyan Lemon. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 8vo. 282 pages. $1.25.
In this "Dream" the author introduces us to intimate converse with Elijah, who charms him into a sleep bringing visions of the life of Christ on earth and the succeeding Messianic reign. Though he makes his *dramatis personæ* speak in a *patois* of ancient and modern phraseology, his work will be acceptable to the literalists who believe that Elijah is to return in form to earth as the forerunner of a similar return of Christ.

Elsie in the South. By Martha Finley. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 16mo. 324 pages. $1 25.

Embroidery. By W. G. Paulson Townsend. Truslove, Hanson & Comba, New York. 8vo. 115 pages. $1.50.
The position of the author of this book, as design-master of the Royal School of Art Needlework and Government Examiner of Art at South Kensington, makes the work an authority in its own field. It is practical rather than historical, using the history of needlework art to emphasize a suggestion or to point out its practical utility to the present-day application of the art. The illustrations would have been of far greater value if they had been better printed.

Enchanted Typewriter, The. By John Kendrick Bangs. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 16mo. 171 pages. $1.25.

End of an Era, The. By John S. Wise. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 473 pages. $2.
This is a work of compelling interest. It is a particularly charming, if at times somewhat effusively related, autobiography, but it has greater value as a contribution to our knowledge of American history. Written from an ardently Southern and Confederate standpoint, and with a Southron's winning impulsiveness, it gives to us Northerns real pictures of life as lived in the South from 1850 to the end of the Civil War. It gives as well to all readers what, perhaps, they do not find in more ambitious accounts of the war, namely, first-hand impressions of some of its distinguished participants. Notably valuable to read in connection with other accounts are Mr. Wise's descriptions of the Know-Nothing campaign, the John Brown raid, and the Merrimac-Monitor fight.

English Poems, Standard. (Spenser to Tennyson.) Edited by Henry S. Pancoast. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 16mo. 749 pages. $1.50.
Mr. Henry S. Pancoast, whose "Introduction to American Literature" is probably the best brief text-book on that subject, and who has also written an admirable "*Introduction to English Literature*," has selected and edited this anthology for the purpose of bringing readers into contact with the best English poetry. In doing so he tells us he has followed the settled judgment of time rather than his own individual preference, and has endeavored to select poems, first for their intrinsic value as works of art, and second for their value as representative of the genius of the time or the race. The book is not only arranged chronologically, but is grouped under a very clear system of historical periods; it is also furnished with notes.

Episcopal Church, History of the American. By S. D. McConnell. (Eighth Edition.) Thomas Whittaker, New York. 8vo. 452 pages. $2.
Dr. S. D. McConnell's work has had the good fortune to pass into an eighth edition, not by accident, but because, unlike most of its kind, it is extremely interesting. Dr. McConnell can touch nothing without investing it with fresh interest. The eighth edition appears in an enlarged and more handsome form, with the addition of twenty-five illustrations.

Erstes Deutsches Schulbuch. By Robert Nix. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 8vo. 196 pages. 35c.

Estimate of Life, The True. By the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 16mo. 127 pages. 30c.
Earnest, pointed, and spiritually quickening, yet not free from the narrow evangelism which deems that a man like Edward Bellamy did not enter the kingdom of God.

Evans, James: The Apostle of the North. By Egerton R. Young. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 12mo. 262 pages. $1.25.
A fresh theme is presented here—the life of a missionary in Upper Canada and the northward regions as far as Athabasca Lake, and even beyond. This, during the second quarter of this century, was the field of James Evans, preacher and teacher, farmer, carpenter, and civilizer general among the Indian tribes. For courage and perseverance he compares with the earlier Jesuit missionaries whom Parkman has immortalized, and deserves to be equally known. Young people, usually not attracted to missionary literature, will be interested in this book. It is well illustrated.

Expert Cleaner, The. By Hervey J. Seaman. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 12mo. 286 pages. 75c.

Family Prayers. By the Right Rev. Ashton Oxenden, D.D., and the Rev. C. H. Ramsden. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 8vo. 236 pages. 75c.
This collection includes a morning and an evening prayer for each day of four successive weeks, together with a number of prayers for various special occasions We can heartily commend it for use in household worship.

Fix Bay'nets! By G. Manville Fenn. (Illustrated.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 12mo. 400 pages. $1.50.
A story of English troops in India.

Gavin Hamilton, The Lively Adventures of. By Molly Elliot Seawell. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 311 pages. $1.50.
A spirited romance of the wars between Austria and Prussia, a hundred and fifty years ago, including clever pen-portraits of Frederick the Great and the Empress

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Maria Theresa. It follows history closely, but does not lack invention, and has original characters. Primarily a boys' book, but well worth reading by adults.

Golden Talisman, The. By H. Phelps Whitmarsh. W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston. 8vo. 299 pages. $1.50.
The slight knowledge of the mysterious land of Kaffiristan possessed by the Western world has been skillfully utilized in this romance of Central Asia, while the travels and adventures of the Persian hero Hakkouki are stirring in narration and widely varied.

Grant Burton, The Runaway. By W. Gordon Parker. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 8vo. 321 pages. $1.25.
Boys fond of hunting adventures will find this tale attractive.

Great Appeal, The. By James G. K. McClure. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York 12mo. 131 pages. 75c.
The appeal of the divine Spirit to the human, addressing the several faculties of thought one by one, is described here both with simplicity and with warmth.

Hawaiian America. By Caspar Whitney. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 357 pages. $2.50.
Mr. Whitney's book is interesting and instructive, though it is seriously marred by the author's intense partisanship. In his opening page he speaks of President Cleveland's attempt to right a wrong done to the old Hawaiian Government as a "policy of infamy," and everywhere he is contemptuous of natives and laborers who are hostile to the absolute political and industrial rule of the members of our own race. Such moral sympathies have, of course, narrowed his knowledge of the humbler elements of Hawaiian society, but they enable him to put most strongly the case for the ruling classes.

House of the Wizard, The. By M. Imlay Taylor. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 8vo. 340 pages. $1.25.
A strange and original story of the days of Henry VIII. by the author of "On the Red Staircase" and "An Imperial Lover," two historical novels of Russian life which have won high popularity.

How Hindsight Met Provincialatis. By L. Clarkson Whitelock. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 16mo. 294 pages. $1.25.
Principally a study of social limitations and prejudices in an old-fashioned Southern town. Not of value as fiction, moderately suggestive as discussion.

If Any Man Will. By Evangelist M. B. Williams. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 12mo. 171 pages. 75c.

Invisible Links. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by Pauline Bancroft Flach. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 8vo. 286 pages. $1.50.
There is a mystical and spiritual intention in these translations from the Swedish. Their highest charm lies in their pictures of home life and simple character.

Katzensteg, Der (Sudermann's). Edited by Benjamin W. Wells. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 203 pages. 40c.

Keats and Shelley, Poems by. Illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 16mo. 105 pages. $1.50.

Lady of Darkness, Our. By Bernard Capes. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 328 pages. $1.50.

Landor, Walter Savage, Selections from the Imaginary Conversations of. Edited by Alphonso Newcomer. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 16mo. 166 pages.

Literary Hearthstones: Charlotte Brontë and William Cowper. By Marion Harland. (Illustrated.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 2 vols. $3.
Mrs. Terhune has not only given us here extremely readable studies of the home life and personality of Cowper and Brontë, but (especially in the latter case) has made use of some freshly obtained information gathered by personal investigation. Mrs. Terhune's visits to the Brontë and Cowper localities have made it possible to give her narratives atmosphere and color. The books are unpretentious as to literary criticism; they put the personal interest first and strongest. The series title is, to our taste, inferior to the books themselves.

Literature, A General Survey of American. By Mary Fisher. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 8vo. 391 pages. $1.50.

Love and its Affinities. By George F. Butler, M.D. G. P. Engelhard & Co., Chicago. 8vo. 133 pages. $1.

Loveliness. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. 43 pages. $1.
The story of the love of a child and a dog told with exquisite sympathy. It depicts the sufferings that may come in what are termed the interests of science. The rescue of the dog from the demonstrator is dramatic in the extreme.

Ludwig II. of Bavaria, The Romance of. By Frances Gerard. (Illustrated.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 8vo. 302 pages. $3.50.
Those who still care to know about the personal history of the late unhappy King of Bavaria will do well to peruse these readable pages. They are so well printed that they are readable in a double sense. Incidentally they throw some light upon the history of the past half-century. We note that the author refers to the present Prince Regent as "Duke Luitpold."

Mackinac and Lake Stories. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 222 pages. $1.50.

Marble Faun, The. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. (Roman Edition.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 2 vols. (Illustrated.) $3.
Few books have been so often extra-illustrated as "The Marble Faun," for the very good reason that its scenes are laid in some of the most picturesque and attractive parts of the world, and that its background has furnished rich material for the photographer these many years past. In these two small and dainty volumes, with their tasteful cream covers with simple designs in gold, photographic illustration in half-tones has been freely used; and while the printing of the illustration is not uniformly good, the illustration itself supplements the text so thoroughly as to form almost an integral part of it.

Margaret Thorpe's Trial. By Lucy C. Lillie. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 376 pages. $1.25.
A story of two sisters, one the victim for some time of the other's weak selfishness.

Martyrs' Idyl, The. By Louise Imogen Guiney. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 16mo. 81 pages. $1.

Missions, Questions and Phases of Modern. By Frank F. Ellinwood. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 8vo. 281 pages. $1.50.
This is a book of especial value at this time of changing views of the missionary problem; not its obligations, but methods of meeting them, being now somewhat in question. The author is entitled, by his long and intimate knowledge of the subject, to be listened to as an expert. Whatever confidence he thus attracts is enhanced by his evident breadth of view. Relying chiefly on the divine power of the Gospel of Christ for missionary success, he recognizes all the agencies which in actual history become auxiliary to the spread of Christianity—education and commerce, diplomacy and even war. Comprehensive and unsectarian, this is a book to be widely read and digested.

Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 8vo. 285 pages. $1.25.
Despite the fact that the Dooley dialect wears on the reader if taken in large doses, the shrewd turns and odd collocations of the famous Archer Street observer of life continue to amuse The book includes the talks about

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the Dreyfus case, and many earlier bits now first gathered together. "Mr. Dooley" ironically dedicates the book to certain English publisners who "without solicitation" have made him known to English readers.

Night Has a Thousand Eyes, The (and Other Poems). By F. W. Bourdillon. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 8vo. 75 pages. $1.

Perry on Lake Erie, With. By James Otis. (Illustrated.) W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston. 8vo. 307 pages. $1.50.

Characters and incidents largely historical. A lively rendering of a memorable event.

Photo-Miniature, The. A Monthly Magazine of Photographic Information. Tennant & Ward, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York. 25c.

These little monographs, though classified as periodical literature, deserve a place among the Books of the Week by reason of their completeness, their comprehensiveness, and their permanent value to the amateur. Each of the six monthly numbers thus far received is devoted to a single subject, such as "Modern Lenses," "Hand Camera Work," "The Pose," "Photography Out-of-Doors," "Orthochromatic Photography," and is handsomely and intelligently illustrated.

Pioneering in the San Juan. By Rev. George M. Darley. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 12mo. 226 pages. $1.50.

Pioneer Preacher, The. By Rev. Sherlock Bristol. (Illustrated.) Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 12mo. 336 pages. $1.

'Postle Farm. By George Ford. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 359 pages. $1.25.

That "blood will tell" is pleasantly proved by the charming heroine of "'Postle Farm." One is thankful, however, when she finally gets an education; two hundred pages of Devonshire dialect must have tried the printer; they certainly try the reader.

Professor Pin. By Mrs. Frank Lee. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 12mo 229 pages. $1.

Quaint Corners of Ancient Empires. By Michael Meyers Shoemaker. (Illustrated.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8vo. 212 pages. $2.25.

The author of "Islands of the Southern Seas" takes us in this volume on a flying trip to Southern India and Burma, and shows us how those relics of ancient empires are rapidly changing under the progress of civilization. An even more interesting part of the book, however, is Mr. Shoemaker's description of Manila, whither he went from Burma. In this description the account of the monks in the Philippine Islands is particularly timely, in view of possible readjustments to be made by the recently appointed Apostolic Delegate.

Quaker Government in Pennsylvania, A History of. (Vol. II.) By Isaac Sharpless. T. S. Leach & Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 251 pages. $1.50.

The second and concluding volume of this book by President Sharpless, of Haverford, covers the period from the migration of the Quaker members of the Pennsylvania Assembly, at the outbreak of the French and Indian War in 1756, to the close of the Revolutionary War. The position of the Quakers in the latter struggle is set forth with a fairness that leaves nothing to be said in criticism. When called upon to choose between their devotion to liberty and their hostility to war, most of them strove to maintain neutrality. A portion, however, reckoned at one-fifth in the city of Philadelphia, left their Church to give active support to revolutionary armies, while a much smaller body, perhaps a tenth as many, left it to support the English. Outside of the city, where the wealthy and cultured class was generally Tory in sympathies, nearly all the Quakers welcomed the triumph of the patriots.

Return of the Fairies. By Charles J. Bellamy. (Illustrated.) Little Folks Publishing Co., Springfield, Mass. 8vo. 182 pages. $1.

The illustrations are poor in conception and drawing. The fairies are a cross between magicians and very human creatures with defective judgment.

Religio Pictoris. By Helen Bigelow Merriman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 12mo. 250 pages. $1.50.

Revolutionary Maid, A. By Amy E. Blanchard. (Illustrated.) W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston. 321 pages. 12mo. $1.50.

Opens with the demolition of King George's statue, of which event the little maid was a witness. In the stirring events of the Revolution she plays her part bravely as the loyal daughter of a loyal patriot, though often the social companion of the King's followers.

Rip Van Winkle and Sleepy Hollow. By Washington Irving. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 2 vols. $1.75.

The photogravures by Mr. F. G. Coburn are effective, while Miss Margaret Armstrong furnishes many quaintly decorative drawings for the margins printed in color, and also a rich red-and-gold cover design. There are numerous pen-and-ink drawings. Altogether this is an extremely attractive edition of two American classics.

Rob and Kit. By the author of "Tip-cat," "Miss Toosey's Mission," etc. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 16mo. 275 pages. $1.

Shakespeare: Macbeth. Edited by L. A. Sherman. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 16mo. 199 pages. 60c.

Shakespeare, Tales from. By Charles and Mary Lamb. Introductory Preface by Andrew Lang. (Illustrated.) Truslove, Hanson & Comba, New York. 8vo. 372 pages. $1.50.

These classic tales were first printed in 1807, for the purpose, as Charles Lamb explained in his preface, of serving as an introduction to the study of Shakespeare. Since that day they have passed through a great number of editions, and have ministered to the education and pleasure of a host of children. This new edition is well printed from large type, with an attractive cover, an introduction by Mr. Lang, and illustrations by Robert Anning Bell.

Silas Marner. By George Eliot. Illustrated by Reginald Birch. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 279 pages. $2.

"Silas Marner" lends itself readily to illustration, although in order to make that illustration interpretative of the beautiful quality of the story the artist must be in profound sympathy with it. Mr. Reginald Birch has done some excellent work in reproducing the charm of English life of the last century or of the early part of the present century. His work is characterized by care and detail, a keen sense of the social side of things, a good sense of humor, and some freshness of imagination. He is more successful in depicting social backgrounds and dress than in interpreting great emotions. The publishers have made a tasteful volume of this English classic; a book of moderate size, well printed, and simply but effectively bound.

Sleepy-Time Stories. By Maud Ballington Booth. Introduction by Chauncey M. Depew. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8vo. 177 pages. $1.50.

For little people. Nature is personified. Bees, birds, insects, flowers, minister to the pleasure of two little children. Religious thought is prominent.

Tales of Adventure from the Old Book. By Rev. Thomas Champness. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 16mo. 121 pages. 30c.

Treasure of Mushroom Rock, The. By Sidford F. Hamp. (Illustrated.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8vo. 317 pages. $1.50.

A boy's story of gold-hunting, exciting but improbable.

United States, History of the. By James Ford Rhodes. Vol. IV., 1862-1864. 8vo. 557 pages. $2.50.

We Four Girls. By Mary G. Darling. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 8vo. 247 pages. $1.25.

The story of one summer spent with a wise, loving woman, and what came of it in character-building.

Wild Flowers from Palestine. Gathered and Pressed by Rev. Harvey B. Greene. Dumas & Co., Lowell, Mass. 16mo. 45 pages. $1.

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Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

I was graduated three years ago from a theological seminary, since which time I have been engaged in the preaching of the Word. In my theological belief I am neither too conservative to reject the interpretations of the Scriptures from a Christian and scientific standpoint, nor too liberal to drop beliefs which require a deal of faith to accept. My intentions and desires are to find the truth even though cherished ideas have to be abandoned; and as you are the best exponent of what I am seeking, I now beg you to give an answer to the following: 1. Is the narrative of the Fall in Genesis iii., 1-7, accepted to-day? If not, what is the prevailing belief among modern critics? 2. In Genesis xxxii., 24 ff., Jacob is described as wrestling with a man; was it an angel? 3. In Luke i., 11 ff., what is to be assumed—that an angel really talked with Zacharias and Mary? 4. What is the best commentary (modern) upon the four Gospels? T. A. S.

1. Not accepted as the particular experience of two historical persons: it is accepted as a true picture of the universal experience of man in innumerable individual falls. 2. Such an experience could naturally have occurred in a vivid dream, and have been subsequently objectified in imagination as a physical struggle. The allusion in verse 32 to "the sinew of the hip," showing many centuries intervening between the event and the record, makes it probable that the account is legendary, while none the less valuable for spiritual suggestiveness. 3. To be classed with visions (see Luke i., 22) rather than with visible and invisible external occurrences. 4. There is no "best." The International Critical Commentary, of which Mark and Luke are ready, will probably be the best when complete. The Cambridge Bible for Schools is a handy commentary; the Expositor's Bible is good of its kind. Dr. Abbott's commentaries are helpful.

1. How does "Rabbi Ben Ezra" rank among Browning's poems? 2. What is the meaning of the title? 3. What is the thought in the twentieth stanza:

"Enough now, if the Right
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, *as thou callest thy hand thine own.*"

4. What does "Numpholeptos" mean? 5. What edition of Browning's poems do you consider the best for one who would like to make a study of his complete works? "NORWOOD."

1. Together with the series of "Dramatis Personæ," in which it belongs, it is highly esteemed for vividness and dramatic power. 2. "Ben Ezra" means the son of Ezra. The historical person so named was a famous Jewish scholar in Spain, who died in 1167 or 1168. 3. The sense becomes clear from the remainder of the sentence, which you omit, viz.:

"With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth nor let thee feel alone."

Construe thus: With knowledge as absolute as your knowledge that your hand is yours. 4. A Greek word meaning "caught by a nymph." 5. The handiest complete edition, and a good one to work with, is published in two volumes by the Macmillan Company, New York.

Kindly mention the best work or works for the use of cooking classes in a manual-training school, such as will be helpful in teaching cooking scientifically, and beginning with the simplest methods. R. H.

It would be most difficult to give a list of the best books for the use of cooking-classes, but we publish the list recommended by the Supervisor of Cooking of the New York public schools: Edward Smith, "Foods;" Matthieu Williams, "Chemistry of Cookery;" J. Macé, "History of a Mouthful of Bread," translated by Mrs. A. Gatty; Remsen, "Chemistry;" Williams, "Laboratory Manual of General Chemistry;" Figuier, "Vegetable World and Animal World;" Campbell, "Elements of Structural and Systematic Botany;" E. M. Hunt, "Principles of Hygiene;" Thudichum, "Spirit of Cookery;" Mary Ronald, "Century Cook-Book;" Lemcke, "European and American Cuisine;" "The Murray Collection of Cook-Books;" Francatelli, "Modern Cook-Book;" Marion Harland's books. The United States Department of Agriculture has issued a pamphlet known as Bulletin No. 56, and entitled "History and Present Status of Instruction in Cooking in the Public Schools of New York City." This pamphlet is issued by the Government free on application. It contains the order of cooking followed in the New York schools, and much other valuable information.

The following quotation I understand to be from the writings of Mohammed. Could you kindly inform me where I would find it? I would like as definitely as possible the page of book (Koran or otherwise) which you may refer me to. "Every good act is charity: your smiling in your brother's face, your putting a wanderer on the right road, your giving water to the thirsty, is charity; exhortation to another to do right is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he has done in this world to his fellow-men. When he dies, people will ask, What property has he left behind? But the angels will ask, What good deeds has he sent before him?" J. H.

Referred to our readers.

1. What book or books will give one a good idea of the present state of opinion in circles of advanced criticism on the doctrine of the Trinity? on the Apostles' Creed? 2. Does Dr. Abbott believe in these as generally accepted? G. C. E.

1. Concerning the Trinity, see "Gloria Patri; or, Our Talks on the Trinity" (T. Whittaker, New York, $1). The published works on the Apostles' Creed do not diverge much into new lines of thought. 2. Dr. Abbott's repeated statements show that he agrees with the consensus of the evangelical churches upon these subjects.

St. Matthew v., 25, "Agree with thine adversary quickly," etc., has always puzzled me. Kindly give an explanation. L. C. E.

In modern language, this is advice to one who has a bad law case to settle it out of court. It is to be understood as a sort of parable to the Jewish people, then enjoying their last opportunity of averting judgment. It is to be interpreted in the light of such a passage as Jesus's prophecy of that judgment, Luke xix., 42-45.

Who is the author of a little poem, and where can I find it, entitled "The Sunshine follows the Rain"? The first verse runs, as near as I remember:

"I heard a voice on the moorlands brown, when the days grew fair and long;
Methought no voice in the crowded town could sing so sweet a song.
'Twas the voice of a herd-boy, all alone, alone on the showery plain,
Who sang with a silver-trumpet tone, "The sunshine follows the rain."

The above is all I remember connectedly but the closing line of another verse:

"God's angels sing to the doubting heart, The sunshine follows the rain." W. N. S.

If any reader of The Outlook can control the disposition of about twenty-five second-hand copies of "Gospel Hymns" (preferably Nos. 5 or 6), for the use of a church of very poor colored people in the South, further information will be gladly furnished by Mrs. Eugene Ufford, Albemarle, Stanly County, N. C.

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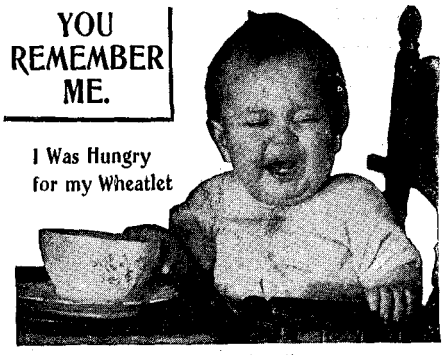

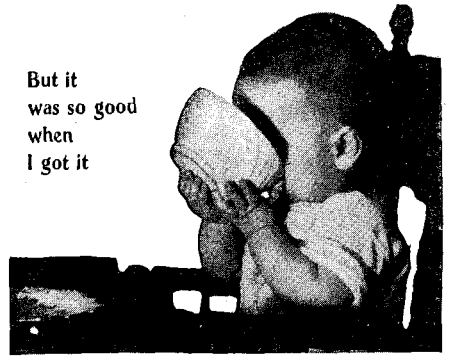

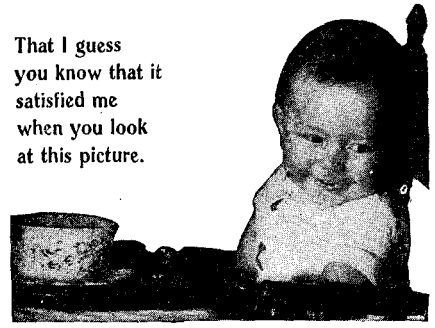

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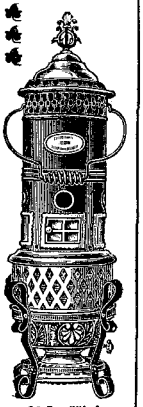

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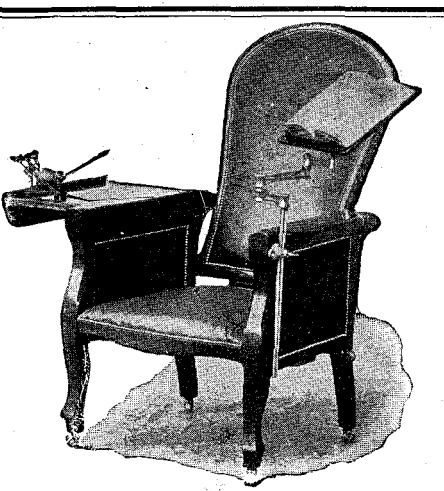

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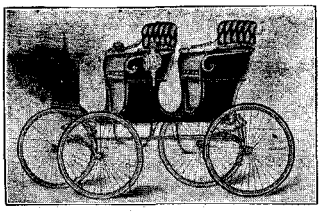

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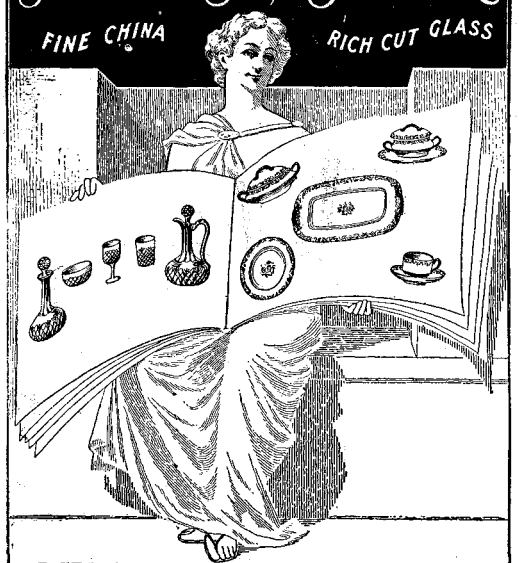

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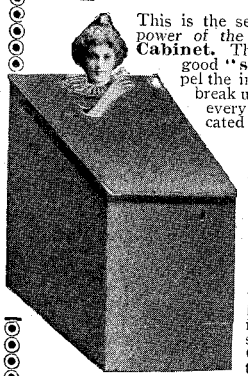

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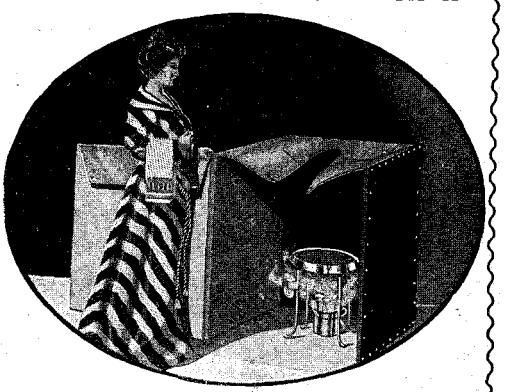

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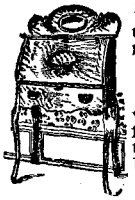

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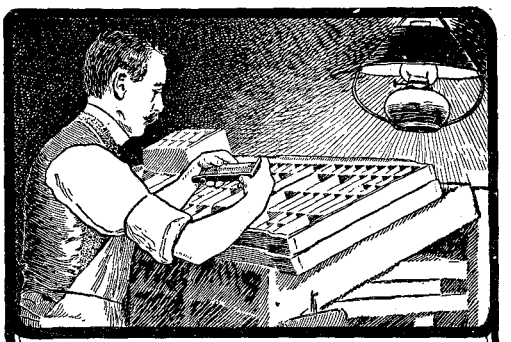

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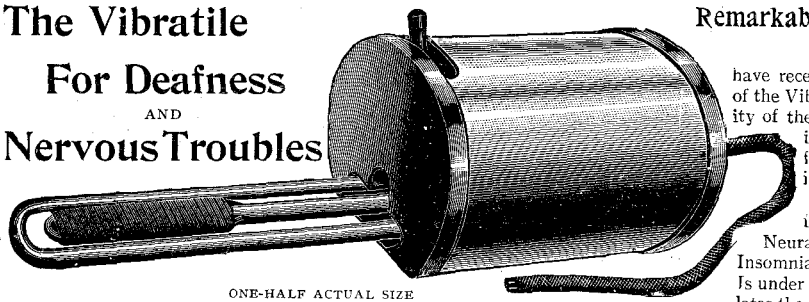

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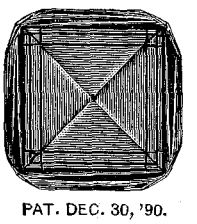

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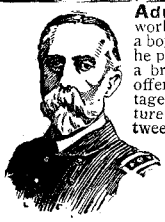

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